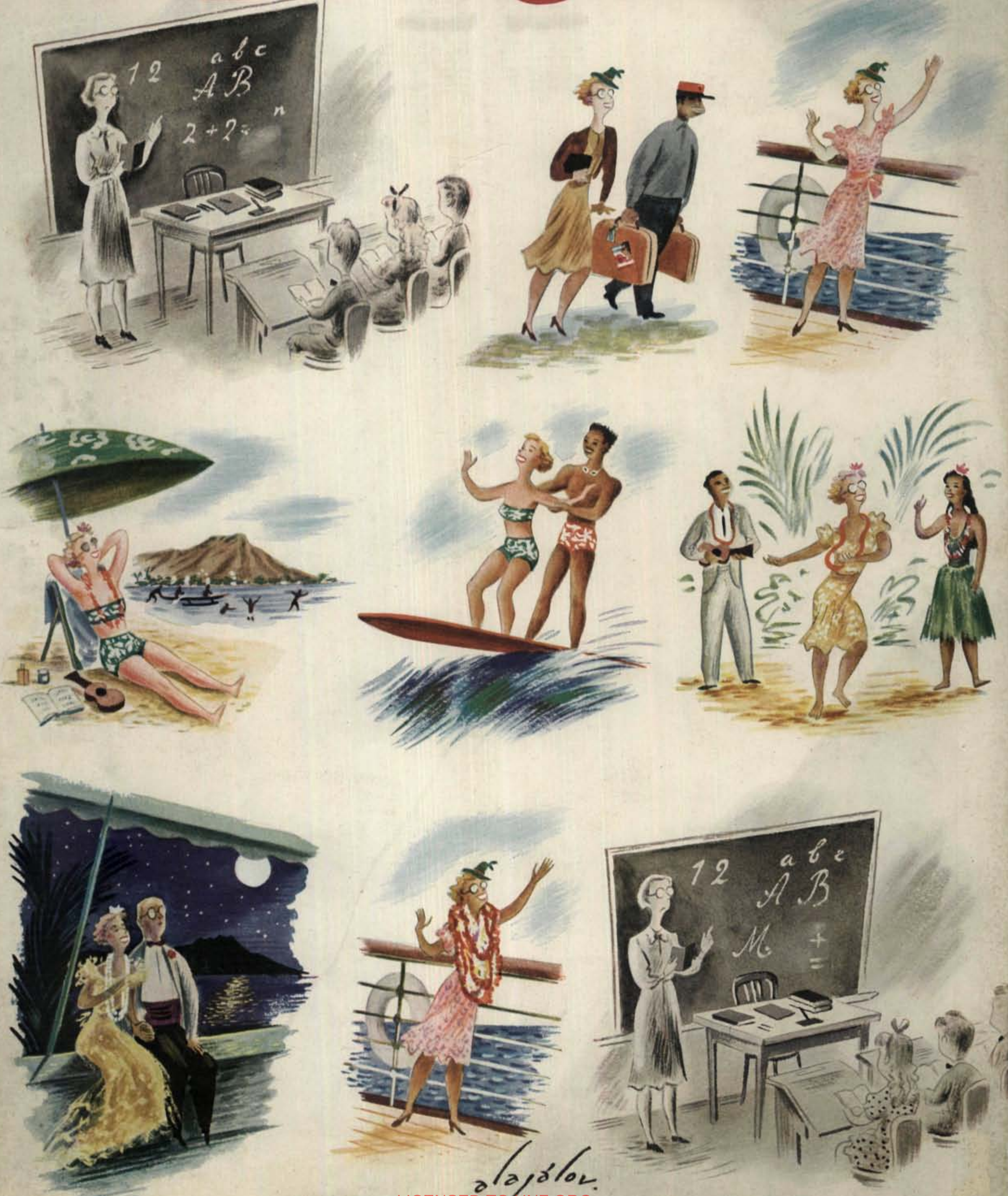
★ Sept. 14, 1940 Price 15 cents

THE NEW YORKER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FONSSAGRIVES

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK

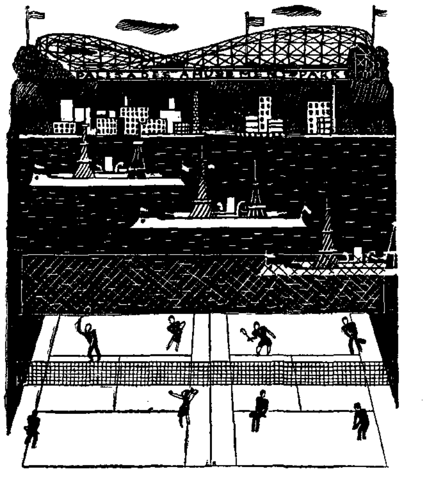
BERGDORF GOODMAN

5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

Black velvet jeweled with jet—a cape, a gown, a muff.

Posed in Eugene Berman's studio with two of his paintings.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING THOSE OF TRAINS, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Kind Lady—A revival of one of the best melodramas in years. Grace George is still magnificent as the London hostess who entertains just exactly the wrong people. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Life with Father—Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay have turned the late Clarence Day's memories of his family into one of the most agreeable comedies you're likely to see. Mr. Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney are Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—A writer who talks like Alexander Woollcott drops in on an Ohio family who have been bothering nobody. Monty Woolley is brilliant in the principal part. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Separate Rooms—Something about a man whose wife prefers to share her room with a little dog. Pleasant enough in its childish way. With Glenda Farrell, Lyle Talbot, and Alan Dinehart. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

There Shall Be No Night—The Theatre Guild and the Playwrights' Company have given Robert E. Sherwood's impressive and passionate indictment of isolationism a beautiful production, and the Lunts are practically perfect in it. The cast includes Richard Whorf, Sydney Greenstreet, Montgomery Clift, and Elisabeth Fraser. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Tobacco Road—Seventh year. With Will Geer. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Jupiter Laughs—Jessica Tandy and Reginald Mason in a new play by A. J. Cronin. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

Du Barry Was a Lady—Bawdy in an expensive way but, at the same time, pretty funny. Betty Allen has taken the place of Ethel Merman, Bert Lahr is still on hand, and the music's by Cole Porter. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Hellz-a-Poppin—Olsen and Johnson and their private madhouse. Stay away if your nerves are weak or your sense of humor is dainty. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Louisiana Purchase—Victor Moore is magnificent as a New England reformer in this fine musical comedy about New Orleans politics written by Morrie Ryskind and Irving Berlin. William Gaxton, Vera Zorina, and Irene Bordoni are very helpful, too. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Wed. and Sat.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Hold On to Your Hats—Al Jolson, Martha Raye, and Jack Whiting in a new musical comedy. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Johnny Belinda—A new play by Elmer Harris, staged and produced by Harry Wagstaff Gribble. Opens Wed., Sept. 18. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

Sim Sala Bim—A sort of variety show, with magic and mystery, girls and music worked into a series of skits. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, including Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

SUMMER STOCK

Maplewood—Jack Haley and Claudia Morgan in "The Milky Way": through Sat., Sept. 14. Eddie Dowling and Julie Haydon in "The Time of Your Life": Mon. through Sat., Sept. 16-21. (Maplewood Theatre, Maplewood, N.J. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

New Hope—Joe E. Brown in "The Show-Off": through Sat., Sept. 14. (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. 8:30. Mat. 2:30, Sat.)

Orwigsburg—Edward Everett Horton in "Springtime for Henry": through Sat., Sept. 14. (Kenley Deer Lake Theatre, Orwigsburg, Pa. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Thurs. and Sat.)

Portland—Ruth Chatterton in "Private Lives": through Sat., Sept. 14. Ethel Barrymore in "The School for Scandal": Mon. through Sat., Sept. 16-21. (Civic Theatre, Portland, Me. 8:20. Mats. 2:20, Wed., Fri., and Sat.)

Roslyn—"Wooden Nickels," a new comedy by Richard Brooks: through Sat., Sept. 14. (Millpond Playhouse, Roslyn, L.I. 9 o'clock.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where, with a few indicated exceptions, you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—A green and pleasant retreat, with Larry Siry's orchestra.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Ray Heatherton and his orchestra will provide the music for dinner dancing on the Roof until it closes on Sat., Sept. 14. The Bowman Room will reopen on Mon., Sept. 16, with Heatherton's orchestra.

Café Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The newest of the best. Bob Knight's orchestra.

Coq Rouge, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887)—An inviting place to try if you want to have a casual good time. Val Ernie's orchestra will replace Nicki Raymond's on Wed., Sept. 18. The Tisdale Trio will remain.

LaRue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Plenty of room to dance in agreeably subdued surroundings. Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

Montparnasse, Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345)—A favorite with uptowners, and downtowners who make the trip seem to like it too. A quintet plays for dancing.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 6-1400)—This skyscraping aerie has Ben Cutler's orchestra and a show which includes Monna Montes and José Fernandez.... Barry Winton's orchestra plays in the Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Viennese Roof has a small show, with those two young pianists, Virginia Morley and Livingston Gearhart. Hal Saunders' orchestra. Must dress if you plan to dance.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Hildegarde is at home again in the Café Lounge, where Emile Petti's orchestra plays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—You know, the Stork Club. Charlie Wright's orchestra will be replaced by Jack Harris's on Tues., Sept. 17. The rumba band will stay on.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A big East Side place, flavored with a dash of Broadway. Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Eddy Duchin's orchestra is now playing on the Starlight Roof. Mischa Borr's orchestra alternates with Duchin's at the supper hour.

Miscellaneous—At **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): Spivy herself heads the entertainers in this new supper club of hers. No dancing. ... **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): Frank Mandella's orchestra, not much floor space, and all nice and cozy.... **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): a lofty hideaway for dinner and supper, with soft music to listen to and the lights of Central Park to look at down below. No dancing.... **PAGO PAGO CLUB**, 139 E. 55 (PL 3-8880): a new tropical one, in the old but very much done-over American Music Hall.... **WARWICK**, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a secluded nook, with a mite of a dance floor.... **ASTOR ROOF**, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Ina Ray Hutton's orchestra. Closes Sat., Sept. 21.... **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Woody Herman's orchestra and an ice show.... **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Al Kavelin's orchestra. No dancing Mon.... **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Russ Morgan's orchestra.... **ST. MORITZ**, 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800): Eddie Varzos' orchestra.... **BILL'S GAY NINETIES**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): auld lang syne—loud but pleasant. No dancing.... **JIMMY KELLY'S**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): a lively late spot for the sturdy.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual little cellar place, with, except Tues., Zutty Singleton's Trio and, except Mon., some Calypso singers.

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Broadway Atmosphere—At the **DIAMOND HORSESHOE**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

Page

THE CURRENT CINEMA 55
LETTER FROM LONDON 34
MOTORS AND MOTORING 48
OF ALL THINGS 37
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:
FEMININE FASHIONS 43
THE RACE TRACK 46
A REPORTER AT LARGE 38
THE TENNIS COURTS 53
THAT WAS NEW YORK 61

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10 WEST 57
NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING THOSE OF TRAINS, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.

Rose show, with Gilda Gray, Blanche Ring, and Julian Eltinge.... BEACHCOMBER, B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): a not too languorous South Sea setting, with, except Mon., Sonny Kendis's orchestra.... HURRICANE, B'way at 49 (CI 6-7147): another tropical affair, with Eddie Bush's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.... LA CONGA, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): a downstairs place, with South American entertainment and, starting Wed., Sept. 18, Eddie LeBaron's band.... 18 CLUB, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White isn't any too delicate about his quips, but nobody seems to mind.

Mostly for Music—At the HICKORY HOUSE, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's orchestra playing for customers who'd rather listen than dance. Adele Girard is there, too, with her harp.... CAFÉ SOCIETY, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a well-established Village place, with Teddy Wilson's band, Hazel Scott, the Golden Gate Quartet, and the boogie-woogie pianists, Johnson and Ammons. Closed Mon.... NICK'S, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Bobby Hackett has joined the coöperative band here, which includes Eddie Condon and Pee Wee Russell. The Spirits of Rhythm are also around.

Foreign Flavor—Scandinavian: CASTLEHOLM, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); and QUEEN MARY, 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313).... Russian: KRETCHMA, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784).... Latin: EL CHICO, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and CLUB GAUCHO, 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

OUT OF TOWN

Dancing at Nearby Places—Ben Riley's ARROWHEAD INN, Henry Hudson P'kway, at 246 (Kingsbridge 6-2000): Irving Conn's orchestra and a rumba band.... Ben Marden's RIVIERA, at the other end of the George Washington Bridge (Ft. Lee 8-2000): Leo Reisman's orchestra, Pancho's rumba band, Sophie Tucker, Harry Richman, and Joe E. Lewis.... WESTCHESTER BATH CLUB, 10 Lawn Terrace, Mamaroneck (Mamaroneck 543): Jack Towne's orchestra and a rumba band.... GLEN ISLAND CASINO, off Shore Rd., New Rochelle (Hamilton 4480): Bobby Byrne's orchestra.... CHANTICLER, Millburn and Short Hills Aves., Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): George Sterney's orchestra.... MEADOWBROOK, on Route 23, Cedar Grove, N.J. (Verona 8-9817): Glen Gray's orchestra. Closed Mon.

Further Out of Town—At SEVEN PONDS INN, Montauk Highway, Water Mill, L.I. (Water Mill 500): Muary Partnoy's orchestra. Nightly except Tues.... GUIDO'S SAPPHIRE ROOM, Monmouth County Country Club, Eatontown, N.J. (Eatontown 95): Bentley Nason's orchestra. Closed Mon.... PERONA FARM, Andover, N.J. (Lake Mohawk 9600): Ray Rizzony's orchestra. No dancing Mon.

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Dinner in the Country—Places to dine (usually without dancing) while motoring—BETHPAGE, L.I.: Beau Séjour (Hicksville 91).... BROOKHAVEN, L.I.: Brook House (Bellport 394).... HAMPTON BAYS, L.I.: Catena's Restaurant (Hampton Bays 170).... LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.: Lakeville Manor Inn (Great Neck 2790).... OAKDALE, L.I.: Stirrup-Cup Castle (Sayville 889).... SMITHTOWN, L.I.: Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016).... SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.: Round Hill Restaurant, on Jericho Turnpike (Huntington 1371).... SYOSSET, L.I.: Stockholm, on Jericho Turnpike (Syosset 1749).... WESTHAMPTON, L.I.: Casa Basso (Westhampton 1841).... AMAWALK, N.Y.: Benedusi's, on Route 202 (Yorktown 984).... COLD SPRING, N.Y.: Harbor Hill Inn, on Lane Gate Rd., off Route 301 (Cold Spring 975).... DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.: Old Drover's Inn, on Route 22 (Dover Plains 2781).... HAWTHORNE, N.Y.: Valley View Farm, on Old Saw Mill River Rd., near P'kway (Pleasantville 120).... MT. KISCO, N.Y.: Lawrence Farms Inn, on Route 117 (Mt. Kisco 5324).... NEW CITY, N.Y.: French Farms (New City 981).... POUNDRIDGE, N.Y.: Emily Shaw's Inn (Bedford Village 9371), and Rainbow Tea House (Bedford Village 616).... SLOATSBURG, N.Y.: Vailati's, on Route 17, near Tuxedo (Sloatsburg 245).... BRIDGEWATER, CONN.: Hilltop Farm (New Milford 830).... DANBURY, CONN.: White Turkey Inn, on Route 7 (Danbury 4548).... NORWALK, CONN.: Silvermine Tavern, Perry and Silvermine Aves. (Norwalk 88).... REDDING RIDGE, CONN.: Spinning Wheel (Redding 67).... RIDGEFIELD, CONN.: Outpost Inn, on Route 33 (Ridgefield 882); dancing Fri. and Sat. Eves.... SOUTHPORT, CONN.: Tide Mill Tavern, off Post Rd. (Fairfield 9-2900).... WESTPORT, CONN.: Cobb's Mill Inn, on Route 57 (Westport 4330), dancing Sat. Eves.; and Red Barn, off Merritt P'kway (Westport 3971).... ALPINE, N.J.: Le Petit Pavillon Royal, on Route 9W (Closter 788).... BERNARDSVILLE, N.J.: Old Mill Inn, on Route 32 (Bernardsville 70).... DOYLESTOWN, PA.: Water Wheel Tavern, Old Route 611 (Doylestown 7941).

ART

Catlin—Carefully documented pictures by this nineteenth-century painter of Indian life; also, selected works by other Americans: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 27.

Europeans and Americans—A varied show of modern painters, with the Americans—Hartley, Nordfeldt, Maurer, to name a few—coming out on top: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Weekdays 2 to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 28.

French—At the PERLS, 32 E. 58: an attractively contrasted group of works by modern and modern-primitive artists of the Paris school. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 28.... HARRIMAN, 63 E. 57: an exhibition of Matisses, Picassos, Derains, and so on—most of them good ones. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 27.

Groups—At the MILCH, 108 W. 57: paintings by fifteen contemporary Americans, including Leon Kroll and Maurice Sterne. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 9 A.M. to 12 noon; through Sept. 28.... KRAUSHAAR, 730 5 Ave., at 57: Guy and Yvonne Pène du Bois, Bouché, and Schnakenberg, among other modern Americans. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 13.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—Mexican art from away back right up to the present in a big, varied, but surprisingly coherent show that fills the Museum and overflows into the garden behind it. A new fresco by Orozco is on view. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 104—A comprehensive showing of paintings, sculptures, and prints by contemporary Brazilian, Dominican, Ecuadorian, Mexican, and Venezuelan artists. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 20.

Soviet Graphic Art—Some remarkably gay illustrations for children's tales set the tone for a collection of woodcuts, color prints, and other graphics: A.C.A., 52 W. 8. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 14.

Here and There—At the MAYER, 41 E. 57: British and American water colors and prints. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 28.... ARTISTS', 113 W. 13: paintings and sculptures by members of this gallery's group. Weekdays 2 to 7 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 7 P.M.; through Sept. 23.

MUSIC

All-American Youth Orchestra—Stokowski conducting: Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., Sept. 18, at 8:45. (CI 7-7460.)

Out of Town—Gordon String Quartet: The Hall, Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn., Sat. Aft., Sept. 14, at 3:30 (soloist, Spalding); Sun. Aft., Sept. 15, at 4; and Thurs. Aft., Sept. 19 (young people's concert), at 4.

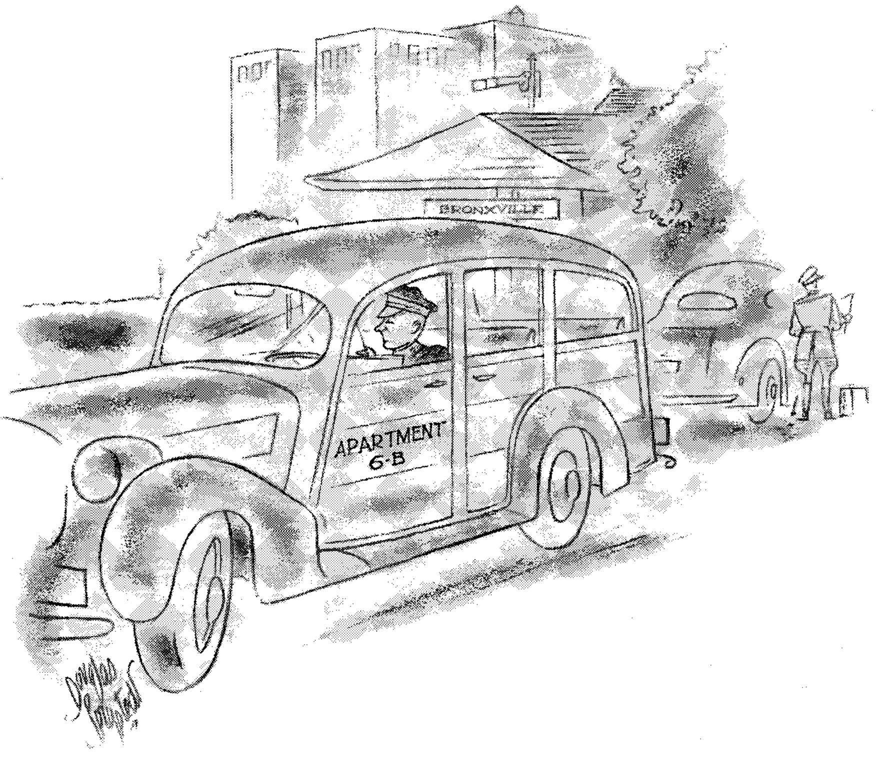
SPORTS

Baseball—At the YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Boston, Sat. Aft., Sept. 21, at 3.... POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Cincinnati, Thurs. and Fri. Afts., Sept. 12-13, at 3:15; Sat. Aft., Sept. 14, at 3. Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Sun. Aft., Sept. 15 (doubleheader), at 2; Mon. Aft., Sept. 16, at 3:15. Giants vs. Chicago, Tues. through Thurs. Afts., Sept. 17-19, at 3:15.... EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Thurs. Aft., Sept. 12 (doubleheader), at 1:30; Fri. Aft., Sept. 13, at 3; Sat. Aft., Sept. 14 (doubleheader), at 1:30. Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Sun. Aft., Sept. 15 (doubleheader), at 2:05. Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Tues. and Wed. Afts., Sept. 17-18, at 3. Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Fri. Aft., Sept. 20, at 3; Sat. Aft., Sept. 21, at 2:30.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden: Ceferino Garcia vs. Steve Belloise, middleweights, Thurs. Eve., Sept. 12; preliminaries at 8:30, main match (10 rounds) at about 10.... Al Davis vs. Tony Marteliano, welterweights, Fri. Eve., Sept. 20; preliminaries at 8:30, main match (10 rounds), at about 10.

Dog Shows—Devon, Pa., Sat., Sept. 14, at 9 A.M.... Somerset Hills Kennel Club, Far Hills, N.J., Sat., Sept. 21, at 9 A.M.... Eastern States Exposition, Springfield, Mass., Sat., Sept. 21, at 9 A.M.

Golf—National Amateur Championship, Winged Foot G.C., Mamaroneck, daily through Sat., Sept. 14.... Women's New Jersey State Championship, Crestmont G.C., West Orange, daily through Fri., Sept. 13.... Mixed



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Foursomes, Women's National Golf and Tennis Club, Glen Head, L.I., Fri. through Sun., Sept. 13-15. . . . New Jersey State Seniors Championship, Essex Fells C.C., Essex Fells, Tues. through Thurs., Sept. 17-19. . . . New Jersey State Amateur Best-Ball Championship, Montclair G.C., Montclair, Fri. through Sun., Sept. 20-22.

Horse Shows—Brockton, Mass., daily through Fri., Sept. 13, at 2 P.M. . . . Springfield, Mass., Mon. through Sat., Sept. 16-21, at 7:30 P.M.

Hunt Race—Whitemarsh Valley Hunt Club, Flourtown, Pa., Sat. Aft., Sept. 21, at 2:15.

Polo—Meadow Brook Club, Westbury: National Open Championship final, Sun., Sept. 15, at 3:30 P.M.; Monty Waterbury Memorial Cup Tournament, Sat., Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Sun., Sept. 14, 16, 18, 19, and 22, at 3:30 P.M.

Racing—Weekdays at Aqueduct, at 2:15 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 21. The Edgemere Handicap, Sept. 14; the Beldame Handicap and the Junior Champion, Sept. 21. (Special trains leave Penn. Station at frequent intervals between 12:25 and 1:45 P.M.)

Speedboats—National Outboard Championships, Worcester, Mass., Sat. and Sun., Sept. 14-15, at about noon.

Track—N.Y.A.C. annual games, Travers Island, Sat. Aft., Sept. 21, at 3.

Trotting—Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, weekdays at 8:40 P.M., weather permitting. (Special trains leave Penn. Station at 7:25 P.M. on racing days.)

Yachting—Championship races on the Sound, at 1:45 P.M.: Indian Harbor Y.C., Sat., Sept. 14; Horseshoe Harbor Y.C., Sat., Sept. 21.

ON THE AIR

Boxing—Ceferino Garcia vs. Steve Belloise: Thurs. Eve., Sept. 12, at 10, WJZ.

Golf—National Amateur Championship final: Sat. Aft., Sept. 14, at 2, WHN.

Polo—National Open Championship final: Sun. Aft., Sept. 15, at 3, WABC.

News Commentators—H. V. Kaltenborn, Sun. Afts. at 3:45, and Wed. and Sat. Eves. at 7:45, WEAF. . . . Edwin C. Hill, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 6:05, WABC. . . . Lowell Thomas, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 6:45, WJZ. . . . Wythe Williams, Sun. Eves. at 7:45, and Tues. and Thurs. Eves. at 8, WOR. . . . Quincy Howe, Mon., Wed., and Thurs. Eves. at 9, WQXR. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 10, WOR.

News broadcasts from abroad: weekdays at 6:45 and 10:30 P.M., WABC; Tues. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; Sun. at 7 P.M., WABC, WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

All This, and Heaven Too—Bette Davis and Charles Boyer, with Barbara O'Neill, in a thorough, rather too long, but often stirring film version of Rachel Field's best-seller. That aristocratic French murder case, you know. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; and Rio, B'way at 160; Thurs., Sept. 12. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., Sept. 13. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; and Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Mon., Sept. 16. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Tues., Sept. 17.)

The Baker's Wife—A wicked and sprightly French bit which will amuse and surprise you. With Raimu as a peasant who has wife trouble. (World, 153 W. 49.)

Boom Town—Oil wells and such things, and a chance to see Claudette Colbert, Hedy Lamarr, Clark Gable, and Spencer Tracy. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

Daybreak—Jean Gabin as a gentle murderer in a French picture of prewar days. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

Foreign Correspondent—The war in Europe, with blackouts, spies, plots, and planes. An Alfred Hitchcock thriller of the first rank. A fine cast, with Joel McCrea in the rôle of his life. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

The Ghost Breakers—Like "The Cat and the Canary"—laughs and squeals throughout, and a good one of its kind. With Paulette Goddard and Bob Hope. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sat. through Tues., Sept. 14-17. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 17-18. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Sept. 17-19. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 19-20.)

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING THOSE OF TRAINS, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.

Gone with the Wind—This is still going strong, and seems essential to the culture of many groups. (Astor, B'way at 45; daily at 2:15 and 8:15 P.M.)

The Great McGinty—A comedy that stacks up well against most of the things now showing around town. With Brian Donlevy and Muriel Angelus. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., Sept. 16. . . . Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., Sept. 18.)

The Man I Married—An honest attempt to do a serious movie about the Nazi situation. Francis Lederer and Joan Bennett, supported by a good cast, are the stars. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Fri., Sept. 13. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Sat. through Wed., Sept. 14-18. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 17-18.)

The Mayor's Dilemma—A French film of village life during the last war. With more humor than one might expect, considering all things, and really delightful. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Fri. through Thurs., Sept. 13-19.)

The Mortal Storm—Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, and Frank Morgan in a restrained yet terrifying story of a German family and how it fared after Hitler came into power. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., Sept. 13-16. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., Sept. 16-17.)

My Favorite Wife—More jokes about marriage and what can happen in that happy state. All pretty funny. Irene Dunne and Cary Grant carry on. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., Sept. 14.)

Our Town—A beautiful film from the Thornton Wilder play, directed by Sam Wood of "Goodbye, Mr. Chips." Fay Bainter, Beulah Bondi, and Frank Craven head a cast which is all good. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., Sept. 14. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., Sept. 14-16. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Wed. through Fri., Sept. 18-20. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 19-20.)

Queen of Destiny—Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook as Victoria and her consort. A Technicolor pageant, formerly called "Sixty Glorious Years," and very handsome. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; and Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; through Fri., Sept. 13. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; starting Fri., Sept. 20.)

The Return of Frank James—Plenty of good riding, a few laughs, and Henry Fonda as Frank James. If the movies were never worse than this, we'd have nothing to complain of. (Colonial, B'way at 62; through Mon., Sept. 16. . . . Rio, B'way at 160; Tues. through Thurs., Sept. 17-19. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Wed. and Thurs., Sept. 18-19.)

Susan and God—What happens when a *Social Register* matron gets religion, according to Rachel Crothers. With Joan Crawford and Fredric March. (Carlton, B'way at 100; through Fri., Sept. 13. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Sat., Sept. 14. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sat. through Mon., Sept. 14-16.)

When the Daltons Rode—The Daltons are presented as efficient though lovable train and bank robbers. With Kay Francis, Randolph Scott, and Broderick Crawford. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., Sept. 14. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., Sept. 14-16.)

Note—"Gateways to Panama," a new March of Time short with unusually effective shots of Devil's Island, is being shown three or four times a day at the Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50, through Wed., Sept. 18. Better call the theatre for hours. (CI 6-4600.)

REVIVALS

Algiers (1938)—Life in the native quarter. Hedy Lamarr and Charles Boyer. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Sun. through Tues., Sept. 15-17.)

The Awful Truth (1937)—Nonsense about divorce. Irene Dunne and Cary Grant. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 17-18.)

Club de Femmes (1937)—Life in a working-girls' home. French, with Danielle Darrieux. (Thalia, B'way at 95; starting Fri., Sept. 20.)

Confessions of a Nazi Spy (1939)—Gestapo doings here. Edward G. Robinson and Francis Lederer. (Beacon, B'way at 75; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 17-18.)

Escape Me Never (1935)—Elisabeth Bergner in her Broadway success. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Sat., Sept. 14.)

Generals Without Buttons (1938)—Children and their feuds. French. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Thurs., Sept. 12.)

Lost Horizon (1937)—The Hilton story. Ronald Colman and Margo. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 17-18.)

Of Human Bondage (1934)—Somerset Maugham's classic. Bette Davis and Leslie Howard. (Thalia, B'way at 95; starting Fri., Sept. 20.)

Port of Shadows (1939)—Jean Gabin on Le Havre's waterfront. French. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Fri. through Thurs., Sept. 13-19.)

The Private Life of Henry VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton is the King. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Wed. and Thurs., Sept. 18-19.)

Scarface (1932)—Early gangster piece. Paul Muni and George Raft. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. and Mon., Sept. 15-16.)

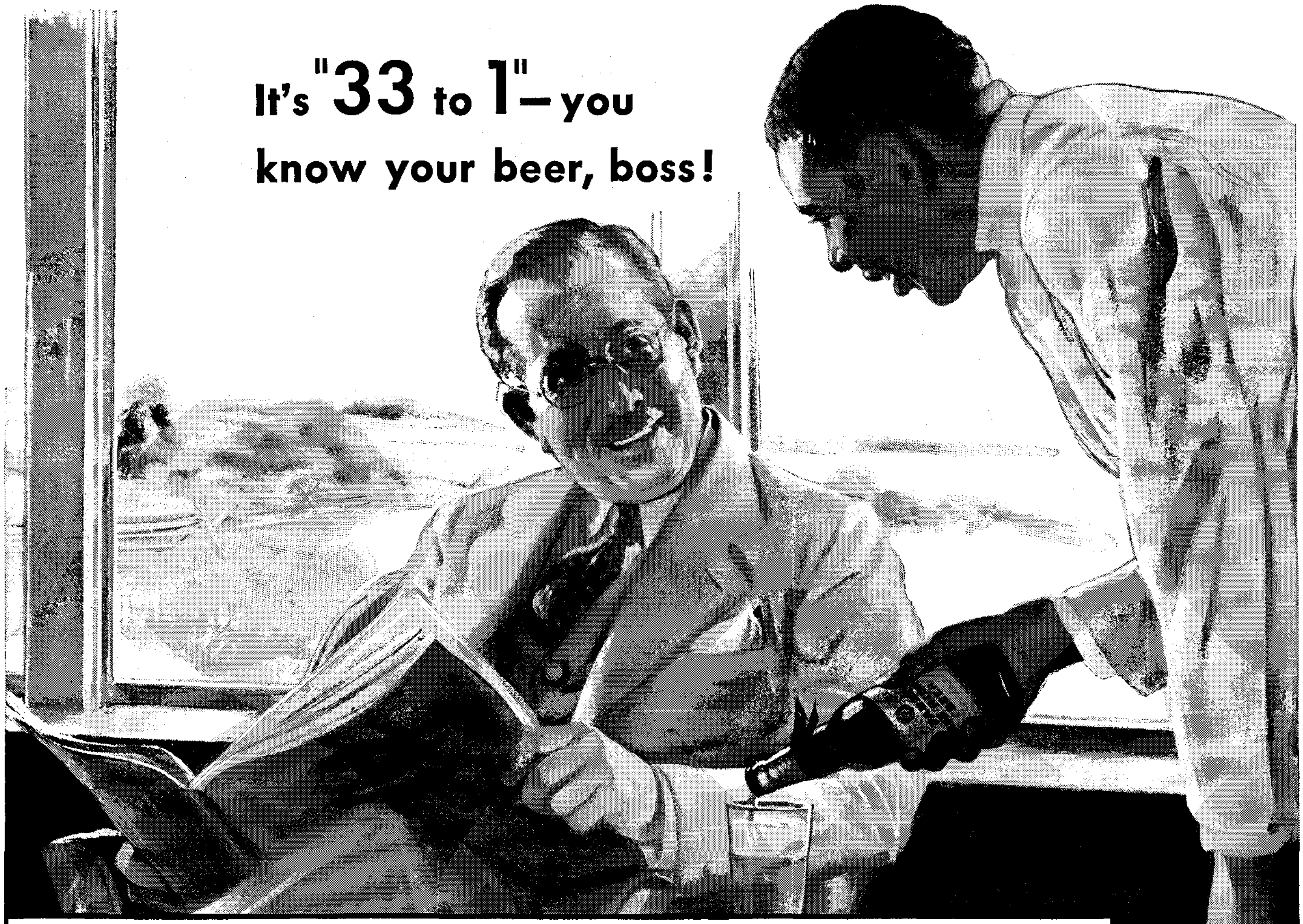
The Scarlet Pimpernel (1935)—Leslie Howard and Merle Oberon in the French Revolution. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Sept. 12.)

Stagecoach (1939)—Old-school Western. Claire Trevor and John Wayne. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., Sept. 14-17.)

That They May Live (1939)—Resurrecting the last war's dead. French. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Thurs., Sept. 12.)

The Young in Heart (1938)—Sentimental comedy of a family of scamps. Minnie Dupree, Janet Gaynor, Paulette Goddard, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Sept. 12.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing the following comedies weekdays at 4 P.M. and Sun. at 2 and 4 P.M.: Five 1914 Chaplin films, Thurs., Sept. 12. Four 1915 Chaplin films, Fri., Sept. 13. Four 1916 Chaplin films, Sat., Sept. 14. "It Happened One Night," with Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable, Sun., Sept. 15. "Duck Soup," with the Marx Brothers, and "The Barber Shop," with W. C. Fields, Mon., Sept. 16. "The Sex Life of the Polyp," with Robert Benchley, and "Blonde Crazy," with James Cagney and Joan Blondell, Tues., Sept. 17. "The General," with Buster Keaton, Wed., Sept. 18. "Wedding Bills," with Raymond Griffith, and "Big Business," with Laurel and Hardy, Thurs., Sept. 19. "The Strong Man," with Harry Langdon, and "The Professional Patient," with Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, Fri., Sept. 20. "The Freshman" and "High and Dizzy," both with Harold Lloyd, Sat., Sept. 21.


It's "33 to 1"—you know your beer, boss!

Blended 33 Times to Make One Great Beer

It takes 33 separate brews to make a single glass of Pabst BLUE RIBBON!

You know it's *blending* that makes fine wines, coffee, and tobacco so good. And those who drink Blue Ribbon can tell you what blending does for *beer!*

Try a glass of Pabst Blue Ribbon today. First enjoy the *look* of it—the clarity, the sparkle, the billowy head. Then enjoy your discovery of what beer flavor and beer smoothness can be!

In that glass—and in *every* glass of Blue Ribbon—is a blend of not two, or five, or twelve . . . but *33* separate brews from 33 separate kettles.

Each brew is as fine as choicest ingredients and Pabst's 96 years of experience can make it. Then all 33 are brought together in perfect balance.

An expensive way to brew? Of course! But that's what makes Blue Ribbon *America's premium beer,* with a smoothness that is unique... and a goodness that never varies.

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It's the BLEND *that Betters the Beer*

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First in the Homes of America—and the Largest Selling American Beer in the Rest of the World!

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PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER
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THE WORLD'S FAIR

GENERAL INFORMATION

Gates open daily at 9 A.M. Admission: adults, 50 cents; children, 25 cents. Most shows in the exhibit, transportation, and foreign-federal areas open at 10 A.M. and close at 10 P.M., but some restaurants and bars there stay open later if trade warrants. Amusement area is at its best at night and keeps going until 2 A.M.... Fountain and fireworks displays nightly on the Lagoon at 9:15, on Liberty Lake at 10.... The places you most want to see are almost sure to be crowded.... The Fair will close for good on Sun., Oct. 27.

TRANSPORTATION

By Rail—The L.I.R.R.: the fastest way to get there. Daily shuttle service to exhibit-area gate. Trains every 10 or 15 minutes, 9 A.M. to 9 P.M., from Track 16, Penn. Station (L.I. side). From the Fair, trains every 15 or 20 minutes; last train leaves at 2 A.M. A 10- or 15-minute run.... **INDEPENDENT SUBWAY**: best for amusement area. Take Queens train marked "E" to Continental Ave. station, cross platform, board train marked "GG." A half-hour trip from midtown Manhattan. ... **I.R.T.** and **B.-M.T.**: Flushing trains on both lines stop at exhibit-area gate.

By Auto—Cars are not admitted to Fair. Parking lots, a short bus ride from gates, 25 cents a day. Triborough Bridge is pleasantest route from midtown Manhattan.

By Bus—Double-decker Fifth Avenue bus (No. 15, marked "World's Fair") starts at 25th St., turns East on 57th St., and crosses the Queensboro Bridge, providing a slow but reasonably comfortable trip to the transportation-area gate.

At the Fair—Roller and motor chairs with guides may be hired. Buses and tractor-pulled trains of open coaches have regular routes about the grounds. Ferries operate across the lake to the Florida Building (I) from the docks near Heineken's (H) and American Jubilee (K).

ATTRACTIONS OF NOTE

(Be prepared for last-minute changes in programs and schedules.)

MORE OR LESS SERIOUS

Ford (G)—Once an hour the Ballet Caravan puts on a gay little sketch suggesting that Mr. Ford, among others, has set the horse free. By day, a flock of tractors goes through a lively drill in a field outside and winds up by tilling the soil in earnest.

Gardens on Parade (A)—A well-arranged display of seasonal flowers, both growing and cut. Admission, 25 cents.

General Motors (F)—The queues of visitors waiting to see the Futurama on crowded days are a sight in themselves. Your chances of getting in are best on weekdays. Opens at 9 A.M.

House of Jewels (C)—It's wise to tackle this at off hours, too. Quantities of precious stones displayed to make the most of their costly glitter. Opens at 11 A.M., closes at 9 P.M.

Masterpieces of Art (C)—A show of some 400 canvases, ranging from the sixteenth to the twentieth century. Perhaps not quite what it was last year, but still good. Admission: 50 cents weekdays, 25 cents Sun.

Railroads (F)—"Railroads on Parade," a historical pageant with real locomotives and Kurt Weill music, is shown daily at 11:30 A.M., and 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. Admission, 25 and 55 cents.... "Railroads in Action," a thirty-minute show of model trains, runs continuously from 10:15 A.M. to 8:15 P.M.

Telephones (C)—Somebody's always winning a free phone call to the folks back home, and everybody's invited to taste the joys of a party wire by listening in. Then, too, there's the Voder, the machine that talks like a man.

Trylon and Perisphere—Inside the great sphere you get a rosy picture of the way we may, or may not, be living a few years hence. Admission, 25 cents.

World of Fashion (D)—A handsome display of fashions and feminine accessories arranged by some of the leading shops and designers hereabouts. A fashion show, with models appearing in the latest gowns, is presented daily, except Mon., at 4:30 and 8 P.M.

Others of Interest—At **AMERICA AT HOME** (C): trick arrangements of model interiors, from which you may get some good ideas.... **AMERICAN ART TODAY** (A): ninety works by members of the Sculptors' Guild and a lively WPA exhibit of paintings, sculptures, prints, and folk art.... **AVIATION** (G): up-to-the-minute fighting planes.... **BORDEN'S** (D): cows without a care on their minds.... **CHRYSLER** (F): a talking car full of wisecracks, and an apparently three-dimensional movie of how a Plymouth is put together.... **CONSOLIDATED EDISON** (D): a diorama of the city, with trains in action and everything. ... **DU PONT** (D): studious young men demonstrating how the test tube has created such things as nylon.... **ELECTRIC UTILITIES** (E): New York in its gaslit days.... **ELECTRIFIED FARM** (A): just that.... **FIRESTONE** (G): turning out tires on a real production line, and a menagerie of wild animals well displayed in a jungle setting.... **GENERAL ELECTRIC** (E): an artificial bolt of lightning that seems terrifyingly real; next door, calmer electrical tricks.... **GLASS CENTER** (D): glass-blowers blowing glass.... **GOODRICH** (F): daredevil driving, with a cast that includes two ladies; shows Mon. though Fri. at 11 A.M., noon, and 2, 4, 6, and 7 P.M.; Sat. and Sun. every hour from 11 A.M. to 7 P.M.... **HALL OF INVENTIONS** (D): the original models of what the bright minds of the nineteenth century thought up for the Patent Office.... **KODAK** (D): colored photographs impressively projected on several screens all at the same time.... **PETROLEUM** (D): if there's oil under Flushing, the full-sized derrick, endlessly drilling here, will surely find it.... **R.C.A.** (C): what's been going on in television.... **STAMP EXHIBIT**, in the British Building (A): an unusual assortment that was to have been exhibited in London this summer to commemorate the one-hundredth anniversary of the stick-on stamp.... **WESTINGHOUSE** (E): a flash of light killing the denizens of a drop of water in a show called the Microblitzkrieg. ... **ZOOLOGICAL WONDERS** (H): in addition to a panda, an electric eel, and a colony of penguins, there's Mr. Beebe's old bathysphere.

A SELECTIVE GUIDE FOR THE INDULGENT FAIRGOER

A CODE LETTER, CORRESPONDING TO ONE ON THE MAP BELOW, INDICATES THE SECTION OF THE FAIR IN WHICH EACH PLACE MENTIONED IS TO BE FOUND.

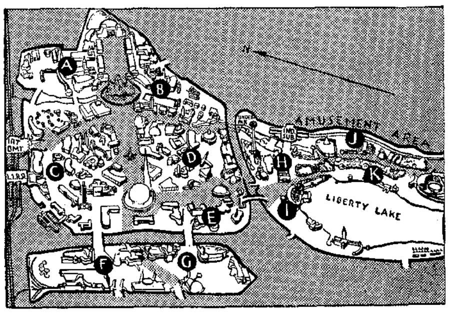
•

Foreign Buildings—All are in the foreign-federal area (A and B) unless otherwise noted. There are fewer of them this year, but among the attractive ones still open are those of Great Britain, France, Poland, Finland, Brazil, and Italy. The pavilions of Czecho-Slovakia, Denmark, and Sweden (D) are run by sympathetic private groups. Many of the buildings have restful gardens and pleasant bars.

State Exhibits—Most of these are cluttered up with statistics, but Florida's (I) has an inviting beach on the lake front and an inviting interior, too. New York's (I) offers some rare historical documents, and the New England group (B) shows a full-rigged ship, which children like to clamber over.

THAT GREAT WHITE WAY

American Jubilee (K)—A huge and rather heavy-handed historical pageant, with plenty of songs by Oscar Hammerstein II and Arthur Schwartz. Lucy Monroe, Ray Middleton, and Paul Haakon head the cast. Daily at 3:30, 5:30, 8:30, and 10:45 P.M.



Aquacade (I)—Billy Rose's, of course, and still one of the best shows out there. Eleanor Holm heads the large cast, which includes Buster Crabbe, Everett Marshall, and Vincent Lopez's orchestra. Daily at 3, 5, 8:30, and 10:45 P.M.

Gay New Orleans (H)—Michael Todd's sprawling and highly popular arrangement of restaurants, bars, and an outdoor platform on which Negro and white revues, handsomely staged by Hassard Short, alternate almost continuously.

The Streets of Paris (H)—Gypsy Rose Lee stripping, frankly and amusingly, in the Fair's big Music Hall. Willie and Eugene Howard are there, too. Mon. through Fri. at 5, 8:45, and 10:30 P.M.; Sat. and Sun. at 3:30, 5:30, 8:30, and 10:30 P.M.

Zombie (J)—Music and drinks in a tropical setting—a sidekick of the Beachcomber on Broadway. A rumba band plays in the garden at night.

Some Other Places—At **BARBARY COAST** (J): Kay Parsons and other musical folk leading the customers in harmonizing, more or less, on the old chestnuts.... **DANCING CAMPUS** (I): an outdoor dance floor for the antic young and those who like to ape or watch them; dancing from about 6 P.M. on.... **JUNGLELAND** (J): an excellent zoo, plenty of trained-animal acts in a tent, and elephants to ride on.... **MIDGET TOWN** (H): Morris Gest's troupe of small folk in a miniature village.... **ODDITORIUM** (K): Ripley's "Believe It or Not" collection of strange people.... **PARACHUTE JUMP** (H): they drop you twenty floors, and once you start going up you can't change your mind.... **WALL OF DEATH** (K): hair-raising stunts by motorcyclists on the vertical walls of a motordrome.... **WINTER WONDERLAND** (J): a show done on skates, skis, and toboggans; numerous performances during the late afternoon and evening.

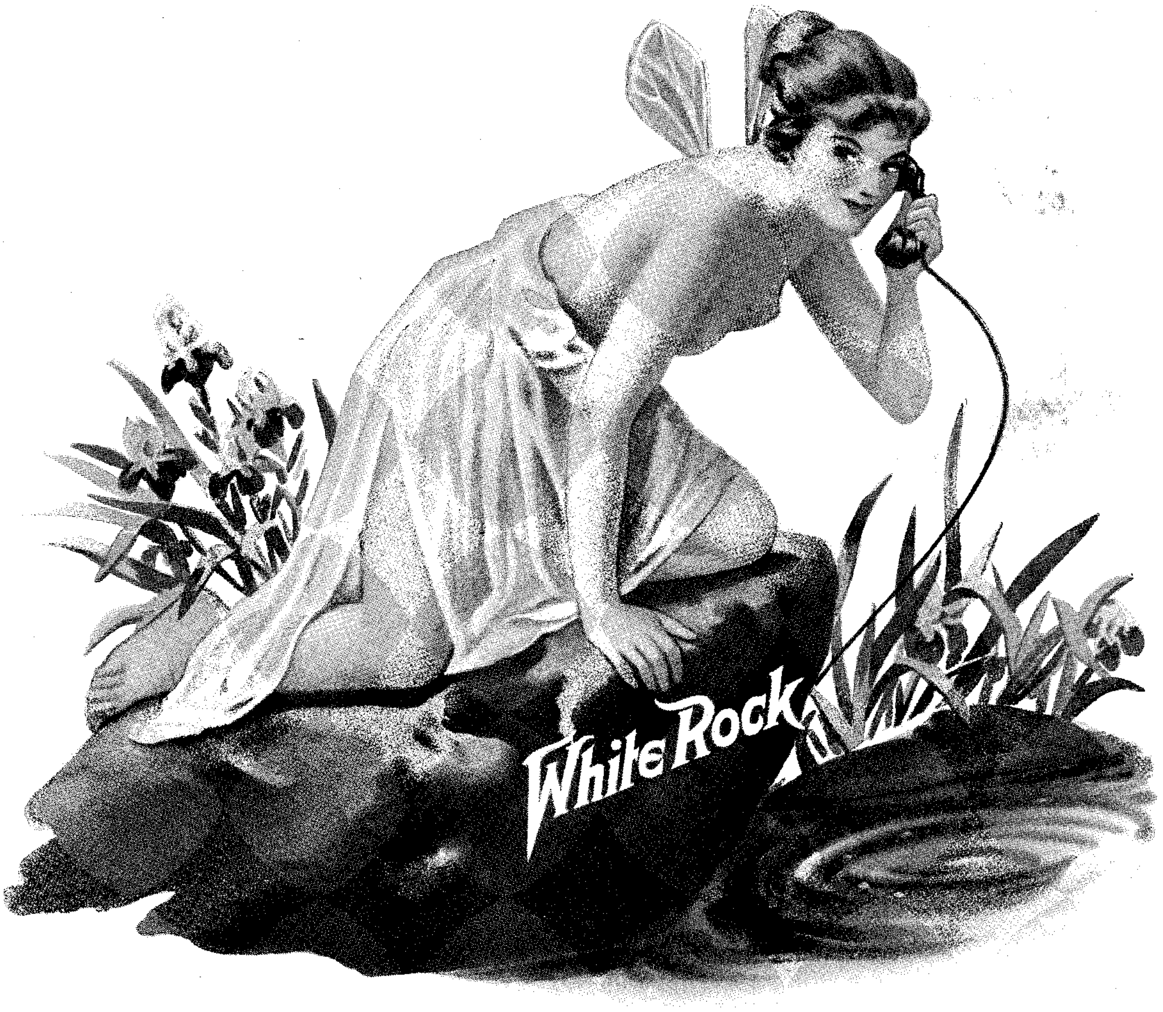
RESTAURANTS

(This is a list of some eating places at the Fair which, for one reason or another—frequently the setting—seem to call for special notice, but there are many others equally satisfactory. The service at any of them may be sketchy during hours when they're crowded.)

BALLANTINE'S (H): the veteran of the amusement area, providing food without too many frills and offering an outdoor bar.... **BELGIAN BUILDING** (B): an awninged terrace, with one of the best views of the Lagoon show.... **BRAZILIAN BUILDING** (A): lilting music most of the time and dancing at dinner.... **FRENCH BUILDING** (A): excellent à-la-carte meals in a truly de-luxe setting.... **GARDENS ON PARADE** (A): simple, satisfying fare outdoors in the shade; an admission fee helps cut down the crowd.... **HEINEKEN'S** (H): Dutch cooking, but, unfortunately, no more Holland beer.... **HUNGARIAN PAVILION** (A): you can get goulash at the standup bar or retire to the restaurant upstairs for a greater variety of those good paprika dishes.... **IRAQ PAVILION** (A): the Bagdad Restaurant, serving the kind of food that makes the Arabs strong.... **MCGINNIS** (C): sea food and charcoal-broiled steaks in rambling, informal surroundings.... **NORWEGIAN BUILDING** (B): you won't want to miss the *smörgåsbord*.... **PABST** (K): a lakeside, tree-shaded setting gives this modest beer garden a lift.... **POLISH BUILDING** (A): they haven't much left in the way of supplies from the home country, but the cooking's just as good as it ever was.... **PONCE DE LEON PATIO** (I): real Spanish dishes served against the Florida Building's tropical background.... **RUBY FOO'S LAMA TEMPLE** (J): you ought to like Chinese cooking in these surroundings even if you never liked it before.... **SWEDISH BUILDING** (D): snacks in a large courtyard; more elaborate meals inside.... **SWISS BUILDING** (A): gaily informal, either indoors or out under the maples.... **WASHINGTON HALL** (K): the screened veranda overlooking the lake has a more leisurely air about it than you'd perhaps expect to find in the amusement area.

The following are also recommended: British Buttery (A), Childs (F), Czecho-Slovakian Pavilion (B), Finnish Pavilion (A), Gay New Orleans (H), Schaefer Center (D), Turf-Trylon Restaurant (C), Winter Wonderland (J), and World of Fashion (D).

Have you got her number?



MINeral – 1234

1

ONE place on earth . . . for White Rock comes from only those famous Mineral Springs in Wisc. Hence a drink mixed with White Rock is always the same, no matter where you get it.

2

TWO times the bubbling vitality of some of the mixers you see around. This means your highball, mixed with White Rock, is always keen and bubbling and stays that way to the very end.

3

THREE cents, because that's all it costs you to mix your highball with White Rock, when you use the Large Party Size. You can also get White Rock in handy Split and Standard sizes.

4

FOUR times the mineral content of ordinary tap-water. It's this pure *mineral* tang of White Rock that points up and improves the flavor of any whiskey and makes highballs taste better.

By the way!
Have you tried
SARSAPARILLA
by White Rock? It's
deliciously different!
Sold at better stores.

JUST ASK FOR {**SCOTCH** OR **RYE** OR **BOURBON**} **AND** **White Rock**

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE

Actual color photograph—Bill Currin chants "Sold American!"—and another lot of fine golden leaf goes to Luckies

Luckies' finer tobaccos mean less nicotine

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As tobacco experts like Bill Currin will tell you, Luckies buy the finer leaf. These men know . . . for they spend *their lives buying, selling and handling* tobacco.

Now here's what this means to you as a smoker . . . Luckies' finer tobaccos *mean less nicotine.* The more you smoke, the more you want a cigarette of proven mildness. So remember this fact: for two years, the average nicotine content of Luckies has been 12% less than the average of the four other leading brands★—less than any one of them.

Luckies, you see, analyze tobacco before buying it. So our buyers can select leaf that is ripe and mellow, yet milder—low in nicotine.

Remember, *with independent* tobacco experts, with men who know tobacco best—it's Luckies 2 to 1.

★NICOTINE CONTENT OF LEADING BRANDS

From January 1938 through June 1940
Lucky Strike has averaged

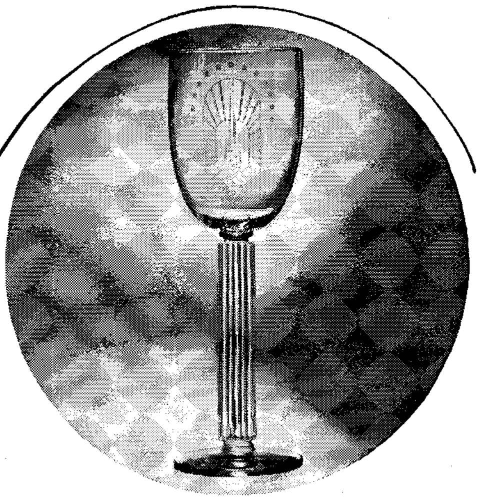
9.46% less nicotine than Brand A
20.55% less nicotine than Brand B
15.55% less nicotine than Brand C
4.74% less nicotine than Brand D

For this period Lucky Strike has had an average nicotine content of 2.01 parts per hundred.

With men who know tobacco best—it's LUCKIES 2 TO 1

Only a little thing . . .

yet because of it you enjoy beauty as you dine



This exquisite crystal stemware, originated for the State Dining Room, Federal Building, at the New York World's Fair, well expresses Libbey's century-old tradition of masterful glassware design and craftsmanship. On exhibition in Glass Center at the Fair are other beautiful examples of Modern American crystal by Libbey.

When you're dining out, you probably pay little attention to the Safedge rim on your glass. It's only a little thing . . . yet because of it, you enjoy the pleasure of being served with beautiful thin glasses at all the better places.

The famous Libbey Safedge, six times stronger than the rest of the glass, guards against chipping and so makes thin glass practical for commercial use. That's why you find exquisite glassware, formerly a luxury, now in everyday use. These sparkling, thin Libbey glasses—so appealing to the eye—so pleasant to the touch—make all drinks taste better.

Next time you're out dining, look for the Safedge on your glass . . . the mark of establishments that are eager to please you. Libbey Glass Company, Toledo, Ohio. *Subsidiary, Owens-Illinois Glass Company.*

Libbey GLASSWARE with the Safedge

Feel It...The Libbey Safedge is rounded and velvety smooth, kind to your lips, resists chipping. Restaurateurs . . . hotelmen . . . barmen . . . club managers . . . all hail it as the most significant glassware development in more than a century.

IDENTIFIED WITH GRACIOUS LIVING FOR 120 YEARS

We wish it to be known that we have on hand a stock of Caron perfumes imported prior to the severance of communications with France.

These perfumes are obtainable through our customary distributors, the better retail stores. We hope the quantity will be sufficient to meet the Fall and Christmas requirements of our customers and we hereby gratefully acknowledge their patronage.

Caron Corporation
U. S. Agent for Parfums Caron, Paris

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

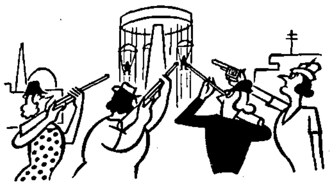
WE closed the gray house on the beach last week with the same feeling we have each year. It is always very sad to go. The last time the colored umbrellas and the children's toys are brought up from the beach and packed to go to town is the most melancholy of our annual domestic rites. It always seems too soon to be going back to the city. The air has an edge in September, but most of the time the sky is washed a pale, clear blue and the water is warmer than it was in June. At night the driftwood fire still keeps the living room a bright and cheerful place in spite of the autumn wind off the ocean; it is a better fire than the ones we'll lay in New York—functional, not decorative, lit specifically to keep people warm.

It is always much too soon to be going back. Our excursions along the hard, wet sand at the margin of the tide have taken us five miles west to Fire Island Light and east as far as the colony of nudists, wild and shy as deer among their dunes, but there are wonders beyond these that we planned to see but somehow never did. Before the end of summer we meant to ride a surfboard in on the smooth, high-breaking waves or to hire a boat and fish for tuna out on the misty rim. We never did these things either; we never even reached that perfect shade of brown—something between the Emperor Jones and Sitting Bull—we could have had in just another week.

Theoretically, after spending three months in such a happy vacuum, we ought to be glad to get back to town and down to work. We aren't. As we came up out of Penn Station onto Eighth Avenue last Monday, it struck us that the old town had never looked worse. The idea of getting down to the office in the morning to bat out a living for our loved ones had seldom seemed more dismal or absurd.

DR. ELIAS LIEBERMAN, a poet affiliated with the Board of Education, plans to eliminate "regional idiosyncrasies" from the children's speech. The next generation, if everything works out, won't say "Greenpernt" or "Bensonhoist" or even "Longuyland." Everyone will talk with identical refinement, sounding all the syllables, pronouncing the "h" in "which." Generally speaking, we are in favor of reform, but we can't approve of this one. The speech of the Brooklyn native has a vigor and music unknown in Boston; it also manages to invest even the commonest object with a gay, peculiar magic. We had a receptionist once who persisted in announcing one of our contributors as Mr. Oinest Bird. She left us in the end to marry the motorman of her choice, but the image of Mr. Bird is still clear in our mind, a man at least nine feet tall and very strange.

A FEW weeks ago, watching a newsreel of the First Army's maneuvers, we had a sense of uneasy recognition. We saw the canvas-covered truck labelled "Tank," and we saw the soldiers earnestly pretending to load shells into stovepipes and even flinching from the imaginary report. It was all like a nightmare that used to haunt our youth. In it we fought a weird battle, singlehanded, against a grotesque, invisible enemy. We were always handicapped by some unlikely and embarrassing circumstance—a gun that turned into a telescope from time to time, a baby that somebody had given us to hold. The First Army brought back the substance of our dream, but the Green Guard of America, Inc., gave it its most sinister form. This organization, composed of ladies who are going to stop the invasion of America right in its tracks, recently made a practice foray into Flushing, and a squad of its sharpshooters fired blank cartridges at four Parachute Jump attendants, who obligingly took rides for them. The fantastic ingredients were all there—the grim women firing away with nothing; the jocular manager, who exhibited a nice aptitude for madness by criticizing their marksmanship; and the young men themselves, uncomfortable and sheepish in the grip of the huge, implausible machine. The whole thing strikes us as setting a likely pattern for a national nightmare. It recurs to us as the old one did, but now it comes at bright noon, while we are, as far as we can tell, wide awake.



IT is all very well to say that we must get tough if we are to survive, but there is real reason to doubt that people can toughen themselves as long as advertising holds the place it now holds in life. We just noticed an ad, in this journal, of the Towers of the Waldorf-Astoria. The ad says that the Waldorf Towers are "all that you would want a fine home to be, *minus* the burdens . . . no investment, no care, no domestic responsibilities." Well, there you are. By tradition, "home" in America has for three hundred years been a place a man works and saves to get—a place he invests his blood and gold in, something that is to be an honest, mellowing care, its domestic responsibilities the very essence of his being. But these qualities are expunged at one stroke of the advertising pen. Actually, they don't vanish quite as readily as one might imagine. Even in the metropolis, where Home is circumscribed and domestic cares are few, the inmates keep the tradition alive—the wife (particularly if the home is quiet and the husband not drinking) will introduce burdens of her own invention, tiny cares to fit tiny rooms: a Pomeranian that misbehaves on the rug, or an ivy with an incurable disease.

Fishbone

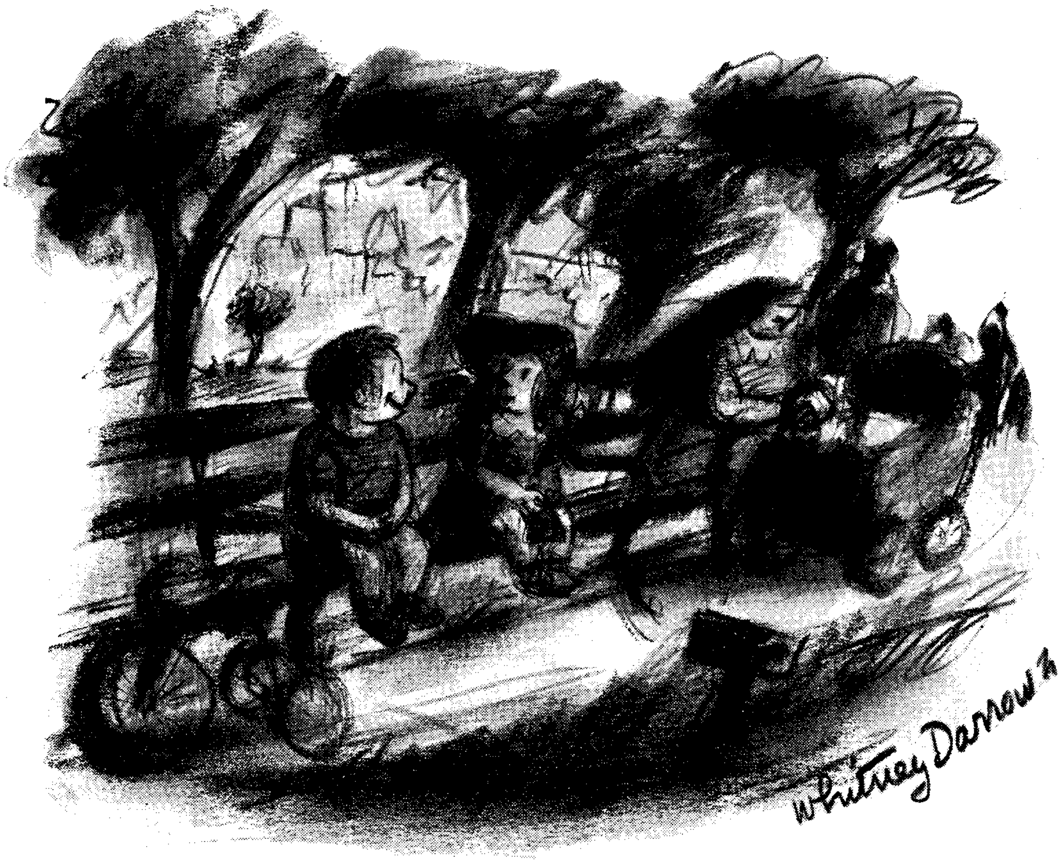
WHILE in Detroit on business, an officer of a New York corporation got a fishbone stuck in his throat, with dire consequences of a kind not normally associated with choking on fishbones. A Detroit doctor easily removed the fishbone, and then, just to do the thing properly, took a throat culture for analysis. Next morning, as the man was preparing for a day's strenuous program, a lot of cops and city officials appeared in his hotel room and told him he was quarantined. "You're a diphtheria carrier," one of the officials explained. "Like Typhoid Mary." The executive said nonsense, but his captors were adamant; he was quarantined, and was not to leave his room until further orders. Late in the day he managed to sneak out, however, and get on a train for New York. When he arrived in Penn Station, a delegation of New York cops and health officers were waiting for him, having been tipped off from Detroit. They whisked him to his apartment behind a motorcycle escort, slapped a sign reading "Diphtheria" on his front door, and gave him an injection that caused him to run a high fever for two days. If he didn't have diphtheria before, he certainly had it *then*. The neighborhood doctors did a brisk trade performing Schick tests on the other tenants of the apartment building. Then came a letter from the Board of Health, saying that it all appeared to be a mistake, and the sign was taken down. The executive has hired some lawyers, and is casting about for somebody to sue.

First to Go

THE evening we chose to visit the Seventy-first Regiment in its armory was, by chance, that on which orders had come through from Washington mobilizing the unit for a year's service, starting September 16th. Things were a good deal tighter than before, we noticed—an alert M.P. guarding each entrance, where the winter tennis players used to wander in and out, and a visitors' register to be signed by everyone not on official business. At the superintendent's office, we were put in charge of Lieutenant George J. Klemm, a blond-mustached fellow who told us that he worked in the bond department at the Stock Exchange. "They'll hold my job open for me," he said. Only four of the regiment's sixty-six officers have taken advantage of the opportunity extended to men with dependents to resign.

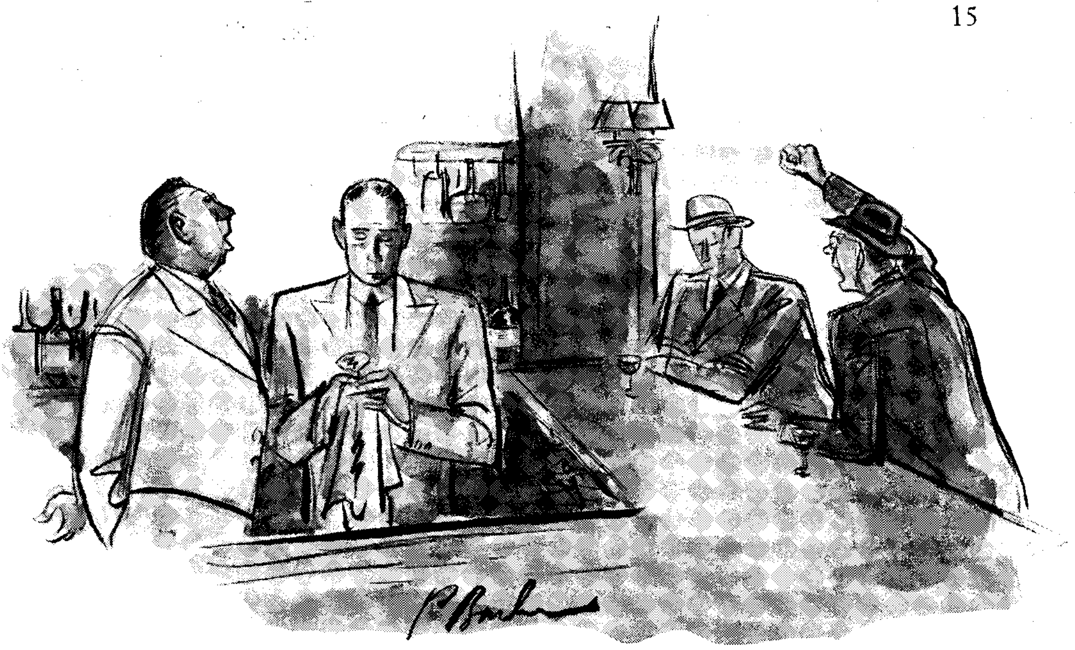
On the floor of the main drill hall, some buck privates of the Second Battalion were checking over equipment they had used the week before at the First Army maneuvers, upstate. There was just time, we learned, for them to turn it in for laundering and sprucing up before it would be reissued for the trek to Fort Dix, New Jersey. After three months at Fort Dix, the Seventy-first will probably go to Georgia for the rest of the year, but that's not definite yet. The guardsmen all seemed in high spirits over their new adventure. "Everybody wants to go," Lieutenant Klemm said. Of course, after they're mustered into the Regular Army, there will be another physical examination, which may weed out a number of men who have deteriorated physically since enlisting in the National Guard.

Lieutenant Klemm took us downstairs, where the men were handing over tents, mess kits, canteens, trenching tools, cartridge belts, shoes, puttees, overcoats, dungarees, shirts, socks, slickers, and trousers to the quartermaster's clerks. The ones who had already checked in their supplies were lounging in the company rooms, some of them entertaining parents or girl friends. Before we left, we had a word with the superintendent of the armory, Captain Donald P. Sherman. He mentioned that the Seventy-first had been called out first in every military crisis since 1852, the date it was founded. The last time the regiment was mobilized to quell an internal uprising, he told us, was in 1895, when the street-railway men rioted in Brooklyn. There's naturally a good deal of interest in the Seventy-first these days, not all of it the sort the staff would have asked for. For instance, one of the newspapers sent a cameraman over for some pictures. The men were posed drilling, assembling their kits, shooting, and doing everything else of a military nature that anybody could think of, and the next day the paper printed a picture of a guardsman kissing



"From what I've seen so far, you're my ideal."

his girl. "We don't mind being coöperative," the Captain told us fretfully, "but we don't want sex to get mixed up with this mobilization."



"*Who's going to plunge us into Fascism today—Roosevelt or Willkie?*"

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Old Friend

THE embarrassments of starting at the bottom in a business are nicely summarized in a recent experience of a Yale man we know, who is starting out as an office boy for a big concern. Last Friday he was sent on a string of errands, one of which was to meet the president of the company at the information booth in Grand Central at an appointed time and give him a briefcase full of correspondence. Arriving in the neighborhood a little too early, he dropped into the Yale Club for a drink. And of course there was the president, standing at the bar. The president nodded vaguely, evidently recognizing but not placing a familiar face, and made some remark about the weather. The lad felt that he should do something to straighten out the situation, but he couldn't think just what. A weakly conversation sprang up, while they finished their drinks. Then, side by side, they got their hats from the checkroom, left the Yale Club, and started across the street to Grand Central. "Going my way, eh?" the elder man said, pleasantly, and the office boy said, "Yes, sir." When they reached the information booth, the president halted and looked around. Acting quickly, the youth said, "Here you are, sir," placed the briefcase in the president's hands, and fled. In twenty-five years the office boy will classify this episode as an early struggle, but right now he's just worried about how to act the next time he sees the president.

M. Chomette's Status

IF anyone should ever ask you what famous French motion-picture director owes his last name to the fact that he was once ashamed of being connected with the movies, you should say, "René Clair." In his early twenties he was working as a reporter for *L'Intransigeant*, the Paris paper, under his original name, René Chomette. Some friends persuaded him to act in a movie they were making, with the understanding that he could use a pseudonym. As René Clair, he got increasingly interested in the movies, becoming an assistant director of a Paris company when he was twenty-four, and directing his first picture, "Paris Qui Dort," a year later. Around this time he wrote a novel called "Adams" and signed the manuscript René Chomette. His Paris publishers protested, arguing that he had made Clair a much better-known name than Chomette. The author, who told us this the other day, gave in, and has been René Clair ever since in every department of his life. His novel, the chief character of which was a man called Adams, was also published in England, under the title "Star Turn." He has no idea what the publisher meant.

We interrogated Clair in the local offices of his agents, Myron Selznick, Ltd., where he was trying to decide which of several Hollywood offers to accept. He has three stories he wants to do—one based on "Wonder Hero," a novel by J. B. Priestley; the two others, scripts on which he has collaborated, called "Rue de la Gaîté" and "Air Pur." He had shot about half of "Air Pur" in Paris when the war interfered. It is about city children who go to a camp. Even if Clair could resume work on it in France, the children have grown by now, so he would have to start all over again anyway. He came here four weeks ago, not wishing to work in a Nazi-controlled country, with his wife and their fourteen-year-old son, two small steamer trunks, and a few suitcases, whose contents included two unfinished novels by Clair and an adaptation of an obscure Elizabethan comedy which he hopes to put on the stage. They were met at the pier by Robert Sherwood, the playwright, who wrote the script for Clair's picture "The Ghost Goes West." Sherwood took them to his place at Easthampton, where they stayed a while before they went to Hollywood. Clair's only previous visit to New York was four years ago, when he attended the opening of "The Ghost." He was amazed on that occasion to find how much the audience laughed at the picture's cracks about American business methods, having not altogether believed his collaborator's statement that Americans don't mind being ribbed.

Clair's English, which consisted chiefly of "O.K." when he began work on "The Ghost," is now excellent, except for a habit he has of pronouncing "moving pictures" "movies pictures." He hopes to return to France, after doing one or two pictures here, if conditions improve. He has learned from friends that his Paris apartment is now occupied by Nazi soldiers and that all his wife's dresses have disappeared. His own clothes are still there, or were, and he doesn't know what to make of this. According to Sherwood, who dropped in during our conversation, Clair is a seasoned gourmet who indulges in no nonsense about wines. "If he wants red wine with the fish, he will damn well take it," said Sherwood admiringly. Sherwood has visited Clair at St. Tropez, and recalls a wonderful sea-food lunch they once had, of bouillabaisse, lobster, and so on. "We had nothing but red wine," he said. "Each new bottle was progressively darker, and by the time we got to the cheese the wine was practically black." Clair has been to the Colony and Voisin several times, invariably ordering steak.

Politically, Clair has been considered a liberal. His film "Le Million" caused him to be attacked as a Communist by the extreme Right in France and as a Fascist by the extreme Left. "I have no political opinion today," he told us. "I am just French."

SPEAKING of Robert Sherwood, announcement of the reopening of his "There Shall Be No Night" has reminded one of our Washington friends of something that happened there last spring, when the play was tried out for a week before coming in to New York. The Washington tryout closed on a Saturday night. Sunday morning, our friend entered the Union Station, bound for New York, and learned that he was to make the journey in the same train with the actors and technical staff of the production. There was a sign at the train gate, evidently posted by a careful company manager: "There Shall Be No Night Company." Our friend hung around for a while, hoping for a glimpse of Lynn Fontanne, and while he was there a woman came up and read the sign, with an expression of angry incredulity. "What do you have to have to ride on the Pennsylvania Railroad—a marriage certificate?" she cried.

Pretty Rare

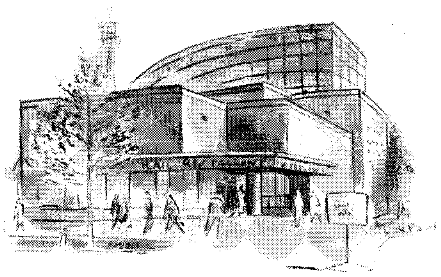
DESPITE the war, platina fox is now offered freely, as the brokers say, and, though still expensive, is less rare, we're surprised to tell you, than it was a year ago. At the August sales you could have bought a perfectly acceptable platina neckpiece for $400 or $500; the most expensive one in town is now priced at $12,000. Many of the good shops have platina jackets priced between $2,000 and $3,000. Why? Well, up to a year ago, the Norwegian fox breeders, who have a monopoly on platina, had exported only to South America and the Continent. Just before the war broke out in Europe, however, Norges Platinarevavlslag, the Norwegian Platina Fox Breeders' Association, shipped a thousand pelts over here and sold them to furriers at an average price of $500. It may be quite a while before we get any more, though, for of course the export business of Norway is in the hands of Germany, what's left of it.

The platina fox is a mutation of the silver fox, which is in turn a mutation of the red fox, a native of North America. A trapper named Charles Dalton caught a silver fox, back in 1896. Then he caught a pair of them and experimented with breeding them in captivity. When the vixens settled down, and stopped eating their young—a habit of theirs when they're upset—Dalton began selling pelts to the London fur market. His record price for a pelt, which he received in 1906, was £590. Nowadays, with every filling-station proprietor breeding silver fox in his spare moments, the pelts fetch the breeder only about $30. Dalton got out from under before things arrived at this state, however, and when he died was a millionaire and Lieutenant-Governor of Prince Edward Island, where he had caught his first silver fox. Silver fox have been bred in Norway since 1913. The first platina appeared in 1933, when a silver vixen belonging to one Eversten, of Dyröy, Norway, produced a litter including a pup with a coat varying from pearl white to dark blue-gray. This fox, a male, was later mated with a silver vixen, and of a litter of seven pups resulting from this union, four were platina. Since then, procedure has been orderly, under Mendel's law.

The Norwegians cagily forbade the sale of platinas for breeding outside Norway, but of course nobody knows now what the rules will be. A platina male was worth as much as $25,000 in 1939, and earned it by producing, on the average, thirteen and a half litters a year. The usual stud fee was something over a thousand dollars, with no rebate guaranteed even in the event of all the pups turning out to be silver instead of platina. A farmer in Saskatchewan has a silver-fox pup that looks sort of platina, but he can't be sure that it's another mutation until it's old enough to be a father. We'll try to let you know.

City Slicker

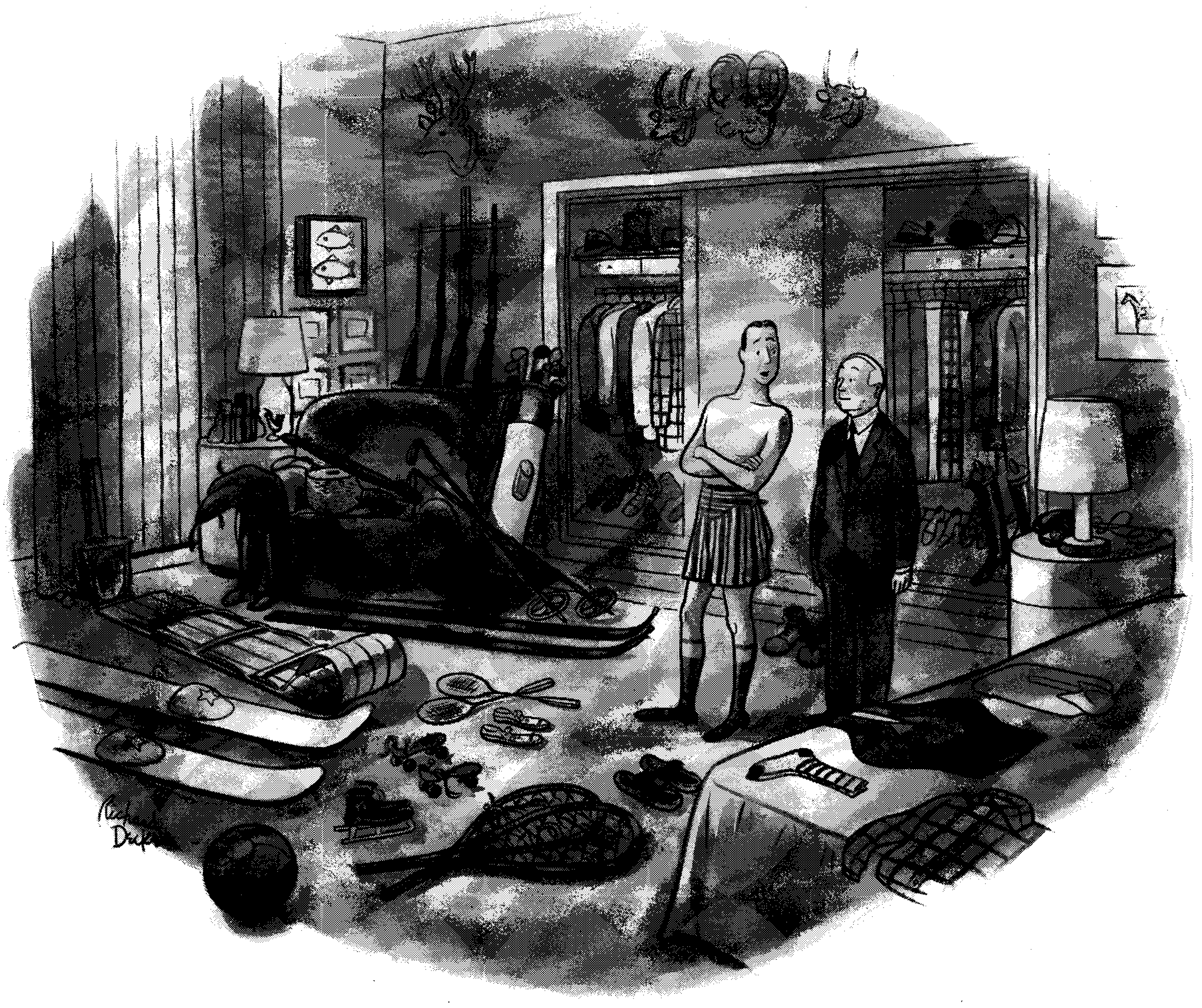
WE don't want to precipitate a scandal among the exhibitors at the recent Dutchess County Fair, but duty is duty. A literary man we know bought a country place near Clinton Hollow, Dutchess County, this spring. Through the summer, in his spare time, he cultivated a tiny kitchen garden, with remarkable results. Three professional farmers in his neighborhood approached him secretly with requests for cucumbers to exhibit under their own names at the fair. This fellow thinks he probably won the cucumber prize.



Native Son

BY the time this appears, Francis L. Kovacs II may have won the singles championship at Forest Hills or he may have left for Oakland, California, in a fit of homesickness. Whatever happens, he is to be regarded as the tennis personality of the year. If he has lost, it can hardly be considered a complete upset, for while he has beaten about everybody at one time or another this season, including Riggs, he's lost plenty of easy matches, too. As for homesickness, other young players travelling six or seven months of the year have probably also suffered from it, but not as severely as Frank. Two years ago, in an automobile headed for Boston and the Longwood Bowl tournament, a wave of it suddenly came over him and he demanded to be taken to the nearest railroad station at once. A tennis-follower who was in the car begged him to show up at least for the first-round match, which he did, and then stayed on to play right through the final. He has fought off all violent seizures since then, but they still bother him.

We interviewed Kovacs at Forest Hills last week, and he expressed surprise, but no concern, over his treatment by the press in this, his second season on the major tennis circuit. He's been picked on many times for his extravagant behavior on the courts, where he has been known to talk to and shout at his opponents, get down on his knees and pound the clay with his fists, bite balls, and throw his racquet into the gallery during moments of stress. To us, he attributed this attitude to a general lack of understanding on the part of the reporters. "They don't know what they're talking about," he said, simply. He told us that his conduct should be laid not to exhibitionism but merely to his need of easing tension. He is worried because his moments of relaxation irritate his opponents. His feeling seems to be that they take the game too seriously. "I can never get them into the spirit of the thing," he said. "They always want to beat me." This difficulty has confronted Kovacs ever since his early career.



"Dial Weather 6-1212 for me, will you, Robert?"

• •

When a lad in Oakland, he won a close match from another boy who was so far from getting into the spirit of the thing that he threw Kovacs into a nearby lake, accompanied by his best racquet. "My father was on the sidelines rooting for me, too," Frank said, by way of further explanation of the fellow's show of temper. "He was calling all the close ones in my favor."

Kovacs, Sr., is in the upholstery business in Oakland. Frank is twenty and has been playing tennis since he was twelve. He is bitter about the grimness of the game as it is played in California. "You've got to beat everybody all the time," he says. After winning several local tournaments, he came East in 1938 and did fairly well until he lost to Gene Mako early in the Nationals. In 1939 he didn't come East, confining himself to the Pacific Coast championship, in which he lost to Riggs in five sets in the final. This year he has missed only one of the big Eastern tournaments. He's a little over six feet three and has everything, physically, that a good tennis-player is supposed to have, as well as a few irrelevant tastes that may or may not help his game. For one thing, he's partial to almost anything that costs in the neighborhood of three dollars, and has a special fondness for hats, wristwatches, and cheap jewelry. Giving these things away appeals to him also. If a girl admires a ring he has acquired, he is likely to tell her to keep it. "She's surprised at getting it," he says, "and more surprised when it turns green."

Kovacs has stirred up his fellow tennis-players by calling them a worthless bunch, on the whole. To us he expressed himself as believing that conscription would be a good thing for them, that they need a little discipline for a while. The rest of the boys seem to believe that Frank doesn't know which side his bread is buttered on.

Democrat

A MAN wearing a Roosevelt button got into a cab, and was immediately hailed by the driver as a kindred spirit. "I'm for Roosevelt, too," he said. "Only I don't wear no button, because people that take cabs, they're mostly for Willkie. But do you know what I do?" The passenger said he couldn't guess. "Well," the driver said, "whenever I pick up a guy wearing a Willkie button, I always say, 'Whereja get the button, Mister?' So right away he thinks I'm for Willkie, and he says, 'Here, take my button.' So I take it. Sometimes, on a good day, I'll get three or four Willkie buttons." Here the fellow leered, and added, "And then I put 'em out of coiculation."

SWING OUT, SWEET CHARIOT

A FEW days ago I happened into my newsdealer's for ten cents' worth of licorice whips and the autumn issue of *Spindrift*, a rather advanced quarterly review in which I had been following an exciting serial called "Mysticism in the Rationalist Cosmogony, or John Dewey Rides Again." In the previous number, the cattle rustlers (post-Hegelian dogma) had trapped Professor Dewey in an abandoned mine shaft (Jamesian pragmatism) and had ignited the fuse leading to a keg of dynamite (neo-Newtonian empiricism). Naturally, I was simmering with impatience to learn how the Morningside Kid would escape from this fix, and I lost no time getting back to my rooms in the Middle Temple and stuffing my crusty old brier with shag. The gesture turned out to be singularly appropriate, for I shortly discovered that my newsdealer had made a mistake in his excitement and that I would have to spend the evening with a brand-new journal called the *Jitterbug*.

The *Jitterbug* is a febrile paper published bimonthly by the Lex Publications, Inc., of 381 Fourth Avenue, devoted to the activities of alligators, hepcats, and *exaltés* of swing everywhere. These activities, which consist in hurling one another violently about to popular music, riding astride one another, and generally casting out devils, are portrayed in the July issue in ten or fifteen pages of photographs and cartoons that need no explanation. What will bear a little exegesis, however, is the text of the half-dozen short stories and articles. Were it not for the glossary of swing terms thoughtfully supplied by the management at the very outset, the magazine might as well be couched in Chinook. It may not concern anybody vitally that a "Scobo queen" is a girl jitterbug, that "frisking the whiskers" is warming up, that a "zeal girl" is a hot girl dancer, or that a "wheat bender" is one who plays sweet music instead of swing, but if you expect to translate such stories as "Jazz Beau," "Riffin' on the Range," and "Noodling with Love" without the aid of a pony, you are one hep-cat indeed.

The qualifications of a working jitterbug are succinctly set forth in the national organization's membership blank, which appears on page 21. It reads:

> This is to certify that —— is a jiving, hot-hosing Jitterbug, a member of the Community of Hep-Cats, and as such entitled to beat it out whenever the music swings out high, wide, and gutbucket.

The characters involved in the aforementioned stories are all that and more. For example, Cal Leonard, the protagonist of "Jazz Beau," is described as "a pair of Mack Truck shoulders, a grinning mouth, and wild, flame-blue eyes." I suppose there was a body linking these goodies together, but the pace is so staccato that the author neglects to mention it. Debby Waite, of "Noodling with Love," on the other hand, has body and to spare, judging from the following tender blueprint:

> Her thick, curly red-gold hair was kind of piled up on top and around her head, and it made a shining halo that framed the white oval of her face. Those sultry lips of hers were red and glistening under the lights, and her gray eyes sparkled like hot rhythm. Debby's figure was never anything to be missed, but in the two years since I'd seen her, several delectable curves I remembered had ripened. And the dress she was wearing wasn't calculated to hide that fact. Its full chiffon skirt tantalized by its seeming transparency, and it clung to the soft roundness of her hips with loving closeness. The waist was high and tight, and above that rose to shields that fitted snugly over the proud mounds of her swelling breasts.

In fine, a Schrafft's Luxuro ice-cream sundae come to life; and as though I were not overheated enough already, the author has to pile Pelion on Ossa by telling me this glorious blob of girlhood was educated at Bennington. Look, dear, I wouldn't care if she had quit school in the sixth grade.

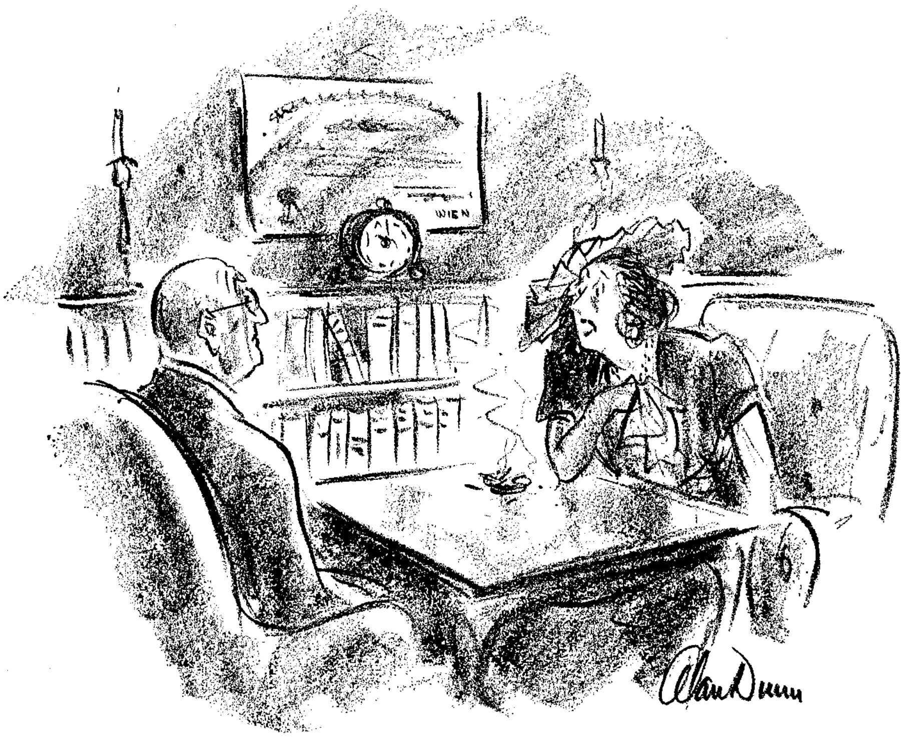
THE plots of the short stories in my copy of *Jitterbug* are fairly basic: Scobo queen meets hep-cat, they find mutual release in barrelhouse or gutbucket, and eventually, on the winsome revelation that one or the other is legatee to half a million rugs, shag, peck, and paw their way to the altar. "Jazz Beau" may serve as a clinical example. A young lady describing herself as a Taxi-Tessie or wriggle-wren employed at the Roselane Ballroom is lured into a Broadway movie theatre by the harmonies of one Biggie Barnett and his band:

> I heard the wail of a wah-wah pump, the staccatoed stutter of skins.... My heart began to thump and swell with the fever of rhythm. I giggled out loud. Crazily, I slid to a stop at the aisle, in the theatre proper, scanned the seats. Full. I felt my breasts tremor angrily.

This mysterious physiological reaction, no doubt experienced by every woman at the sight of an S.R.O. sign, yields to a state bordering on epilepsy when the band really starts giving:

> I began to sway in my seat. My lashes fluttered. My head bobbed in time with the red hot ride rhythm. Jittersauce began to burn up my bloodstream.

At this point, as the *cognoscenti* begin stomping and trucking freely about in a delirium of pleasure, the surrealist owner of the Mack Truck shoulders,



"You've analyzed away the best years of my life!"

grinning mouth, and wild flame-blue eyes enters the proceedings:

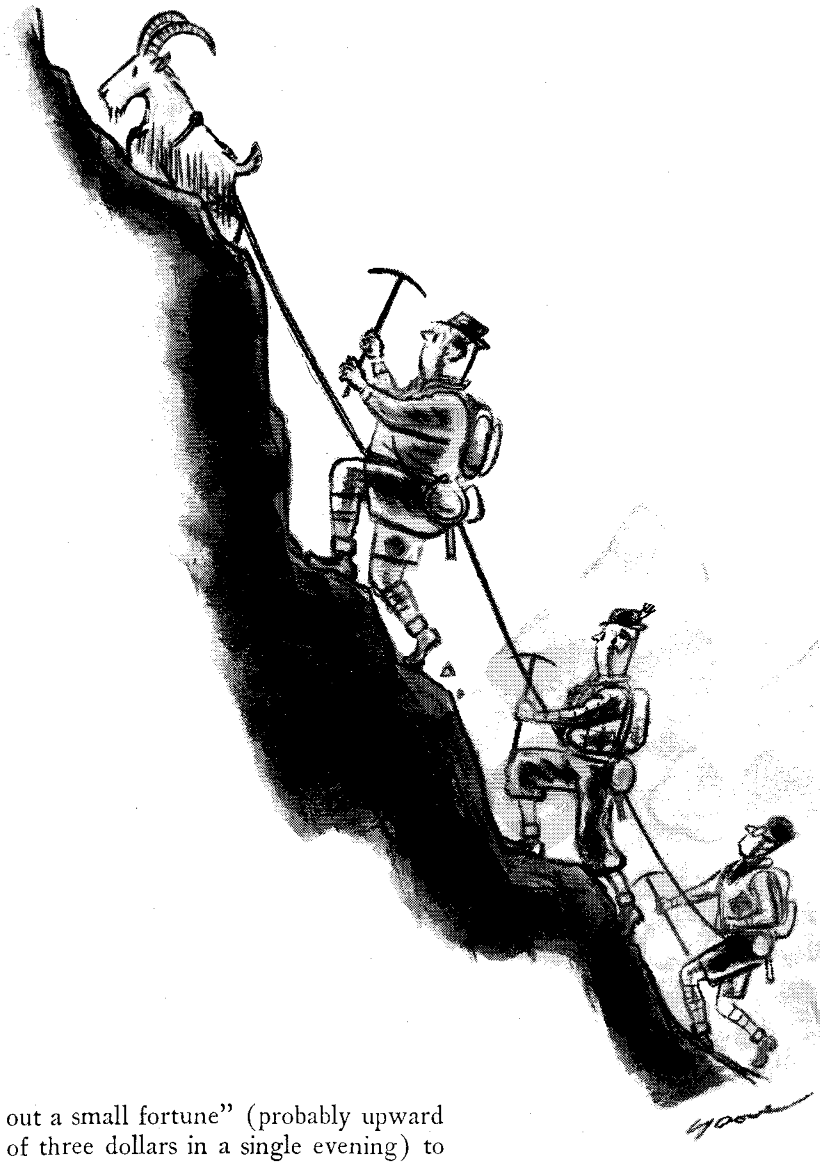
> "Lookee," the big guy whispered, "I've *got* to get out in that aisle and whip my dogs! Do we team up? A big gazabo like me is gonna look awfully silly getting off a solo!"

Hesitating a split second lest her suppliant turn out to be a geep, or wolf, Miss Prim surrenders to his emotional plea and joins the gavotte:

> While those cats up on the stage clambaked like nobody's business, my partner and I really cut that rug.... All I was conscious of was the driving syncopation and lift of agony pipes, the noodling of the brass section, as barrelhouse blasts whipped my slender legs and weaving hips into a rhythmic frenzy. We did the Suzy-Q. We shagged and pecked.

His skin glowing mildly from this preliminary workout, Cal declares his intention of making a night of it. "My sox are hell-hot and I've got to hop till I wear holes in my soles to cool them off," he avers, and his escort, whose disposition is no less elastic than her frame, readily assents. "We strutted and stuffed to burning boogie-woogie, stayed in the groove until we were both beat right down," she whispers shyly to her diary. Thereupon, in a passage as salty as any you will find in the "Hindu Art of Love," the gymnasts take leave of each other until the following evening, when Cal "came swaggering into Roselane looking like a color-page from *Esquire*." Maybe the engraver's hand slipped, but the last color-page from *Esquire* I saw was slightly off register and showed a junior executive with a flesh-colored suit and a pale-blue herringbone face. Had Cal worn something of the sort, however, he could hardly have caused a greater sensation. In a trice the other hostesses cluster excitedly about his affinity, asking whether she knows Cal's father is a millionaire motor magnate in Detroit. The little lady loves Cal for his floy floy alone, and her disillusion and heartbreak are such that she is almost thirty seconds recovering from the shock. "You don't think of those things when you're with a guy who's slowly driving you screwball with love," she observes with icy disdain. Perhaps not, puss, but it certainly wouldn't do any harm to look the old gent up in Dun & Bradstreet—now, would it? I mean just for the hell of it.

Follows an interval of courtship in which, fanned by love and jive, Cal's passion mounts to a crescendo. He becomes a nightly visitor to Roselane, buying rolls of dance tickets and "paying out a small fortune" (probably upward of three dollars in a single evening) to keep off poachers. A drunken geep who engages our miss in the Portland fancy finds himself "bounced off two walls after Cal hit him." But Cal's importunate proposals of marriage are met with the only answer a high-grade heroine of fiction can give: "Everyone would think I was wedding you for your papa's shekels. You'd even think it yourself, after the romance wore off." The chilling presentiment of a loveless union between two graying jitterbugs retired to the bench and soaking their feet in a pail of Tiz nevertheless fails to dissuade Cal: "He begged. He pleaded. He made love with words [the last desperate throw of the dice] like Red Norvo swings 'Reverie.'" Yet all to no avail, for in a scene of renunciation worthy of Tolstoy (not Leo Tolstoy; a man I know named Charlie Tolstoy), the narrator gives the mitten to "the one and only guy who had played on my heart strings like a bass-man picks at a belly fiddle."



And now, in a Garrison finish, Cal calls forth the tenacity and cunning that have made his father a caution in the automotive industry. He retains two geeps to enter Roselane, trip up his inamorata while dancing with her, and so humiliate her that she is forced to resign her post. This incomprehensibly restores the social equation between the lovers and sends them on a honeymoon wherein they "shagged and trucked and Suzy-Q-ed and hugged and kissed." The narrative concludes, "Anyhow, when two alligators get together and love sets in, you've got something."

I'll say I have, sister. Did you ever hear tell of migraine?

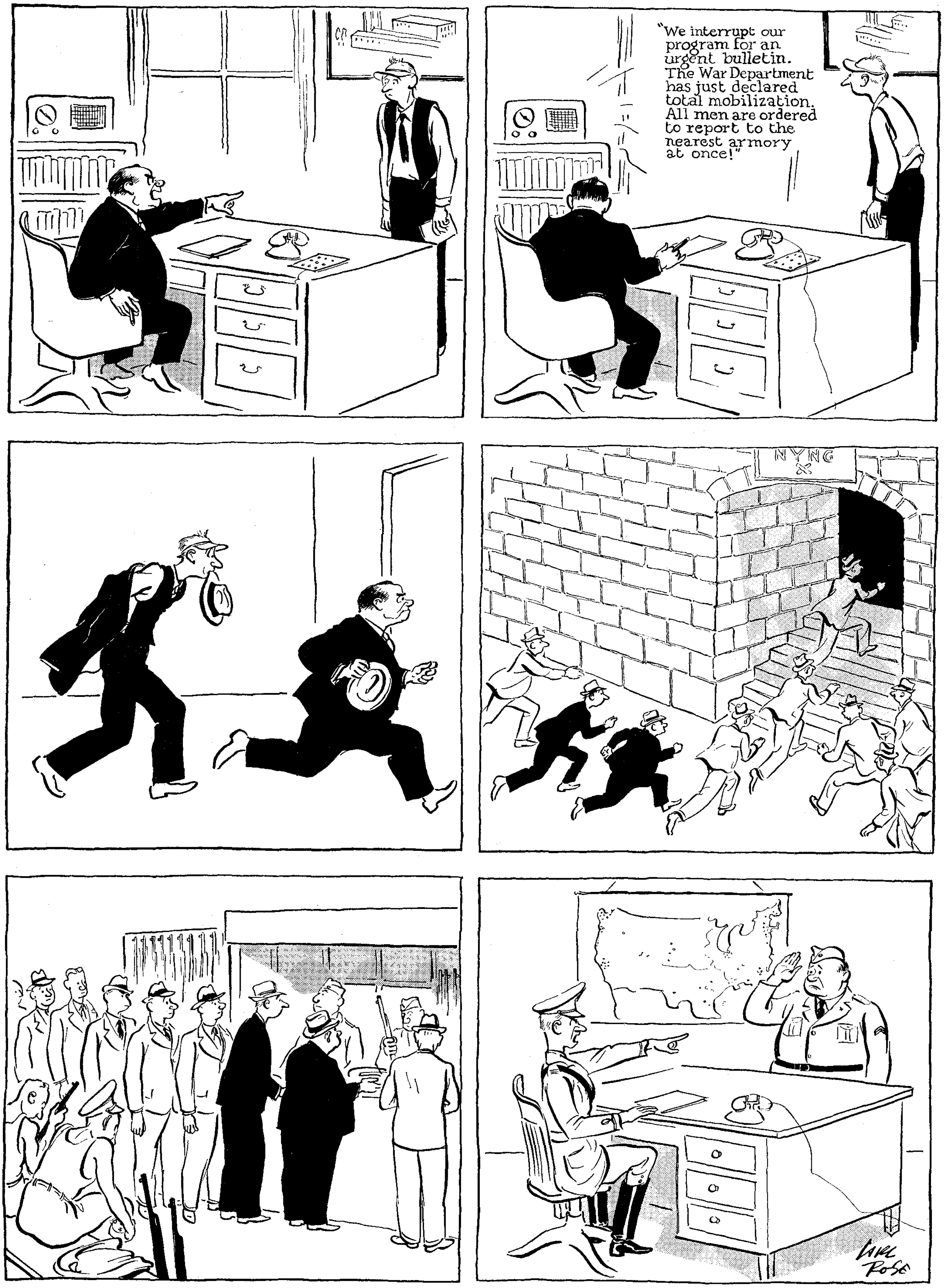
—S. J. Perelman

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

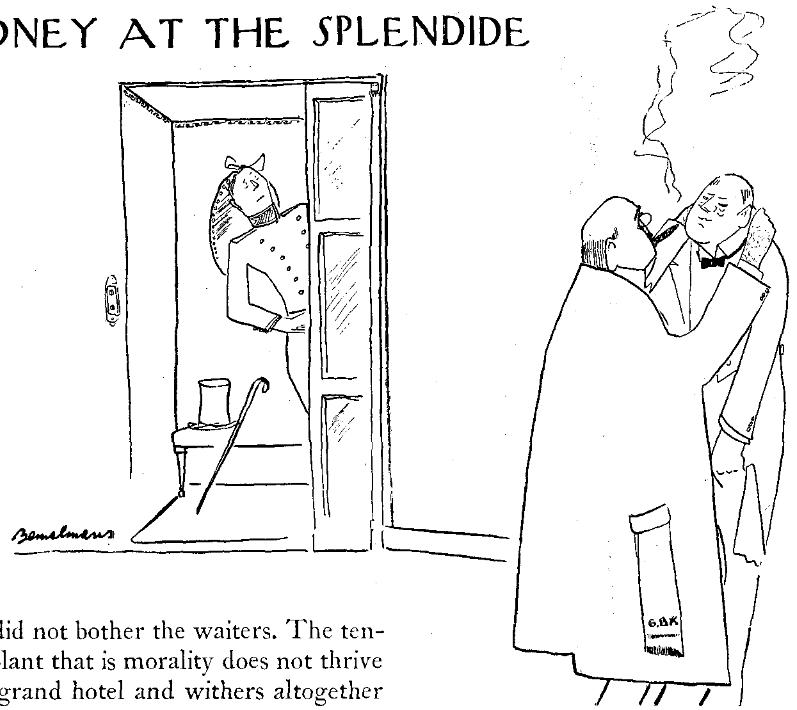
[*From Life*]

The Pennsy's annual meeting is held in Philadelphia, the railroad's headquarters. Directors and big stockholders attend. Many plain people come too for the backbone of many a modest Philadelphia nest egg is a few shares of Pennsy.


"We interrupt our program for an urgent bulletin. The War Department has just declared total mobilization. All men are ordered to report to the nearest armory at once!"
NYNG
Carl Rose

M DAY

EASY MONEY AT THE SPLENDIDE



ON one of the upper floors of the Hotel Splendide in New York City was a private dining room large enough for a horseshoe table on which covers for sixty people could be laid; with the aid of folding doors, it could be made small enough to accommodate a group of four in intimate comfort. This suite had its own serving pantry and its own complete kitchen. A chef, his assistants, scullery help, and a pantryman had to be there for even the simplest dinners. The staff which served there—the maître d'hôtel, the captains, the bartenders, the footmen—were chosen for their tact and good presence and because they were able to work all night long and be as awake at five in the morning as they had been at nine the night before.

The suite was frequently used for gay dinners and for instantaneous courtships. It was also engaged for the discussion of serious affairs. Men important in business or with positions of responsibility in Washington met here, and in the course of an evening a violent change often came on them. They arrived with dignity and they looked important and like the photographs of them published in newspapers, but in the late hours they became Mike or Augie or Lucius. Sometimes they fell on their faces and sang into the carpet. Leaders of the nation, savants, and unhappy millionaires suffered fits of laughter, babbled nonsense, and spilled ashes and wine down their shirt fronts. Some of them became ill. Others swam in a happy haze and loved all the world.

On such a party, a drunken financier would throw one arm about a senator and hang the other arm around a judge's neck. Then the three would fall back onto a soft sofa. The financier would shout, "Waiter! Hey, waiter—pencil and paper! Oh, where is that goddamned waiter?"

A waiter was nearly always right there, and he carried a pencil and a pad. On this pad he usually wrote his orders and, to facilitate service, he made a duplicate with a sheet of carbon paper, which he kept for himself in case of dispute. When a guest asked for a piece of paper, the waiter handed him his pad. But first he moved the carbon, ordinarily under the first sheet of paper, a few sheets back and tucked it well out of sight. When the guest had written his note and had torn it off, the waiter took back his pad and went behind a screen or out into the pantry to see what the guest had written. The morality of this did not bother the waiters. The tender plant that is morality does not thrive in a grand hotel and withers altogether in its private rooms. The information that they read was frequently of no value to them, but once in a while it turned out to be very profitable. The waiters were always hopeful. Sometimes, by means of the carbon paper in his pad, a waiter had access to information for which bankers and statesmen would have licked boots, and had it long before tense young men in Wall Street were rushing around with it.

If the party lasted long enough, it was not necessary to bother with the carbon paper in the pad. While certain of the guests were starting to make trouble and breaking things, there was always at least one who would back the maître d'hôtel, a favorite waiter, or the wine steward against the bar and say, "Ambrose, I am going to make you rich!" Then he would stand away and try to bring the man's face in focus. "Now, listen, Ambrose," he would say, and both his hands would come down on Ambrose's shoulders, like two hammers. Ambrose's knees would give way and he would be pinned against the bar. While he was down, he would try to pick up his benefactor's cigar before it burned a hole in the rug. When he came up, the guest would hang his weight on him and say, "Ambrose, I said I was going to make you rich, didn't I? Well, I will," and hammer him again. Ambrose would come up for the second time, and then, slowly, thoroughly, as if for an idiot, it was explained to him what stock to buy and when to sell.

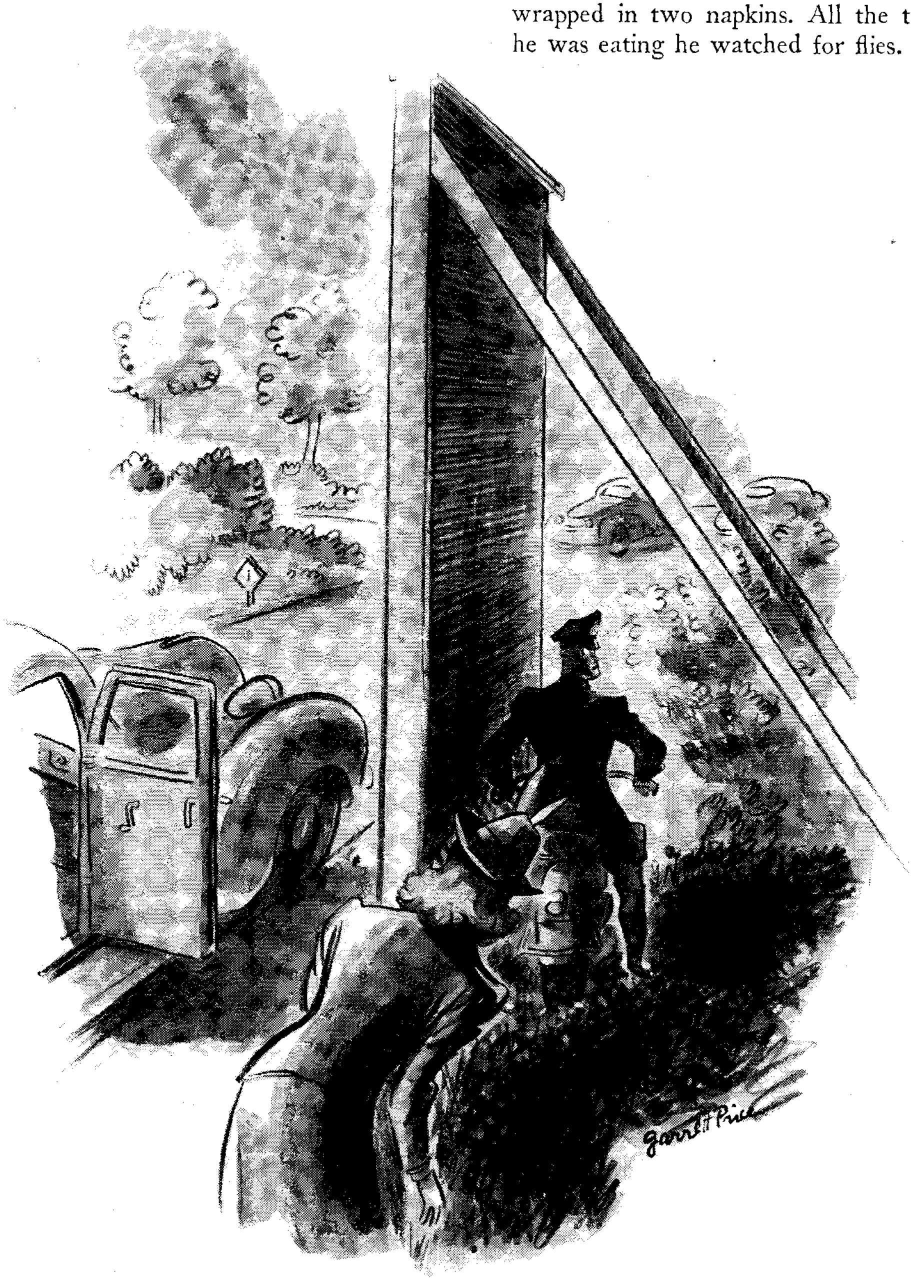
In this fashion, working as an assistant maître d'hôtel in the banquet department, I became rich several times, and it was not unusual, after a small dinner, for one of the waiters to make eight thousand dollars or a bus boy five hundred.

Information got in this way was closely guarded. The serving staff of the private dining room were used to making money, and they were not eager to share their privileges with the rank and file of the hotel staff. Only to the head of the banquet department and to one or two close friends were they likely to impart what they knew. Nevertheless, such information occasionally leaked out. When a guest left one of these parties, the maître d'hôtel or a waiter would see him down the corridor, push the elevator button, and wait at a respectful distance. After the guest had entered the lift and laid his hat and cane on the seat, he sometimes came out again, told the elevator boy to wait, and for the tenth time repeated some piece of information to his friend. The elevator boy strained his ears, and next day the information was all over the hotel.

Whether the employees of the Splendide had inside information or not, they all played the market. The conservative element—cooks, chambermaids, valets de chambre—invested chiefly in shares of Cities Service. Even more cautious was Monsieur Victor, the maître d'hôtel in the main dining room.

ONCE a week, on Thursdays, a peculiar thin man, a Mr. Tannenbaum, came to the main dining room for luncheon wearing a dark, shabby suit and white cotton gloves, which he did not take off until he sat down. Monsieur Victor reserved the same table for him, week after week. He was immediately given a stack of napkins and a second table was put close by. On this second table the waiter put several alcohol burners and lighted them.

After Mr. Tannenbaum had tucked his gloves in his pocket, he took a napkin, opened it, and started to polish the silver on his table. He drew the cloth between the prongs of his fork, pulling it this way and that; then, with grimaces, he rubbed the knives and the spoons. Next, he wiped his water glass and the tumbler for his milk and looked through them, holding them up against the lighted chandelier. Last, he shined the plates. When all this was done he covered the glass with one napkin, the silver and the plates with others, and turned his attention to ordering.



"Pardon me. Could you tell us how to get to West Linwood?"

The waiter whose misfortune it was to serve Mr. Tannenbaum was an old, meek, unexcitable Italian named Giuseppe. He was a very good waiter, always at his station half an hour before mealtime and always there until the last guest had gone. He never forgot anything, never broke a thing, spoke to few people, and left the room only for a quick glance at the market quotations in the afternoon papers. Of all the waiters in the restaurant, Giuseppe was the only one capable of looking after Mr. Tannenbaum.

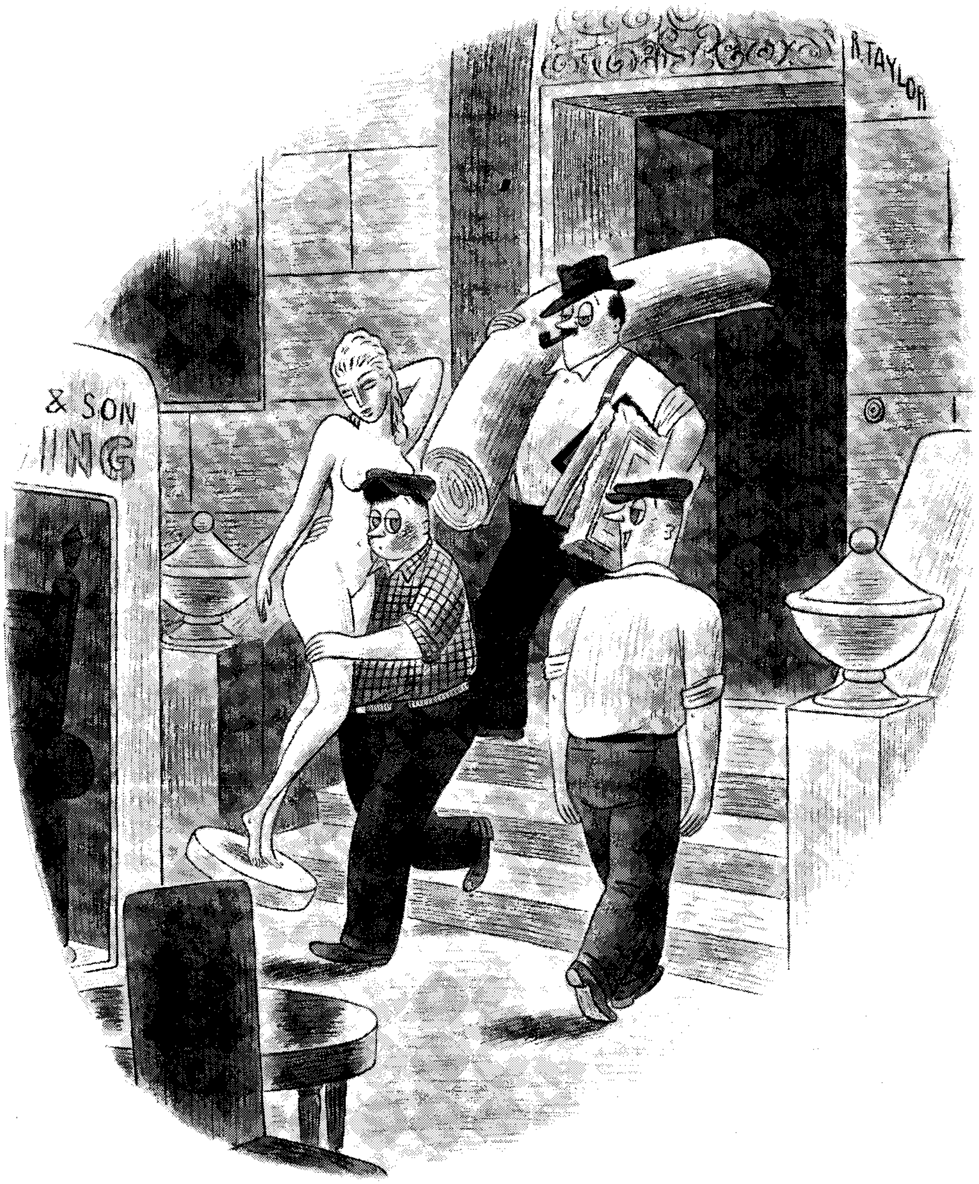
Mr. Tannenbaum lived on a strict diet of cereals, boiled rice, celery, stewed fruits, and milk. His food was brought steaming to the side table and put over the alcohol flames before it was allowed to cool. His butter was brought in a special covered dish, his gluten bread wrapped in two napkins. All the time he was eating he watched for flies. His meals were almost a religious ceremony. Lights burned, silver shone, vessels were covered and uncovered or moved from one side of the table to the other. The ceremonial of the washing of the hands took place before he ate his compote of stewed fruit. Silent prayers were said by Giuseppe lest something go wrong and he be discharged. To this atmosphere of Te Deum and fetish, the ascetic countenance of Mr. Tannenbaum was entirely appropriate. It was the face of a man a few days drowned, his hair the color of ashes.

At the end of the meal he added up the bill and frequently disputed prices; they were always adjusted in his favor. From the inside pocket of his coat he drew a fresh pair of white cotton gloves. When he had put them on he carefully arranged the coins he had received in change and gave Giuseppe the smallest possible tip. He never gave anything to the captain or to Monsieur Victor. Nevertheless, Monsieur Victor watched over him as over a sick horse. He hovered about Mr. Tannenbaum's table from the moment he was seated until he left the restaurant. The reason for this solicitude was that Mr. Tannenbaum had charge of investing the funds of a great university and of several large charitable organizations, as well as the private funds of a few people of tremendous consequence.

Occasionally, when Wall Street seemed too wild, Monsieur Victor took a cab down to the financial district and was admitted to Mr. Tannenbaum's office. So sound was the advice he received there that in the late fall of 1929, when a great many investors were jumping out of windows and a great many others were starting to talk to themselves in the street, Monsieur Victor rubbed his hands together with joy, was debonair with his guests and employees, and thought of building himself a little villa on the Riviera.

Giuseppe, though, never received a word of advice from Mr. Tannenbaum, the most difficult of all his guests. Giuseppe owned a dreadful little house somewhere in Queens—one of a thousand exactly alike. In that house lived his Italian mother, his wife, and his two sons. Giuseppe had sent both boys to college, one to study architecture, the other medicine. Now that they were through school the old waiter felt his worst troubles were over, and he wanted to invest his earnings.

One of his guests, an official of the National City Bank, advised him to buy all the stock of that bank he could carry. Giuseppe did, and made money on it. A steel man who lunched at one of his tables told him to sell his National City Bank stock and buy U.S. Steel. He made more in that stock. His third piece of advice came from a woman who had persuaded her husband to employ Giuseppe's architect son. She told Giuseppe to invest in Postum the profits he had made in National City Bank and in U.S. Steel. Giuseppe followed her advice and it worked out quite well.



"Why, Gogarty, you're blushing!"

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NATURALLY, the stock market interfered with the service of the Hotel Splendide. Waiters stood in line trying to get at a telephone to call their brokers. In the restaurant they collected in groups, where they discussed trends, exchanged market tips and advice, and shouted quotations at each other. They calculated profits on the backs of menus and they disappeared for long stretches of time, during which they sat in some out-of-the-way corner of the hotel, dreaming and planning what to do with their profits. Whenever the market was bullish, they became wild-eyed and nervous. A few hundred dollars to the good, they whistled in the pantry and ran up and down the stairs that led to the kitchen. At such times complaints from the guests increased tenfold. When someone asked a waiter why he had to wait so long for a slice of lemon for his fish, the waiter was quite likely to answer that he did not carry sliced lemons in his pockets, that he had to get them from the kitchen, and that he had only two legs and two arms.

One lovely day in June, 1929, Giuseppe picked up a newspaper one of his guests had left behind and in the middle of luncheon went out to look at the financial page. He did some mental calculation and he saw that he was a free man, with enough money to last him as long as he lived. When he came back he walked straight to Monsieur Victor, who was standing in the centre of the dining room. First Giuseppe took off his apron, threw it on the floor, and stepped on it. Then he made a loud speech in which he told Monsieur Victor what he thought of him. After that he spat on the carpet in front of Monsieur Victor's shoes, pushed an assistant maître d'hôtel aside, and walked out.

Monsieur Victor was so upset that he had to remain in his office the rest of the afternoon. He seemed inches shorter than usual. One eye stared out into the foyer. Toward evening he told his secretary to make sure that all the maîtres d'hôtel in New York were informed of this disgraceful affair, so that if Giuseppe ever came to them looking for work, he would be dealt with properly. The next day Monsieur Victor paid a visit to Mr. Tannenbaum. When he returned he said, "Giuseppe will be back again—on his knees and crying for a job."

He was right. In November Giuseppe came back, properly bent and broken, and as he stood before Monsieur Victor in the maître d'hôtel's office, he let the rim of his hat run through his hands. Victor looked at him from his necktie down to his shoes, omitting the face entirely. When Giuseppe was asked to explain his scandalous behavior, he made helpless gestures with one hand, dropped his hat and picked it up. Eventually he squeezed out an apology that was mostly inaudible. Victor had to say to him several times, "Speak louder, I can't hear what you're saying." And after Giuseppe had finished, Victor turned his head away and said, "Mumbling won't help."

Giuseppe went out into the pantry when the interview was over and suffered a crying spell. The waiters talked to him on their way to and from the dining room and later in the afternoon one of them went home with him.

Victor let Giuseppe wait a week. Then, because Giuseppe had been with the hotel for a very long time, because he was a very good waiter, and because the especially difficult guests he had once taken such good care of were asking for him and complaining about the man who had been put in his place, Victor forgave him. —LUDWIG BEMELMANS

•

Coo forty-five minutes and cover with a layer of sliced tomatoes. Season lightly with salt and pepper and coo until meat is very tender.—*Beverly Hills (Calif.) Shopping News.*

Then bill us.

THE SUN GOES DOWN

"OH, tarry a while," Ginger said. She looked up at him from the beach chair and smiled lazily. "Rest thy weary nether extremities. Or, in other words, where is the fire?"

Charles Lefwetter remained standing, making marks in the sand with his toes. "Well," he said, "it certainly was an unexpected pleasure running into you like this."

"Not so very, considering. At Manhattan Beach you meet everyone in our old set sooner or later. For all practical purposes Manhattan amounts to Broadway and Forty-second these days."

"Yes, that certainly is a statement of fact. I met today, conservatively speaking, about a dozen people I knew from the old days. A dozen, I should estimate."

"To tell the truth," said Ginger, "I have a personal predilection for Coney Island. Manhattan is so popular with our set that everyone comes here in droves. Funny as it seems, you really get more privacy at Coney itself. And if you take the trouble to go out toward Sea Gate, the beach is practically deserted during a weekday. You have it all to yourself."

Her little brother came up to the beach chair. He gazed shyly at Lefwetter, not wanting to interrupt, but he touched Ginger's elbow and waited until she looked at him.

"It's getting so late," he said. "Pretty soon the sun will go down and it'll be too cold for swimming. Can't I go in the water now?"

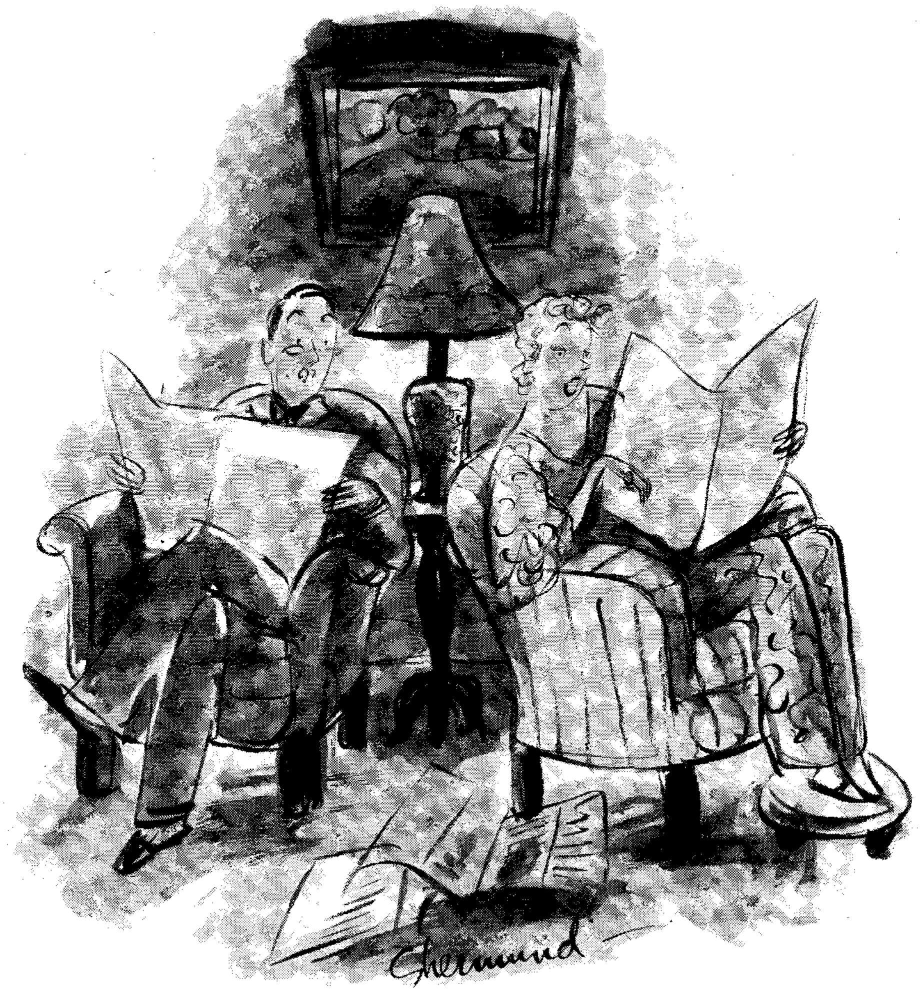
"Not your son?" Charles Lefwetter asked. "Don't tell me he's your boy."

"Oh, sir, you flatter me, sir," Ginger said. "I regret to say it is only my little brother Ronnie."

"Then it is still 'Miss,' not 'Mrs.,' I take it."

"You take it correctly, but is that exactly a crime? In Italy or Germany, perhaps, but it's still permissible in America."

"Please don't misunderstand," Lefwetter said very seriously. "Perhaps I was rather remiss. On second thought, that *was* a dumb remark to make. But I certainly didn't mean anything offensive or tactless."



"Here's a letter to Dorothy Dix that describes my own case exactly. It's signed 'Desperate.'"

"Oh, you don't have to apologize!" Ginger exclaimed. "What's the matter with you, Charlie? You don't have to stand on formality with me. I was only kidding. Couldn't you tell I was only kidding?"

Ronnie touched her elbow again. "I've waited so long," he said. "And the sun's going down."

"Ronnie dear," she said kindly, "don't you see Sister is talking to the gentleman? Mother would be annoyed if she came back and found out you intruded while Sister had a conversation. Is that polite?"

Ronnie pressed his lips together bravely. "All right," he said. He squatted on the sand behind the beach chair.

Ginger returned to the young man. "Well," she said, "it's really very peculiar. Meeting like this, I mean."

"Pardon?"

"Nothing, really. The thought just took my fancy at the moment. I mean, here you don't see a person for years and years, and suddenly it chances that you run into each other. And then, my God, in these present-day bathing suits, you confront each other practically stark nude!"

Lefwetter laughed, but hastily crossed his arms at his chest as if to hide his nakedness.

"Oh, goodness," Ginger cried, laughing merrily. "You're a prude, Charlie Lefwetter. Shame on you! Inhibitions!"

They laughed pleasantly together for a while. Lefwetter dropped his arms to his sides. "It was just that it's getting a bit chilly," he explained. "That was why I—gave the appearance of undue modesty."

"Of course, Charles," she said soberly, and grew contemplative. "I really shouldn't indulge in that sort of risquéness in mixed company. A girl exposes herself to undesirable interpretations and it makes a bad general impression. We are all very modern nowadays, but even if it *is* 1940, a girl should bear in mind that she's feminine and not a truck-driver. I imagine it just isn't very vital to me subconsciously what impression I make on people, but I shouldn't excuse myself. I realize it's a considerable fault in my makeup. But I guess, essentially I just don't care enough to worry about it."

While she spoke the little boy Ronnie rose again. "Ginger," he said as she finished. "Ginger, the water'll be *much* too cold if you don't hurry."

"Ronnie dear, why must you be so

persistent?" she asked. She didn't take the time to look at him. "Mother will hear of this, Ronnie, if you persist."

The boy blinked his eyes unhappily and slowly settled down on the sand again. "Oh, *Gin-ger!*" he murmured gloomily.

"Ginger?" Lefwetter asked. "That must be an innovation, isn't it? Your name used to be Francine. Correct?"

"Isn't it silly?" she cried. "Ginger! Just like Ginger Rogers in the movies! My friends actually think they see an affinity between me and Ginger Rogers. They're insane! Do you see any resemblance?"

Lefwetter checked himself before it was too late. "That's a difficult question to answer," he said.

"Not outwardly," she went on a little eagerly. "A mental affinity? Spiritual? A resemblance in personalities like?"

"Come to think of it, yes," Lefwetter said. Her eagerness embarrassed him. "The reason I was so slow on the uptake, I guess, was it's such a long time since I last saw you in action, as you might say. After all, that was the old high-school days and it must be every bit of twelve years."

"Twelve years!" Ginger said. "Your arithmetic must be at fault."

"Well, no. We graduated in '28, if I recall aright."

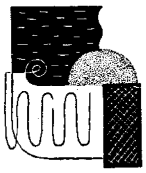
Ginger didn't answer. She seemed depressed, and there was a pause for a moment. Lefwetter was making a circle in the sand with his big toe. "Well," he said, "it certainly was an unexpected pleasure seeing you, but I guess I better run along to my party. They're waiting for me."

Ginger was rousing herself to say something, but just then Ronnie stood up again. He was miserable and couldn't make himself wait any longer. "The sun's gone, Francine!" he almost wept. "I'm shivering already. It's not fair, Francine! Why can't I go in while it's still time?"

Lefwetter had taken two or three steps away from them, but now he waited for Ginger to say goodbye to him. She held Ronnie tightly by the wrist and forced a smile on her face for Lefwetter. "It's criminal the way we lose sight of old friends," she said. "After all these years it's a pity to see each other just for a few moments like this."

The young man kept on moving away from them. He waved his hand and smiled as cheerily as he could. "If I don't get back pretty soon," he said, "they'll think I drowned or something. So long."

They both smiled uncomfortably a moment longer, and then Lefwetter was gone. Ginger swiftly turned to her brother and shook him by the shoulder. "Nasty kid!" she said. "Nasty kid! Go away from me!" She gave him a push. He lost his balance and fell sprawling. But he picked himself up soon and then stood still, looking at his sister.



A STOUT woman came hurrying up to them, plodding heavily in the sand. "What happened, Ginger darling?" she asked. "Tell me, darling, what happened?"

"For heaven's sake, Ma, where were you all this time?" Ginger cried out. "Why didn't you come and take that pest away from me?"

"I thought it would be better to wait," her mother said quickly. "Ginger darling, I didn't want to embarrass you before your gentleman friend."

"My gentleman friend! I couldn't get a word in. That pest here nagged me every minute. He didn't give me a minute's rest or peace. It was so terribly, terribly important for him to go swimming!" She lay back in the beach chair and raised her handkerchief to her eyes.

The mother gazed at her in helpless, wretched silence. Suddenly she turned to Ronnie and slapped him sharply on the cheek. "Bad boy!" she broke out. "Look what you did, you selfish thing!"

Ronnie's face screwed up, but he wouldn't let himself cry. He went close to his sister. "I'm sorry, Ginger," he said softly. "I didn't mean to intrude, Ginger. I didn't mean to do bad."

—DANIEL FUCHS

AMERICAN RHAPSODY

First you bite your fingernails. And then you comb your hair again. And then you wait. And wait.
(They say, you know, that first you lie. And then you steal, they say. And then, they say, you kill.)

Then the doorbell rings. Then Peg drops in. And Bill. And Jane. And Doc.
And first you talk, and smoke, and hear the news, and have a drink. Then you walk down the stairs.
And you dine, then, and go to a show after that, perhaps, and after that a night spot, and after that come home again, and climb the stairs again, and again go to bed.

But first Peg argues, and Doc replies. First you dance the same dance and you drink the same drink you always drank before.
And the piano builds a roof of notes above the world.
And the trumpet weaves a dome of music through space, and the drum makes a ceiling over space and time and night.
And then the table wit. And then the check. Then home again to bed.
But first the stairs.

And do you now, baby, as you climb the stairs, do you still feel as you felt back there?
Do you feel again as you felt this morning? And the night before? And then the night before that?

(They say, you know, that first you hear voices. And then you have visions, they say. Then, they say, you kick and scream and rave.)

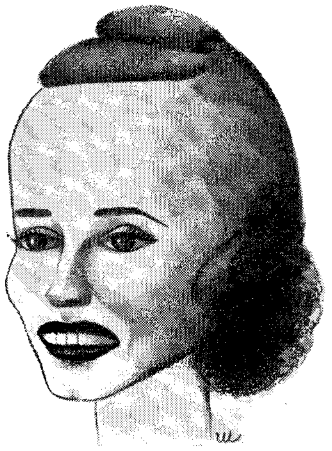
Or do you feel: What is one more night in a lifetime of nights?
What is one more death, or friendship, or divorce out of two or three? Or four? Or five?
One more face among so many, many faces, one more life among so many million lives?

But first, baby, as you climb and count the stairs (and they total the same), did you, sometime or somewhere, have a different idea?
Is this, baby, what you were born to feel, and do, and be?

—KENNETH FEARING

PROFILES

POWERS MODEL



Celeste Gheen

GOSSIP columnists, who would rather be specific than otherwise, occasionally mention a male night-club habitué by name and say that he was seen out with "a Powers model." This particular vagueness signifies no special desire on the columnists' part to respect a girl's privacy; it is merely an admission that columnists simply cannot tell Powers models apart. Few people can.

There are about four hundred beautiful girls who work through the modelling agency run by John Robert Powers, and many of them look so startlingly alike that they are often unable to recognize their own published pictures. One lovely model is frequently hired for a job, in fact, on the strength of some other lovely model's past performances. Even old friends of Celeste Gheen, who has been a Powers model for four and a half years, now and then fail to identify her instantly as Celeste Gheen when they see her in a group of Powers models.

Miss Gheen has been dubbed America's Most Versatile Model by a commentator in a movie short, and she has demonstrated her versatility for a huge and varied list of products. Her face has launched a million Camels, Old Golds, Spuds, and English Ovals, though she herself smokes Chesterfields, which she has worked for, too. She has lent her charms to Krippendorf Foot Rest Shoes, Black, Starr & Frost-Gorham, Nucoa, United States Rubber, Buick, Hellmann's mayonnaise, Talon Fasteners, Community Plate silver, Cellophane, Log Cabin Syrup, Schaefer's beer, Texaco, Sally Victor, Packard, Bayer Aspirin, Koret, Beech-Nut, Rinso, Palm Beach suits, Oldsmobile, Simmons Beautyrest Mattresses, Ipana, Charles of the Ritz, Studebaker, Mojud, Absorbine Jr., Bon Ami, Spry, Spam, and Castoria, which she never touches. She has been on the covers of *You*, the *New York Woman*, *Delineator*, and the *RN Journal*, a magazine aimed at registered nurses. She has posed at nearly every big hotel in New York, at the Bronx Zoo and the Brooklyn Zoo, in the Aquarium and Central Park, at the Seventy-ninth Street yacht basin, a dozen country clubs on Long Island and in Westchester, the Lewisohn Stadium, the Museum of the City of New York, and River House. Mr. Powers, who thinks she would be equally at home, in a professional way, on Park Avenue or down in a coal mine, once said of her, "She is the typical-American-girl type." She is undoubtedly typical in that she has to work harder for a living than she wants to, never seems to have enough money no matter how hard she works, is susceptible to masculine attention, and lives with her mother, who, untypically, is a model herself, although not at the moment working for Powers.

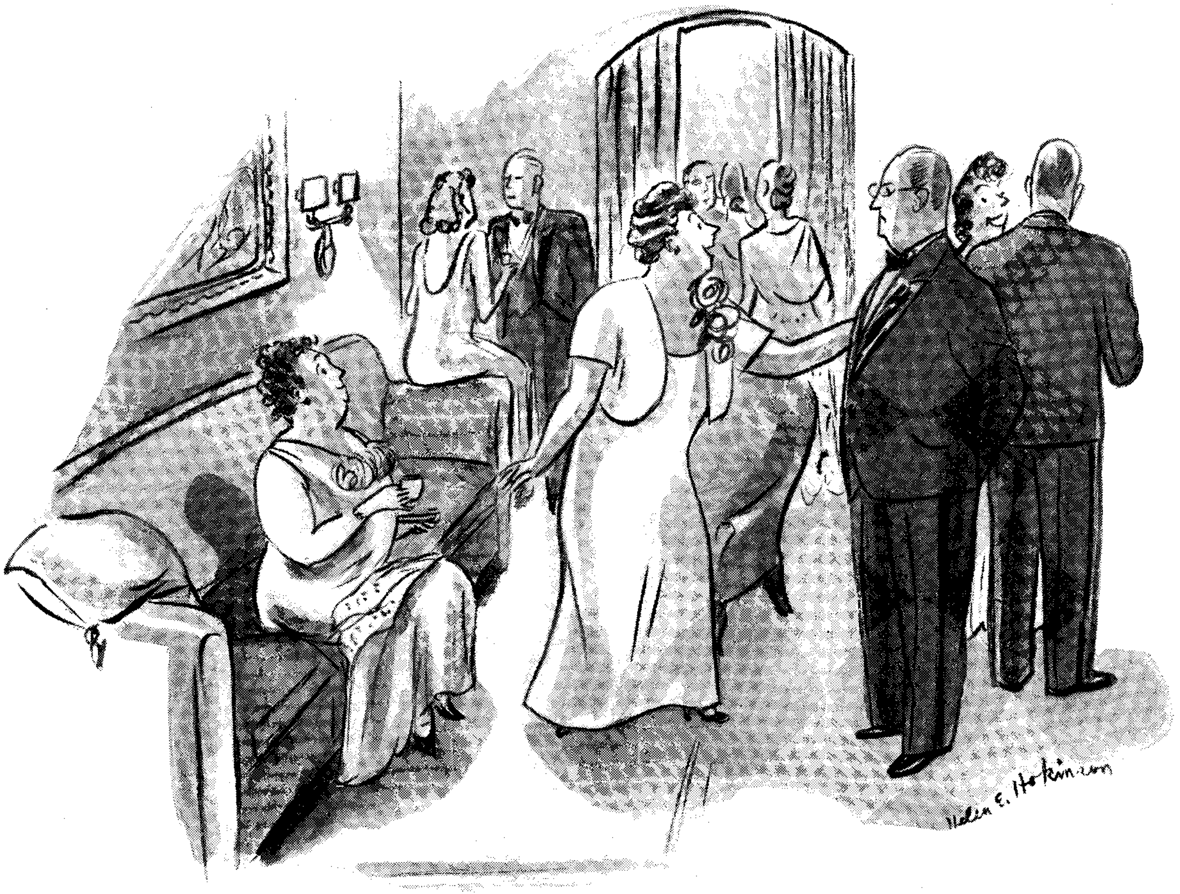
The first thing that causes a columnist, man-about-town, or ordinary citizen to look with interest at a Powers model is her face. Miss Gheen, a dark ash blonde of twenty-six with gray-green eyes, hasn't the sort of breath-taking beauty that compels small boys to whistle involuntarily when exposed to it, but she is a decidedly attractive girl, with delicate, neatly arranged features and a lot of poise. Mr. Powers, who is second to no man in his approval of her slightly turned-up nose and soft, shoulder-length hair, is perhaps even more concerned with her figure, upon which he likes to bestow such adjectives as "liquid" and "flexible." She has a nice figure. Despite its liquid flexibility, it ranks only third, however, among her attention-getting attributes. Her second most noticeable feature, from a sidewalk fan's point of view, is the solid, bulky black hatbox she carries in the daytime as a receptacle for odd garments, accessories, and makeup kits. A pretty girl carrying a hatbox is recognized about town now as a model or as a pretty girl who has just bought a hat; when the hatbox comes from John Cavanagh, a man's hatter whose store, as well as the Powers office, is located at 247 Park Avenue, it is a safe guess that she is a Powers model. Cavanagh, of course, is glad to give away its hatboxes to the models, knowing that both will be looked at. Envious of all the publicity the store has gained from its association with Powers girls, a rival hatter once had the models' names stamped on the lids of *its* hatboxes and distributed them hopefully. Most of the models remained loyal to Cavanagh. Miss Gheen has been feeling bad about her Cavanagh, as she calls it, ever since its bottom fell out on a Madison Avenue bus recently, exposing to the public view such personal items as a set of long, woollen underwear, which comes in handy on outdoor jobs, and a pair of "binoculars"—the professional name for a deceptive little apparatus a model wears when a client demands an impressively bosomy shot. She also resents her Cavanagh mildly on the ground that a disconcertingly large number of people, seeing her with it, yell "Hi, Powers!" at her. When she is carrying a substitute hatbox or is in mufti, they merely yell "Hi, toots!"

COMMERCIAL photographers, one of a few groups of men in the world who are always able to tell one Powers model from another, are inclined to take a rather detached attitude toward them. "They are just clothes-horses made of light and shadow and folds," one photographer said unromantically when pressed for a judgment on all the loveliness he had seen. While posing, a model is also continually doing such forthright things as perspiring and fainting, and it is all a photographer can do to keep her dry and upright, let alone pay her compliments. Floodlamps are almost invariably used for lighting, and they generate an intense heat. To stave off fainting spells, which often occur during long poses, a model leans back against a slim metal support, which is invisible to the camera, and chews gum furiously. Miss Gheen would no more think of going to a studio without a package of Beechies than she would without a lipstick brush, a makeup aid most models regard as invaluable.

Miss Gheen averages three or four hours' work a day. Her jobs are irregular and unpredictable, and she breaks a couple of social engagements for every professional one she makes. Her appointments are made for her in and around a busy cubicle in the Powers offices, where four harassed girls with average faces attend to twenty-three constantly ringing telephones. Nearby, ranged alphabetically on a wall, hang charts for all the models. When a photographic studio phones and asks to have a certain model sent over, the fact is duly noted on her chart, provided the girl is free at the stated time. Often, at the studio's request, the telephone girls will scribble something like "Bring lounging robe and white beach hat" on the chart. Miss Gheen drops in a couple of times a week to look over her chart. Every afternoon she confers with the office by phone and gets her working schedule for the next day. When jobs come up at the last minute, the office calls her either at home or at a studio. She does most of her travelling during the day by subway or bus and lunches at home whenever she can. If she is tied up on a job, her mother brings a sandwich and a malted milk to the studio for her. The bane of Miss Gheen's professional life is a weather-permitting job, which she calls a W.P. Certain outdoor shots can be made only in bright sunlight, and during rainy seasons she has spent as many as ten successive afternoons waiting for the sun to shine. Weather-permitting jobs reduce her average of daily working hours, since, if she has a W.P. on a Monday and it rains on Monday, she has to hold Tuesday open. Moreover, since she gets paid only for the day she works, which may be a week from Thursday, W.P.'s can seriously affect her income, too.

Miss Gheen's income in 1939 was just over $2,000, but she spent two months with some friends in Mexico that year and was also sick for several weeks. When up and about, she averages a little more than $50 a week, ten per cent of which goes to Mr. Powers, who averages considerably more. As agent, he serves about four hundred models, some of whom work only part time but all of whom give him one-tenth of their earnings. In addition to handling a model's negotiations with photographers who want her services, Powers occasionally gets her other jobs by describing her glowingly to advertisers unable to choose a girl for themselves. All of the models are paid from the time they get to a studio until the time they finish posing there, and they all have hourly rates. Miss Gheen is at present a $5-an-hour girl, having promoted herself two years ago from the $5-an-hour-and-a-half class. A model may raise her price whenever she thinks clients will pay more for her services; the most expensive group of models are about twenty girls who get $10 an hour. Some of these average $100 or even $125 a week, and models have earned as much as $300 in a single week. Miss Gheen's most profitable month was May, 1939, when she earned $410. If she is hired for a full day by one studio, she gets $30; if for half a day, $15. Fashion shows pay $10 to all girls, regardless of their price categories, and throw in an extra $5 for a fitting. Models have absolutely no security, but Powers models have never seriously considered any kind of collective-bargaining scheme. Miss Gheen feels that a protracted strike might conceivably last right through a model's whole career, although actually plenty of models have been working for as long as ten years. One veteran has acquired a husband and two children en route, and has acquired some money, too, as a maternity-gown mannequin.

SOME of Mr. Powers' most frequently used models have only facial charm and are rarely photographed below the neck except in fluffy gowns. Miss Gheen's position in the field depends to a certain extent on her arms and legs, all four of which are well shaped enough to win an occasional word of praise even from a photographer. Her measurements are listed in detail in her scrapbook—a handsome, leather-bound volume kept on file in the Powers office, with her name stamped on the cover in letters only slightly smaller than those used for Mr. Powers' name. Each of the more active models has a similar book, containing a couple of dozen representative pictures of her. Clients are permitted to borrow these for reflective consideration on a sort of lending-library basis. From Miss Gheen's book, an interested reader can learn at a glance that her sizes are dress 12, hat 22, shoe 7½ AAA, hose 10, and glove 7; that she measures 35 inches at the hips,



"Mr. Martin, you must sit down and tell Mrs. Potter exactly what it is you do."

24 at the waist, and 34 at the bust; that she weighs 115 pounds, and, with shoes on, is 5 feet 8½ inches tall. Models never think of themselves as being without shoes.

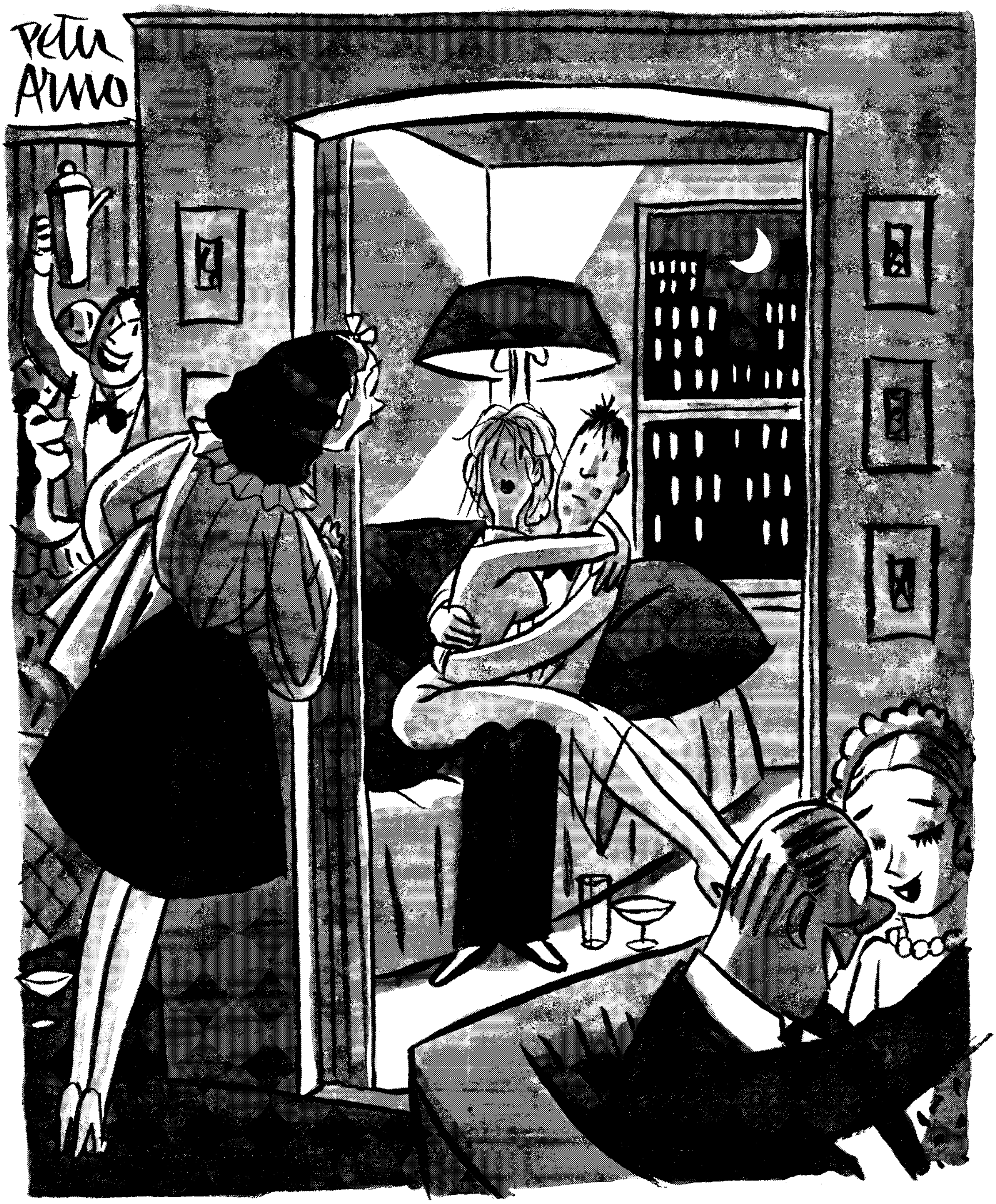
The three principal divisions in the field of Miss Gheen's professional activities are high fashion, illustrative, and catalogue, or low, fashion. High-fashion pictures are those used by expensive dress designers and by magazines with editorial tastes for high-priced clothes. Miss Gheen still does some of this work, but not as much as she used to. Illustrative and catalogue are her specialties. Illustrative work is the biggest thing in modelling; it includes all those pictures of girls stepping out of automobiles, bragging about their teeth, or being shunned at parties. Catalogue, though a less varied field, can keep a model occupied for a long time: every recent Sears, Roebuck and Montgomery Ward publication has had from twenty to thirty pictures of Miss Gheen in it. Catalogue posing is more difficult than high fashion. In the latter type of work any comfortable, ladylike pose is permissible; in the former a model is expected to strike one of the stiff, stilted poses rustic women like to think smart women affect. One of Miss Gheen's contributions to catalogue literature had a rather unexpected epilogue when Montgomery Ward received, and forwarded to her a letter from an Indian in the Southwest who had ordered a coat which had been brought to his attention by the fact that she was in it. He complained sharply that the coat had arrived all right, but where was the squaw? Miss Gheen, who is fond of compliments from Indians and everyone else, was flattered.

Miss Gheen gets along nicely in illustrative work because, by adjusting her hair and her makeup, she can look anywhere from eighteen to thirty-five years old. She has turned up in print as the loving mother giving a cookie to a rather large child, although she is not ordinarily fond of child models and has been known to take a healthy swat at a juvenile colleague, to keep him in his place, the moment the child's real mother stepped out of the room. Certain types of illustratives are known as objectionables, and models get double pay or more for them. This subdivision includes depilatories and deodorants. Models get double pay, too, for posing in bathing suits, brassières, and step-ins. Advertisers have to pay heavily for nudes, too. Miss Gheen has never done any nudes, though she has had several attractive and extremely proper offers. She feels there is something distasteful about a nude photograph that the most respectable caption cannot overcome. She has done plenty of clothed objectionables, however. Early in her career she posed in evening dress with a handsome young man in tails who was directed by the photographer to act as if he loved her. She had no objection to this and coöperated agreeably. On leaving the studio, she signed, as is customary, a release—a wordy, legal form in which a model waives all right to complain about the use which may be made of her photograph. Later, Miss Gheen discovered that the romantic picture's caption told, on behalf of a deodorant, why it was that she never got on with the boys. She was hurt equally by this duplicity and by her failure to get double pay, since the picture was clearly an objectionable.

The most objectionable objectionable she ever had anything to do with was a photograph taken for Colman's mustard, for which a campaign was planned a while back advocating mustard baths, for health or sore backs or something. The idea was abandoned, but not before Miss Gheen had gamely taken a bath in a tub full of rich, clinging mustard. She got $55 for the day's work and felt that she had earned it, especially since it took her mother a couple of hours to scrub the mustard off her that night.

Models are occasionally paid extra-large fees *not* to pose, mostly by cigarette and knitwear companies. Lucky Strike, for example, has taken the understandable point of view that it is a bad policy to spread a girl's face on countless Lucky Strike billboards and then have her turn up a week later looking fondly at a Camel. In order to prevent this sort of duplication, some advertisers have monopolized their favorite girls by giving them what they might otherwise have collected from competitive work. Models receive extra pay, too, when their names are used in ads—usually $50. Miss Gheen has not figured in many such ads, perhaps because of her implausible name, which is a seventeenth-century contraction of the old Scotch-Irish name of Gahagan. One of the few such testimonials in which her name has been used was for Cocomalt, in the winter of 1936. "I was confined in the hospital for two months, and was convalescing at home for an added ten days," said the copy, which she did not write. "I was advised to drink Cocomalt. I started to win back my strength, and I feel certain that Cocomalt hastened my recovery." In addition to her regular fee for this, she was promised a large supply of Cocomalt, which she never got. As a result, she

PEACH GOOD HUMOR
THE ICE CREAM
Good Humor

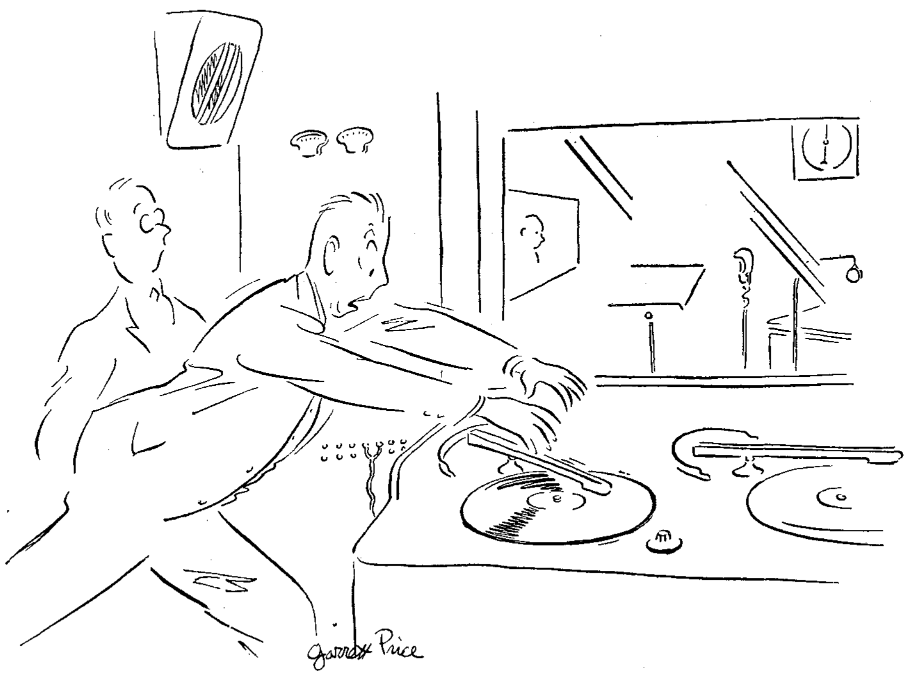


"Ixnay, Edith. I just found out we're at the wrong party."

• •

has not yet found out what the stuff tastes like.

POWERS models, as a rule, are not alumnae of any of the schools that undertake, for a steep price, to transform hopeful girls from the sticks into glamorous mannequins by training them to walk around carrying books on their heads. Miss Gheen has never carried a book on her head, but occasionally she reads one. Like many other successful models, she sprang into the profession as suddenly and surprisingly as Venus emerged from the sea, though when she began she was considerably gawkier than she is now or than Venus probably was. She was born in Cleveland and was christened Geraldine Celeste. She dropped her first name long ago because it was the same as her mother's and caused confusion around the house. Her father is a real-estate man who no longer lives with the family. Celeste's



"This program comes to you by electrical transcription. This program comes to you by electrical transcription. This program comes to you by electrical transcription. This program comes to you by electrical transcription. This program . . ."

• •

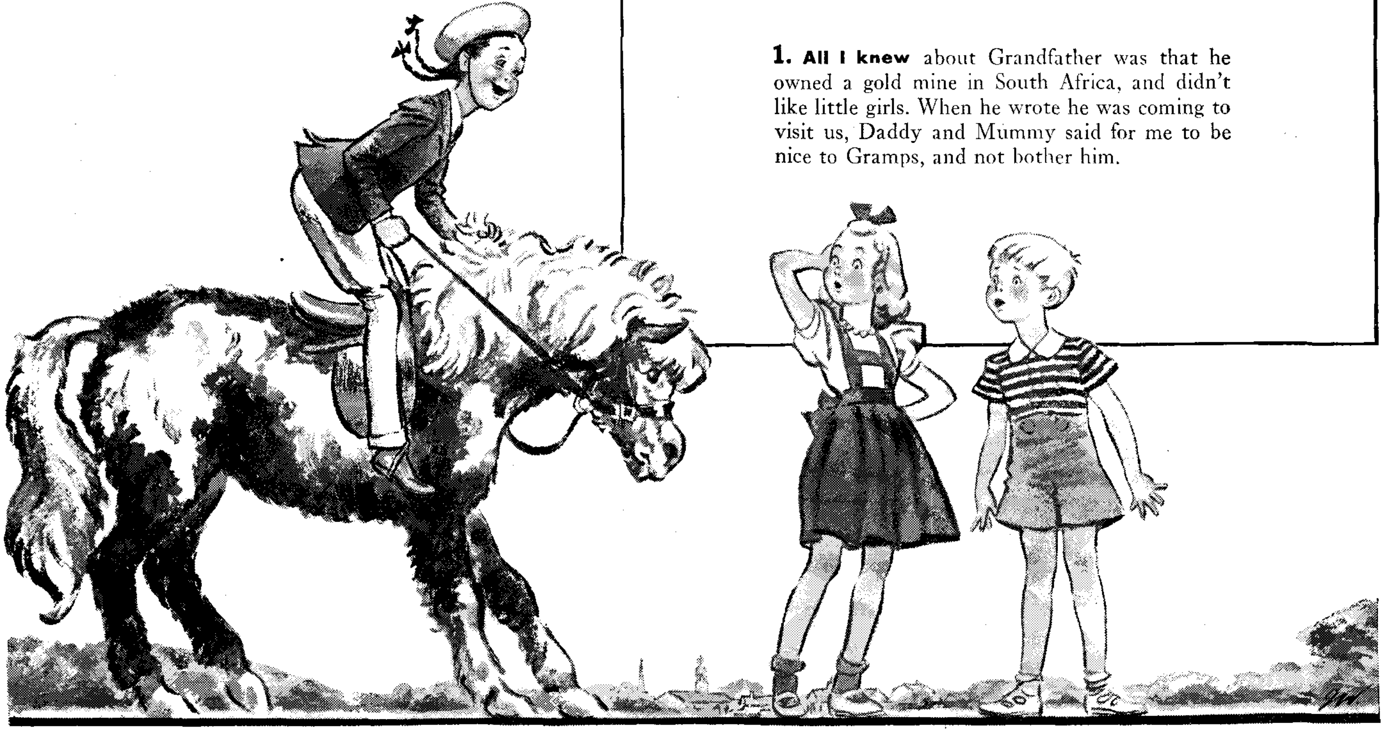
childhood was uneventful. She was never entered in a baby parade, never won a beauty contest, and when she was graduated from high school only her nose was selected as a part of her class's loveliest composite face. She went to a secretarial school for eight months, and then was hired as a secretary by the Sherwin-Williams paint company in Cleveland. She still practices shorthand, taking down speeches as they come over the air, on the theory that someone might throw acid in her face and thus render her unfit for modelling. While working for Sherwin-Williams, she went to a portrait photographer's one day in 1934 to have a picture taken for her mother, and he suggested that he would try to get her a spot in a General Electric ad he had been commissioned to illustrate. In the conventional storybook tradition, she got the job, which paid her $5. The picture came out in several magazines. In the ad, she appeared as a plain, homelike girl, thoughtfully holding a Mazda bulb. "Talk about your bargains!" said the caption, referring to the bulb. It was a sixty-watt bulb.

During the next few months, Miss Gheen's career continued to proceed along strictly fictional lines. Advertising men, always on the lookout for a fresh face, noticed her picture and promptly asked Mr. Powers to produce her. As soon as he learned Miss Gheen's identity, he began writing her beseeching notes, which at first she resolutely ignored, never having heard of Powers or his agency and suspecting that he might be illicitly trafficking in unworldly young women. After almost a year of honorable negotiations by mail, she consented to come to New York in the fall of 1935 and see Powers; she had by then made him promise that if she didn't prove satisfactory as a model, she'd be taken on as a secretary.

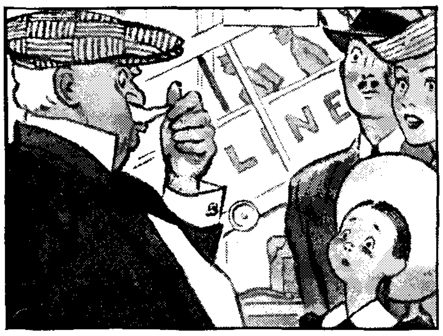
For a while, Miss Gheen was highly suspicious of her new profession. When she was instructed to go to a photographic studio one afternoon, she told a friend to call the police if she didn't come out after a reasonable interval. Miss Gheen told the photographer what she had done, to let him know how matters stood, and he became so distraught that he was unable to focus his camera, expecting that the police would arrive any moment. She has since decided that her fears were wholly unjustified, and that artists and photographers are as chivalrous as any other men. Miss Gheen found photographers not only gentlemanly but helpful. They showed her elementary tricks of posture, like keeping her stomach in and her shoulders back, and they built up her confidence, which led to more poise on her part and more demand for her services on the part of other photographers. Models beginning their careers are a nervous group, and are both surprised and grateful if they earn as much as $25 a week. During the early, fear-ridden stages of her career, Miss Gheen earned just about that, and lived in an $11-a-week room at the Barbizon Hotel for Women. She found the place comfortable but so confining and so disturbingly feminine that she indiscriminately accepted all invitations to go out. Her resulting peregrinations contributed heavily to a nervous breakdown in the spring of 1937. She went back to Cleveland and took up her secretarial work again. The following fall, somewhat refreshed, she returned to New York, moved into a coeducational hotel, and resumed both her modelling and her social activities, with an emphasis on the latter which she is now distressed to recall. She bought an evening dress for $189, didn't even read her hotel bills, and took to buying handsome Christmas presents for her male acquaintances. She began fainting under the studio lights with appalling frequency and would probably have had to give up modelling a second time if her mother hadn't arrived in town and made her settle down.

From experience, and from the contemplation possible in a settled life, Miss Gheen has concluded that a model can't stay up till four o'clock every morning and seem dewy-eyed enough a few hours later to affect the American housewife's purchasing habits. Miss Gheen therefore tries to get eight hours' sleep now if she has a morning job, although when in a frivolous mood she still sometimes goes out four or five nights in a row. She has enormous vitality and has looked pityingly at escorts who suggested, after visiting five or six night clubs, that it might be a good idea to drop her at her home. All told, she has met a good many men in New York. She is a firm believer in democracy and goes out not only with industrial leaders but with college boys as well. She spent an enjoyable weekend at Harvard last winter. She has a lot of friends scattered about the country and in Mexico; every so often there is a delightful flurry of long-distance telephone calls at her apartment. She occasionally dines with photographers but prefers, on the whole, to maintain a purely businesslike relationship with them. She also disapproves of rich, elderly gentlemen whose attachment for some models usually involves an exchange of currency, and often the rent. Although she is genuinely thankful when men give her presents she feels she can properly accept, like evening bags, sports watches, and perfume, she would politely but firmly

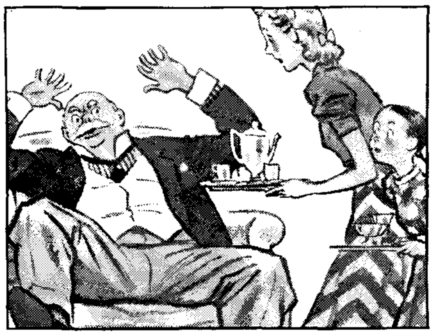
"And I thought Gramps was a Grump!"



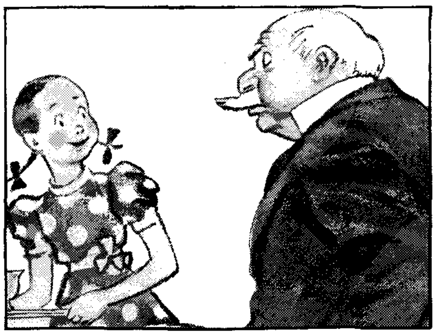
1. All I knew about Grandfather was that he owned a gold mine in South Africa, and didn't like little girls. When he wrote he was coming to visit us, Daddy and Mummy said for me to be nice to Gramps, and not bother him.



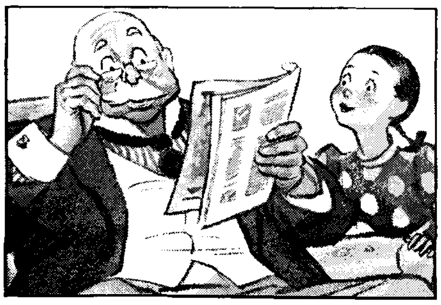
2. "Should have been a boy!" Gramps grunted to me, the day we met him at the boat. "Would have loved to have a grandson," he added to Daddy. And after that, Gramps didn't pay very much attention to me.



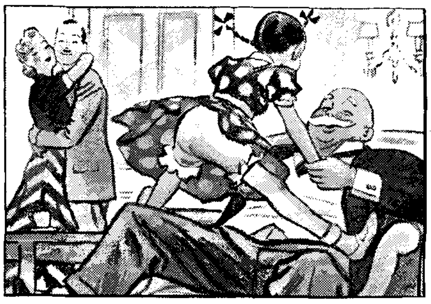
3. When coffee was served after dinner that night, Gramps blew up. "Never touch the stuff!" he shouted. "Love it, too, but the caffein in it keeps me awake!" So I said to Mummy: "Let's get Sanka Coffee for Gramps!"



4. "What good would that do?" Gramps snorted. "Why," I said, "Sanka Coffee is 97% caffein-free, and *can't* keep you awake. I read about it in an ad!" "You did?" Gramps said. "Young lady, let me see that advertisement!"



5. "Humph!" said Gramps, reading the ad. "The Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden.' I'll try it!"



6. So Mummy made Sanka Coffee for Gramps next day. "Hope it lets me sleep!" he said. Of course, it *did* . . . and was Gramps pleased! "You're as smart as a boy!" he said. And he bought me a pony!

DRIP GRIND
SANKA
COFFEE

SANKA COFFEE

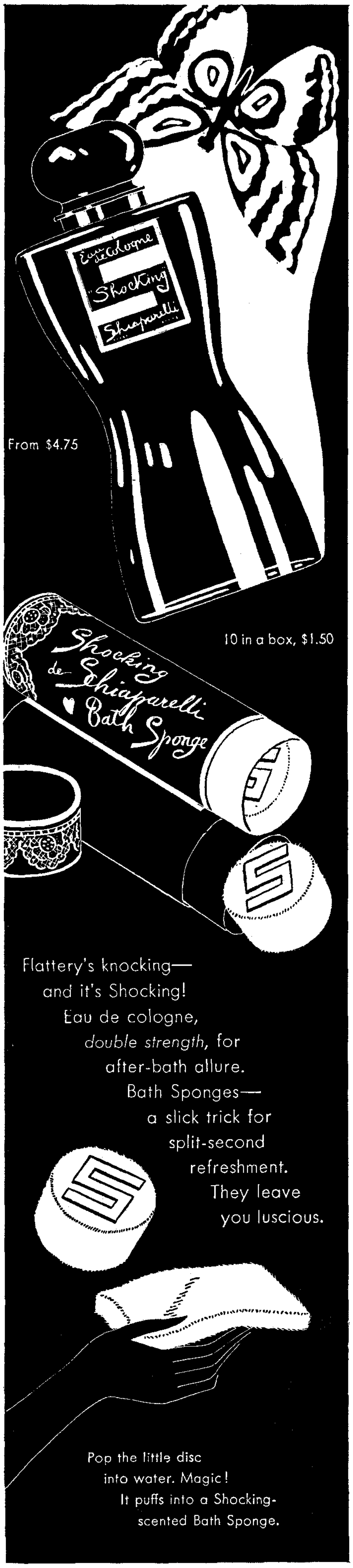
REAL COFFEE . . . 97% CAFFEIN-FREE

PRICE REDUCED!

The price of Sanka Coffee goes down again! Both "regular" and the popular, new "drip" grind are now selling at the lowest price in history!

Copyright, 1940, General Foods Corp.

NOW SELLING AT THE LOWEST PRICE IN HISTORY!



From $4.75

10 in a box, $1.50

Flattery's knocking—
and it's Shocking!
Eau de cologne,
double strength, for
after-bath allure.
Bath Sponges—
a slick trick for
split-second
refreshment.
They leave
you luscious.

Pop the little disc
into water. Magic!
It puffs into a Shocking-
scented Bath Sponge.

decline all offers of automobiles, yachts, planes, and race horses. Nobody has offered her any of these yet, but her mind is made up. Now that she has her own apartment and is no longer faced with the distressing spectacle of lonely women all around her, she is choosier about her dates, a change of attitude for which her mother claims some responsibility. When Celeste was asked a while ago why she had spurned the advances of a certain young man, she replied, like a typical American girl, "I'd rather sit home and read a good book." Miss Gheen has had relatively little trouble with men who see her pictures and try to get in touch with her, though she has had a modest number of bids to college proms, three of them from students who addressed her merely as the Dr. Scholl's Footpads Girl.

FOR the past year, the Gheens have been living in a one-and-one-half-room furnished apartment at 135 East Fiftieth Street. They have a bathroom, a kitchenette, and a living room containing a couch that turns into twin beds. They are extremely budget-minded and go over their accounts down to the last eyelash-curler. Mrs. Gheen does the cooking, and the meals run heavily to desserts, to which Celeste is very partial. Mrs. Gheen, a lady with gray-white hair and a beaming face whom Mr. Powers might call the typical-American-mother type, models infrequently and has posed with her daughter only once, for Westinghouse refrigerators. In the ad, Celeste was pointing out a few sensational features of the Westinghouse to her mother, who was making out that she was doubtful about the whole transaction. Almost all the available closet space the Gheens have is occupied by Celeste's wardrobe, which is necessarily extensive. A model is expected to wear her own clothes in illustrative work and must keep a varied collection on hand. When Miss Gheen last took an inventory, she had ten evening gowns, twenty-five day dresses, five suits, five coats, one evening wrap, a sable-dyed fitch jacket, three house coats, a dozen suitcases filled with slacks, bathing suits, and bathing shoes, nineteen hats, twenty-eight pairs of shoes, ten slips, and innumerable belts, blouses, sweaters, and other accessories.

She spends $750 a year on clothes, and gets none of them free. During her modelling life, she has been given two pairs of stockings, a pair of bloomers, a girdle, and an orchid corsage worn by Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr., in a Camel ad they posed for together. Most of Miss Gheen's daytime dresses are rather plain and suitable for almost any occasion; photographers frequently tell the Powers telephone operators to have a model bring along something with "medium-tone, interesting neckline." When buying an evening dress, Miss Gheen worries not only about how it will look at Féfé's Monte Carlo but about how it will look in a color shot for Spam. She has been photographed in gowns from Altman, Bergdorf Goodman, Jay-Thorpe, Bloomingdale, Saks-Fifth Avenue, Russeks, Bonwit Teller, Gimbels, Martha West, Chez Rosette, and Bamberger, but she buys the clothes she wears socially at Milgrim's sales, and most of the clothes she wears professionally at Klein's.

Miss Gheen does her own nails and hair, unless a special job demands a special hair-do, in which case she doesn't have to pay for it. She changes her shoes at least three times a day, to rest her feet. She spends approximately three minutes a morning on her makeup, having previously washed her face with warm water but no soap. As a consumer, she is not impressed by the ads she appears in, and it is typical of the life she leads that although she has frequently posed for Elizabeth Arden and Tangee lipsticks, and for Ipana and Squibbs toothpastes, she brushes her teeth with a Macy paste and uses a ten-cent lipstick sold by Woolworth.

LIKE any typical unmarried American girl, Miss Gheen wants more than anything else to get married, preferably to someone fairly wealthy. It cheers her to think that there are ex-Powers models now happily named Mrs. Woolworth Donahue, Mrs. Marshall Hemingway, and Mrs. Winthrop Gardiner. Though there are other ex-Powers girls named Joan Bennett, Joan Blondell, Anita Louise, Barbara Stanwyck, and Norma Shearer, Miss Gheen has given little thought to the movies, holding that she couldn't get very far ahead in that field because she has had no acting experience. If someone offered her a job as a secretary today, with an attractive, steady salary, she would probably quit modelling immediately. She regards modelling as good hard work, and although she is usually inclined to scoff at the sentiments attributed to her in picture captions, she was in general agreement with the text of an ad that ran under a series of photographs of her. "Once I was a lady of leisure—with nothing to do but go to parties if I felt like it . . . take it easy if I didn't," said the copy. "But those days are gone forever! Oh, well—it was in the cards, I guess. You know the old saying—'Friday's child is loving and giving . . . Saturday's child works hard for a living.' That's me!" Although Miss Gheen is not actually that gloomy about being a wage-earner, she thinks that life as a secretary would have certain undeniable advantages over life as a model. It might be duller, but then it would be a good deal less complicated and more restful. Plenty of nice, normal girls have been hugely successful as secretaries; they are, she feels sure, rarely beset by the occupational worries that beset models. When in a contemplative mood, she is often amazed by the elevated standards of her own profession. "You have to be practically God to be a good model," she says.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

RHYME, TO BE FINISHED LATER

I went to Vienna, but couldn't stay
 long;
In Prague I was told I'd better move
 along.

Madrid I left without delay;
In Chungking the sentry sent me on my
 way.

In Cracow I couldn't find a place to
 sleep;
In Trondheim my bed became a
 burning heap.

From Narvik I went to peaceful
 Holland.
England proved to be no island.

I came to America . . .

—EVE MERRIAM

•

"Oh," she said, "how can I ever be sure? I look at her and when I do I say to myself: *'Now, don't be silly. Of course it's Barbara Ann. It's nobody else's baby.'*

"And then it comes over me again, tat terrible fhrightening little bit of douth. It's always there in one corner of my mind . . . Maybe . . . Maybe . . ."—*The Journal & American.*

Never mind—everybody's unhinged these days.

BORN 1820... still going strong

Something's lacking until JOHNNIE WALKER APPEARS

THERE'S an old friend missing until Johnnie Walker arrives on the scene. Always welcome, he needs no invitation . . . known world-wide, he requires no introduction.

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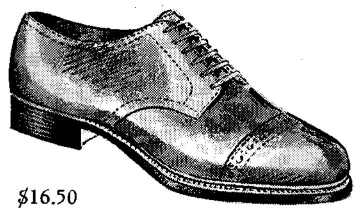

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LETTER FROM LONDON

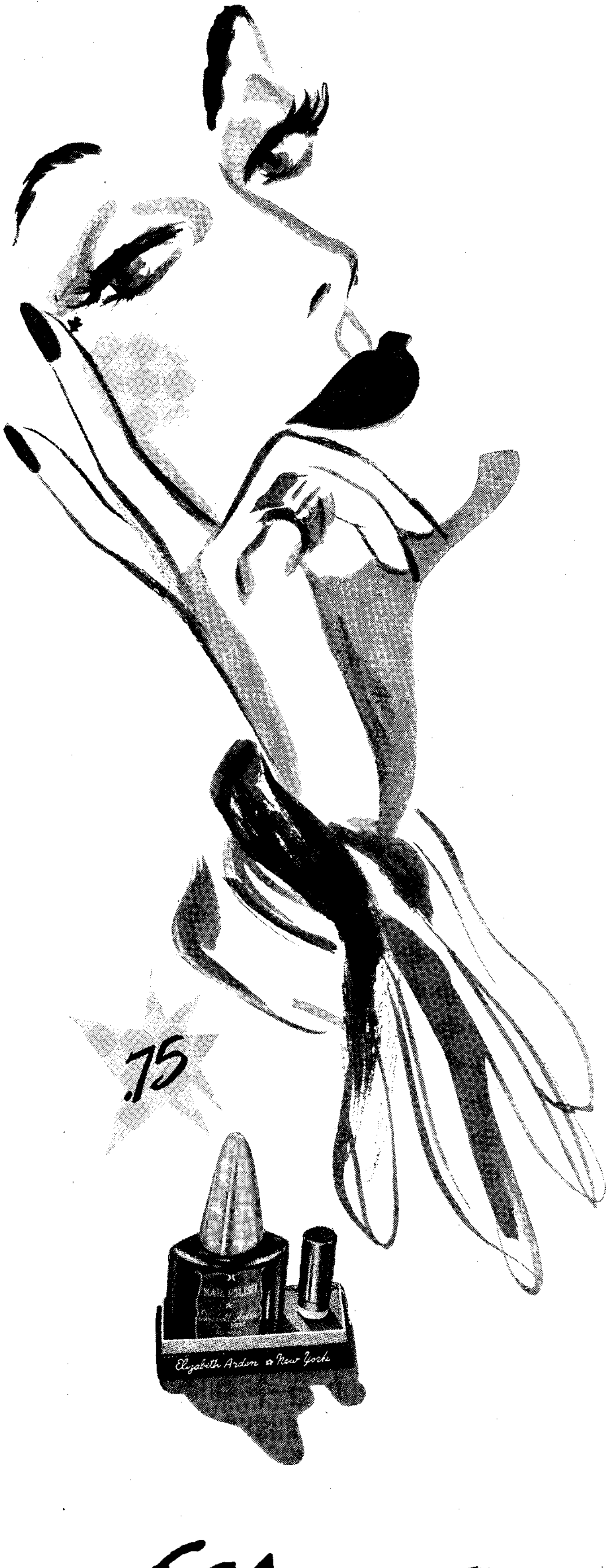
SEPTEMBER 8 (BY CABLE)

THE air *Blitzkrieg* started in earnest yesterday—Saturday—with the first big raids on London. It is as yet too early to report on the full extent of the damage, which has certainly been considerable, especially in the dwelling-house sections of the East End. Observers of the Spanish War methods of terrorizing civilian populations have frequently remarked that in Spain the heaviest bombardments were directed on working-class districts—structurally more vulnerable and emotionally more prone to panic than less crowded areas of a city. The job of providing homeless and frightened people with shelter and food is one which workers have apparently tackled heroically. They are probably going to have increasingly and tragically frequent opportunities for practice. The figure of four hundred killed, which has just been announced, may well mount higher in future bulletins, in the same way that the figure of raiders brought down was given as five in last evening's reports but by this morning, with fuller information coming in all the time, had totalled eighty-eight.

Those who were weekending in the country guessed the magnitude of the attack from the constant roar of aircraft passing invisibly high up in a cloudless blue sky. At dusk, a red glow could be seen in the direction of London, but it died down as the stars and the searchlights came out, and again waves of bombers passed overhead at intervals of about ten minutes. In between waves, one could hear the distant racket of the anti-aircraft guns picking up the raiders which had just gone by, and at the same time one half heard, half sensed the unmistakable throbbing of the next waves of engines coming nearer over the quiet woods and villages. This morning it was difficult to get a call through to London, probably because so many anxious people in the country were ringing up to find out what had happened and to try to get in touch with members of their families who were in town. Further big attacks were expected today, but the attitude of those who were returning to the city was sensible and courageous. "Let them send plenty. There will be more for the boys to bring down" was a typical comment.

Up to yesterday, the raids on London had not been developed beyond a point which indicated that they were merely reconnaissance or training flights to accustom enemy pilots to night work over the capital. Sirens had become tiresome interruptions which Londoners learned to expect at fairly regular intervals during the day, roughly coinciding with the morning and evening traffic rush and with the lunch hour. Unless shooting accompanied the alarms, they were ignored, as far as possible, except by especially nervous individuals. The dislocation of office and factory work schedules was more or less remedied by the posting of spotters on rooftops to give the warning when things really become dangerous locally. Until that warning comes, workers have been getting on with the job, sirens or no sirens. No part of the Premier's speech last week was better received, by the way, than his statement that the whole of the air-raid-warning system is to be drastically revised and a new ruling concerning it announced in the near future; what he described as "these prolonged banshee howlings" are apparently more alarming to a great many people than an actual bombardment.

LIFE in a bombed city means adapting oneself in all kinds of ways all the time. Londoners are now learning the lessons, long ago familiar to those living on the much-visited southeast coast, of getting to bed early and shifting their sleeping quarters down to the ground floor. (After recent raids on the suburbs it was noticeable that in all the little houses damaged by anything short of a direct hit people on the upper floors had suffered most, and that in surprisingly many cases those on the ground floor had escaped injury entirely.) Theatres are meeting the threat to their business by starting evening performances earlier, thus giving audiences a chance to get home before the big nighttime show warms up. The actual getting home is likely to be difficult, because the transportation services have not yet worked out a satisfactory formula for carrying on during raids. The busmen's union tells drivers to use their own discretion, and the London transportation board's orders are that buses are to go on running unless a raid develops "in the immediate vicinity." The drivers grumble that it would take a five-hundred-pounder in the immediate vicinity to be



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heard above the din of their own engines.

The calm behavior of the average individual continues to be amazing. Commuting suburbanites, who up to yesterday had experienced worse bombardments than people living in central London, placidly brag to fellow-passengers on the morning trains about the size of bomb craters in their neighborhoods, as in a more peaceful summer they would have bragged about their roses and squash.

EARLIER in the week, the first anniversary of the declaration of war passed peacefully and found Britons in a state of encouragement which less than three months ago would have seemed downright fantastic. The Anglo-American agreement was a birthday present that was received with tremendous satisfaction. Officially, it was greeted as "the most conspicuous demonstration that has yet been given of the general American desire to afford the utmost help, compatible with neutrality, to a cause now recognized as vital to the future of the United States." Ordinary comment was less solemn, but no less grateful. The successful conclusion of the agreement, combined with the superb work of the R.A.F. and the significant new spirit in the French colonies, has been responsible for a big increase in public confidence which reacted favorably on that sensitive plant, the stock market. In spite of the dark times ahead, it is believed that better things are coming into sight beyond them. —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

●

FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPARTMENT

Mr. Miller was about Mrs. Brandon's age and having never met anyone that he felt like marrying had romantic views on celibacy.—*From "The Brandons," by Angela Thirkell (Knopf, 1939), page 24.*	And never having met anyone he wanted to marry, he had romantic views on celibacy.—*From "Night Bell," by Kenneth Horan (Scribner's, 1940), page 100.*
At the head of the nearer horse . . . was standing what Mrs. Brandon at once recognized as an Englishwoman Abroad.—*Ibid., page 84.*	"If the darling were not in habit and coif, she would look like An Englishwoman Abroad." —*Ibid., page 30.*
"I never actually *met* Mussolini," said Mrs. Brandon cautiously, and somehow implying that she had at some period been introduced to St. Francis.—*Ibid., page 85.*	"I never met her." "Implying that at some period you have met Saint Francis?" —*Ibid., page 118.*
"There is going to be a storm." . . . "It may even be one of those affairs that go rumble-bumbling all round the hills and then go off and blast an oak at the other end of the county." —*Ibid., page 153.*	"Did you ever see anything like the storms this summer? They go rumbling off, and just when you think they're all over, they blast an oak or something, at the other end of town." —*Ibid., page 124.*

OF ALL THINGS

IT is the Republican view that Roosevelt's trade of fifty destroyers for naval bases was wise, but the method of accomplishing it was terrible. It is astonishing how many right things That Man does all wrong.

•

With his customary frankness, Wendell Willkie tells us what his foreign policy will be if he is elected. There will be no insults, no appeasement, and no war—and Hitler is to be licked to a frazzle.

•

The House of Representatives accepts the draft bill, but postpones its operation until after the election. A congressman would rather put off the thing than get put off the payroll.

•

Young Michael is back as King of Rumania, but he will not have to bother about any serious thinking. Hitler will tell Antonescu what Michael wants to do.

•

While the Germans and English are trading damaging blows, Italy's prestige is in a slump. The Duce should come out on the front porch and annex Africa.

•

Hitler caused roars of laughter in his speech at the Sportpalast. Over here, we thought the risibility poor, but apparently the mangling of human bodies is good, clean fun.

•

The nation's payrolls are running about $100,000,000 a month above what they were a year ago. The increase is largely due to the manufacture of war material and Willkie buttons.

•

A poll reveals that Willkie has the support of an even larger percentage of the newspapers than Landon had. Fortunately, he is not a man to be dismayed by difficulties.

•

Mayor Frank Hague is justly indignant over the disfranchising of some 65,000 voters who died, or moved away, or never existed. It is a deadly blow at the Jersey City way of life.

•

On the eve of the Maine election, we are willing to risk a prophecy. Both sides will be overjoyed at the results.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

"I hate to leave Manila, but Jean seems anxious to have us in Denver for her wedding"
"She sounded that way when she telephoned today"

In a public market, Manila, Philippine Islands

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BELL SYSTEM OVERSEAS TELEPHONE SERVICE

A REPORTER AT LARGE

I AM ALIVE AND WELL

EACH time Hitler makes another conquest, a certain number of people in New York lose touch with relatives and friends abroad and begin to get uneasy. In the past year several thousand of them have gone to the New York headquarters of the American Red Cross, at 315 Lexington Avenue, and asked for help. To handle these cases, the Red Cross has set up a new department, the Foreign Inquiry Service, which has been operated with considerable success and remarkably little fanfare. When the Inquiry Service was started, a call for volunteer interpreters was sent out, and all sorts of interesting individuals turned up in response, among them a Balkan princess, a Polish countess, an English peer, and a German baron who hasn't any use for the Nazis. Besides these, wealthy refugees, soldiers of fortune, international glamour girls, and language students have volunteered. Altogether, the Inquiry Service now has about four hundred interpreters on call. They work without pay.

I went down to visit Red Cross headquarters on a rainy Monday morning recently and found a crowd of damp, anxious men and women standing in the lobby, waiting their turn to go up to a room on the second floor, where the Inquiry Service is conducted. Three Red Cross women wearing white uniforms and yellow coifs were sitting at desks and taking the names of inquirers. One of the women introduced me to the person in charge of the Service, Mrs. Don W. Steele, a volunteer with a determined eye and the stance of a West Pointer. "See these people?" Mrs. Steele said. "They're nearly all asking about relatives in France. It's France that's bringing them in now." She led the way upstairs and into an enormous room with a high ceiling. Inside were a number of long tables, benches, and file cases. Thirty or thirty-five men and women sat around on the benches waiting to make inquiries. Four women and two men interpreters were conducting interviews at the tables. The majority of the inquirers were dressed in work clothes—the men in overalls and denim shirts, the women in plain cotton dresses. Almost everyone carried a raincoat and a good many had umbrellas, which dripped water into little puddles on the floor. I noticed one German-looking man who had three parallel scars on his left cheek, and I asked him if he had got them duelling at Heidelberg. He said yes. His father had been a professor there. Neither father nor son had been convinced that Hitler was a good thing for Germany, so they had come to America. A relative was living in France, which was why he was using the Inquiry Service.

Mrs. Steele turned me over to Mr. Walter Sinclair, who is in charge of Red Cross publicity in New York. Mr. Sinclair told me everything I wanted to know about the Foreign Inquiry Service. It was started on September 18th, 1939. Since then about ten thousand persons have come in to ask for help in finding nearly twenty-eight thousand European relatives and friends. Reports have come back on about eight thousand of these. The Germans were pretty nice about everything at first, allowing accurate, detailed, and even horrible accounts of what had happened to missing persons to be relayed to New York. Lately they have grown testy and have begun to distill the information into a few fundamentals, and these not always accurate, the Red Cross suspects. The Russians have steadfastly refused to play ball—no messages into or out of the countries they have saved, and to hell with the Red Cross. The majority of the inquiries have been about Poland; in quantity, Holland, France, Belgium, Norway, Finland, Luxemburg, England, and Denmark follow, in that order. There have also been a few inquiries about people in Africa, Italy, Malta, Bermuda, Palestine, Scotland, and Egypt. One man appeared the other day and optimistically sent out a feeler for six Jewish friends in Germany.

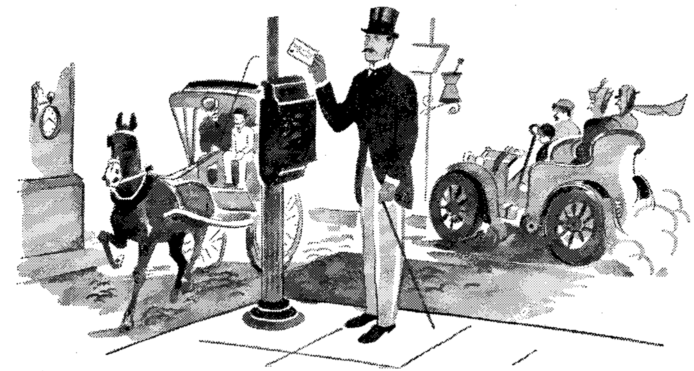
Recently a system of having the inquirer write a personal note to the missing person was adopted. The note is

sent air-mail, together with an account of the case, to the International Red Cross office in Geneva, via Lisbon. It is then forwarded to the Red Cross organization of whichever country is involved. If the missing person is found, he writes a response on the back of the inquirer's note (in order to prevent the query and answer from getting separated), and it is returned to the New York headquarters. The response returns by the same route the query travelled going over—to Geneva and then by plane to Lisbon and New York. Occasionally an answer comes back within two or three weeks, but usually it takes six or seven weeks. If the missing person can't be found in two months or so, the International office simply reports that the search will be continued. Very seldom does the Inquiry Service get a report of anybody's death or imprisonment. There is no way of telling how many of the unlocated persons are dead or imprisoned.

Mr. Sinclair told me that he is used to human suffering but that some of the early reports from Poland were too much even for him. A typical Red Cross field-worker's report runs about like this: "In regard to the case of Stanislaus Krasinski and family—wish to state that the Germans visited Lodz week ago Tuesday and visited the Krasinski home. They beat up the women, shot the boys, burned down the house, stole the silverware, and dug up the potatoes in the garden. Mr. and Mrs. Krasinski still missing." He added that the Red Cross directors now won't let anyone outside the organization dig into the file of early reports from Poland, but he thinks a study of them would prove that the Germans have broken all atrocity records. The reports, I gathered, indicate that Nazi officers encouraged murder, arson, rape, mayhem, theft, and other military recreations, and presumably toyed with the idea of a complete purge of the Poles. The tone of the reports has changed a good deal since the Germans learned that people in the United States are not in favor of the sort of treatment the Krasinskis received.

Mr. Sinclair showed me three letters that had just come in from Poland. The translation of one, originally written in a wobbly Polish scrawl, read, "Dearest Rei, I am well, thank God. I am at Saly's. Leon is not at home. I hope to hear good news from you. Your mother." Another letter read, "Tadzio, a prisoner, greets you. It is sad here and difficult, but we will manage some-

This is what Father would have done—



Being a provident gentleman, he would have mailed his order for seats for the comedy hit of the decade well in advance, to insure good locations. ***(Can you imagine Father standing in line at a boxoffice?)***

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how." Another said, "We are all in Rzeszów except Bronia and Regina, the two sisters with families, who are in Lemberg. We are all well, mother not particularly. Schaje." The Red Cross people believe the writer was hinting that his mother was critically ill. Many of the letters are worded, the interpreters say, in such a way as to convey a feeling of despair, which, under the German restrictions, cannot be made explicit. Such undramatic statements as "Leon is not at home" may have a poignant meaning for a Polish inquirer in New York. The three letters he had shown me, Mr. Sinclair said, were more explicit than the average, which reads something like "I am alive and well. The entire family is doing as well as can be expected in wartime."

OF the four hundred interpreters the Red Cross has on call, only about two hundred have been used so far. The usual number actually on the job is about fifteen. The staff is increased each time a new country is invaded. The fresh waves of people who come in are in various states of anguish or bitterness. The Poles have been the most grief-stricken. They seem to feel that the Germans are bent on a complete destruction of Poland and its inhabitants. The Inquiry Service room was crowded with weeping men and women for weeks after the first German thrust into Poland. The people who come in now are calmer, seemingly resigned to tragedy. The Dutch were probably the most outraged. They apparently could not grasp the idea that Holland, which had managed to keep out of Europe's wars for so many years, would ever be invaded. One man, whose family lived in Rotterdam, stood in the middle of the room with tears streaming down his face and shouted, "I want to give my money and my blood! My money and my blood!" He got so hysterical that a squad of men had to carry him upstairs for emergency treatment. "We're ready for anything here," Mr. Sinclair said.

The interpreters work in shifts. While I was there, new ones kept turning up and without any fuss took the places of those who, Mr. Sinclair said, had been working for two and three hours. One woman was replaced by a short, black-haired man in tweeds. Mr. Sinclair identified him as Sir Robert Mayer, an Englishman who was in this country on a holiday when the war broke out and has stayed on. He has worked for the Inquiry Service about six months. At another table was Countess Zoltowska of Poland, who, I was told, is one of the most faithful volunteers.

I WANDERED around the room and talked to some of the interpreters. One young woman told me she was having a wonderful time at her work; it made her feel useful. "I'm pure American," she said, "but I went to a lot of schools in Europe when I was younger—Switzerland, Monte Carlo, France, everywhere." A minute later she added that she had neglected to include a Japanese settlement school in California which she had attended long enough to pick up the language. I asked her if any Japanese people had come in looking for information, and she said, "Not yet, darn the luck." Another young woman was sorting cards in a green file case. After first forming the sentence silently with her lips, she said, "I am Turkish-born and in Holland live." She told me she was embarrassed to have to grope for words in speaking English. She was in New York when Germany invaded the Netherlands. Now she spends most of her time at the Red Cross building. She hesitates to say what she thinks of the Germans, and particularly of "the small man with the droll mustache."

A tall, grim man with gray hair walked into the room, nodded to the workers, and sat down at a vacant table. I asked one of the women interpreters who he was. "That gentleman is a German baron," she said proudly. "We did have a Balkan princess, but she disappeared. Just disappeared into thin air." The Baron, I learned, had been an ambassador to one of the South American countries in the last days of the German Republic and had had an efficient and summary method of dealing with the upstart Nazis. Whenever a Nazi started poking around his office, the Baron just had an attaché throw him out. This finally got on Hitler's nerves, and the Baron decided in 1936 to come to America. I went over to watch him conduct an interview. A young man was just taking a seat across the table from him. The Baron looked at him and said, "So, who is it you wish to find?"

"My mother," the young man said, speaking with a slight accent. He was thin and looked worried. "I have not heard from her it is now some time."

The Baron wrote these facts down on a piece of paper. "Where does your mother live, young man?" he asked in a kind tone.

"In Nancy, in France."

"And where was she born?"

"In Shousha," the young man said.

"Aha!" cried the Baron. "I *thought* you were an Armenian." The young man nodded glumly. "Now," continued the Baron, "would you like to write her a little note, of about twenty-five words? There must be no mention of money. A message of a general topic."

The young man took a pen and a blank form with "International Committee of the Red Cross Central Agency for Prisoners of War" printed in French across the top and wrote slowly: "*Chère Maman: Espère vous êtes bien, aussi Vania Grisha. Ecrivez moi aussitôt. Je vous enverrai aide aussitôt que je sauri ton address—tout bien ici. Armen.*" The composition of the note took him several minutes; he printed all the words except "Vania Grisha" and his signature. When he had finished, he handed it to the Baron with an apologetic look, saying, "I have not much education in writing."

The Baron read the note. "Well enough," he said. "This will go by Clipper aircraft to the Red Cross workers in Europe. They will try to find your mother." The young Armenian stood up.

"I am altogether grateful for your kindness," he said. The Baron smiled and nodded his head.

I went over to a table at which two women interpreters were working. No inquirer was at the table at the moment, and I took advantage of the lull to introduce myself. They told me their names were Mrs. Haas and Mrs. Winter. Mrs. Steele came up with two girls who were wearing whipcord raincoats and blue berets. "Will you ladies take care of these girls?" she said. "They're worried about their mother, who lives in France." The girls nodded their heads vigorously, then sat down across the table from Mrs. Haas and Mrs. Winter.

"Your name?" Mrs. Haas said.

"Liner," said one of the girls.

"Nationality?"

"Czecho-Slovakian."

"Ah, that is difficult," observed Mrs.

Winter. "Your mother is a refugee to France from Czecho-Slovakia?"

The girl nodded, then started a laborious speech in English.

"Do you speak German?" asked Mrs. Haas.

"Oh, yes," the girl said, "also French—most good French."

"So," said Mrs. Winter, "let's all speak French." She asked them where their mother had last lived.

"Somewhere on the Rue de l'Echaudé in Paris."

"You understand," said Mrs. Winter, "that for a Czecho-Slovakian to be now in France is worse than being in Czecho-Slovakia. Already today there was a young man whose sister had fled Germany as a refugee to France. We refused to inquire for her, as it would have pointed her out to the Germans."

The girls looked frightened. They whispered together. Finally one of them said, "We would rather know where Mamma is, if you will be so kind. It would be better. We could try to help her in some way. It would help her to know we are trying."

Mrs. Haas and Mrs. Winter had them write a note. Then the girls, taking off their berets, bowed and left. "It is probable that locating the mother would get her into trouble," Mrs. Winter said to me. "It is difficult to know what to do." She looked undecided and so did Mrs. Haas.

While they were trying to make up their minds about what course to follow, Mrs. Steele came back to the table. She was carrying a letter and a snapshot. The snapshot was of a grinning young man who was leaning against a picket fence. He wore a cap, and around his waist was strapped a large, old-fashioned revolver. A cow stood beside him. "What kind of language do you make this out to be?" Mrs. Steele asked, handing the letter to Mrs. Winter. Mrs. Winter looked it over carefully. "It could be Jewish, Hindustani, Arabic, or Hungarian," she said. "It will take a lot of work." The envelope bore the postmark of a small town in upper New York State, and was obviously, Mrs. Winter decided, an inquiry about the fate of the young man. "Judging from the size of the revolver," Mrs. Steele said, "I would imagine that he put up a good fight."

IT *was raining quite hard when I left.* A thin youth was standing in the doorway trying to make up his mind whether or not to venture out. He wore a worn blue serge suit and his jacket

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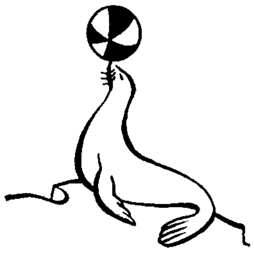

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We predict they'll pay that pleasant tribute to the taste of your drinks . . . to *your* taste as a host . . . if you're thoughtful enough to serve Carstairs White Seal. *It's the Perfectly Balanced Blended Whiskey* made expressly for "The Man who Cares". Carstairs has been a name of character since 1788.

THE MAN WHO CARES SAYS: CARSTAIRS

Blended whiskey 86.8 Proof, 72% Grain Neutral Spirits.
Copr., 1940, Carstairs Bros. Distilling Co., Inc., N. Y. C.

MADAME RUBINSTEIN'S
Quick Reconditioning Treatment
for a faded "after-summer" skin

People will tell you how "well" you look after a summer in the sun. You do! But nine times out of ten you have a "sea-captain's skin"! It's a muddy color and there are ugly wrinkles around your eyes and lines across your forehead. For this dilemma Helena Rubinstein proposes a quick Reconditioning Treatment. You can see the results almost immediately!

Every Night Cleanse your Skin with "Pasteurized" Bleaching Cream. It clears, softens and lightens a muddy after-summer tan, 1.00. Then smooth in a little Town and Country Skin Tissue Cream (formerly Youthifying Tissue Cream) to discourage crow's feet and sun squint lines, while you sleep. 1.00, 1.75, 3.00

In the Morning Use Skin Clearing Cream—Madame Rubinstein's famous cream to transform weather-beaten sallow skins...an "exerciser." Keep it on while you bathe. 1.00, 2.25

Give Yourself a Beauty Treatment All Day with Make-up! Town and Country Make-up Film gives skin a lovely, clear luminosity. Holds powder all day. Safeguards skin moisture, 1.00, 1.50. Powder with Helena Rubinstein's finely-milled face powder. Obscures little lines and blemishes. Gives skin a young, smooth, soft look. 1.00 to 3.50

helena rubinstein

715 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

AT ALL SMART STORES • SALONS IN: BOSTON • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • TORONTO • LONDON • PARIS • SYDNEY

collar was turned up. I asked him which way he was going. "Uptown," he said, "and over toward the East River." I asked him if he would care to walk along under my umbrella for a few blocks. He said he would. "I like to walk in the rain myself when I'm dressed for it," he said, as we started out, "but I didn't bring my raincoat today."

I asked if he had been inquiring about someone in Europe.

"Yeah," he said. "I've been down there a good deal. I just wanted to know if they'd heard. I don't think they'll hear anything now. It's been too long."

"One of your family?" I asked.

"The whole family," he said, "and then some. You see, I been over in this country for five years. Right here in New York. I didn't get any farther. I've made a study of this place. I know the customs and I know the language—slang and all like that. Well, five years ago, when I left home—that's Poland—I had a girl named Marie. We were going to get married, and I'd just as soon have got married right there at home, but no, she wanted to go to America. Crazy to go to America, always had been. She wanted me to go first and send for her after I had a good job. So the long and short of that was I pack up and go to America. Well, I didn't do so bad when you stop and consider. I got a good job in a shoe factory, and I worked hard, and I got laid off, and I got back on, and I saved up enough to send for Marie and Mamma and my two kid brothers. And now what the hell happens?" He stopped and rubbed his nose for a minute. "Well, I don't know," he said. "Maybe I will hear at that. After all, it's only been six months."

—ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

•

Duquesne *to go through the season* undefeated and win the Pittsburgh city annnoteshrdlucm fypanwdETAOIN andc mfwypandc mfwypashrdluand and andaa championship and coyly contemplate a Bowl trip on New Year's Day.—*Los Angeles Examiner.*

Fordham, you stay out of this, please.

•

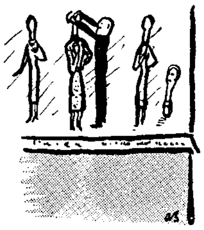
WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Letter from the Doubleday One Dollar Book Club*]

I should add, however, that the increased popularity and membership of the Club, since you have become inactive in it, make it possible for us to offer members today book bargains that are simply revolutionary.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



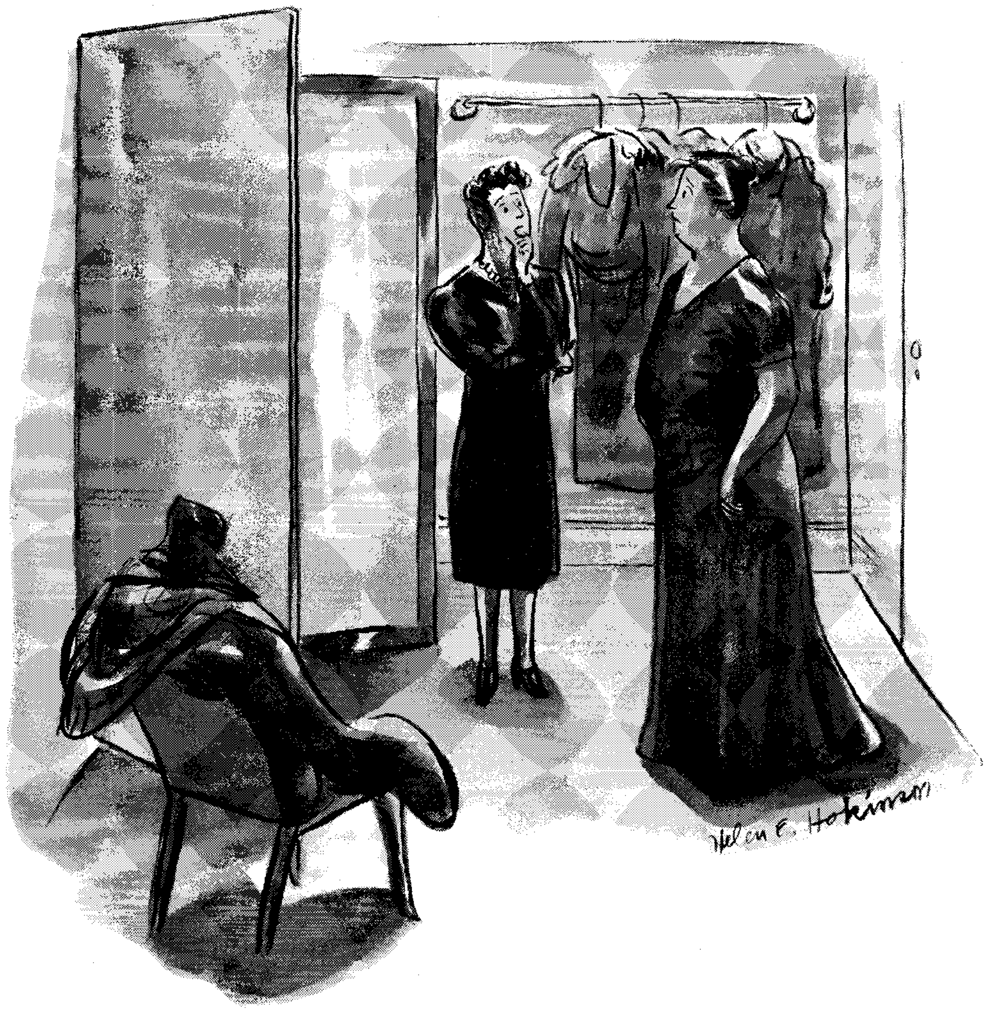
THOUSANDS of breathless words have been written by sportswriters and dramatic critics on the subject of before-the-battle jitters. There have been prose poems dealing with the tautness of a Dempsey as he entered the ring, epics on the pitiable nervous state of a Joan Crawford confronted by her very first microphone. While experts in other fields have been continually geared to record a state of uncertainty in moments of crisis, fashion writers in the past have had only to think up synonyms for words like "elegant" and "suave." Thus the present situation catches them woefully unprepared. What we need is an Edna Ferber to put into deathless prose the stark terror of the designers in our best houses as they headed into their first all-American collections, absolutely on their own for the first time.

Mind you, such people as Sophie Gimbel at Saks and Peggy Morris at Bergdorf and Fira Benenson at Bonwit Teller have, in semi-obscurity, been making beautiful clothes for years and years now. Customers have found their products as good as, and often better than, the more publicized (and more copied) Paris products. But although these ladies, to coin a phrase, know their stuff, the sudden spotlight had even them groping and blinking for a while.

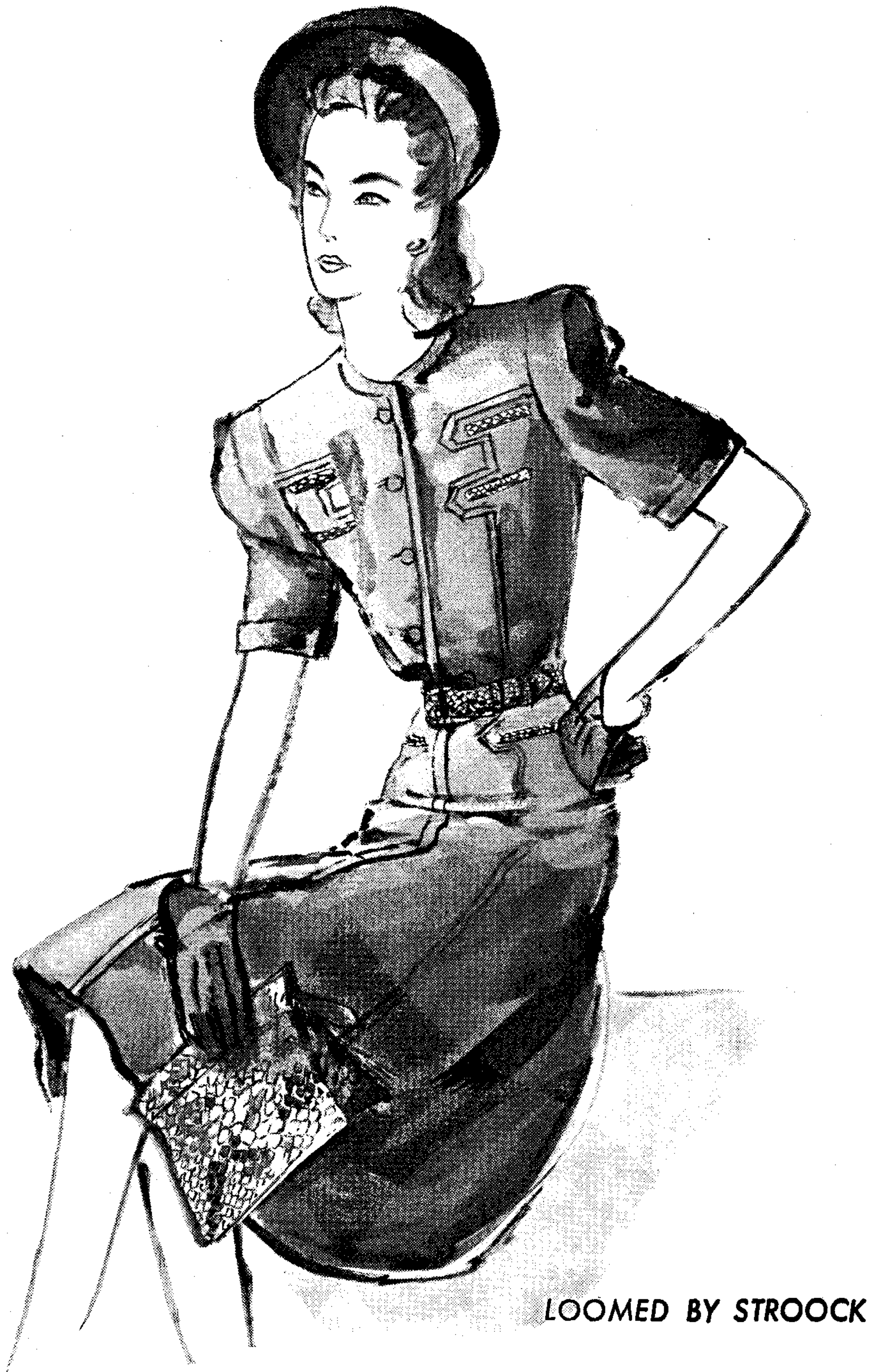
Fira Benenson was tremulous because she feared that the mass-production methods of the United States, where a button manufacturer asks how many gross you will order before he will cut a die, had long ago delivered the death blow to the small artisan. She was sure that only in Paris could one find the conscientious little specialists who would be interested in making up a mere dozen belts in an exclusive design—the kind of touch you need to produce simple, well-cut dresses that are met with gasps of delighted surprise. Nevertheless, though the soul of the artist may be crushed, it apparently insists on rising again, for somewhere she found people to make up for her—and not in carload lots, either—some of the loveliest gold-metal buttons and belt buckles, for instance, that you have ever seen. Heraldic designs in high relief on flat surfaces, or carved out of hunks of the metal, appear on the smooth dresses and suits which she cuts with such tender concern for the figure. Fillips like these, however, merely supply the punctuation for Bonwit Teller's collection, which is as subtly and beautifully designed a one as you could see anywhere in any season.

Clothes here are for ladies who are wont to forget all about a dress once they have it on. Benenson has used a lot of heavyish wool jersey for suits and dresses and for an entire group of dinner suits. One of this group is in a bright green-blue shade that hasn't been seen among the upper classes for years and is typical of the kind of thing she likes to do. The dress is held close to the figure by a zipper down the back; it has the wide, deep, square neck and small sleeves which suggest wide shoulder straps and appear everywhere in her day and evening clothes. There is, too, a simple jacket, with narrow rolled lapels, nipped in with two gold hunk buttons and coin dots of gold embroidery down its sides. Lots of this sort of decoration is to be seen on dinner dresses here, both of crêpe and of wool, but Benenson is equally happy playing with less obvious bits of detail. She uses twisted inserts of self-material down the front of another dinner dress, made of that natural-color jersey from which Chanel created what was practically a uniform for American womanhood after the last war, and applies the same treatment to the pockets of the accompanying jacket. Slender and tailored, these dinner clothes are comfortable and look perfect on almost any occasion.

Silk damasks with shiny patterns are used for many of the afternoon dresses. A simple dress with pleats at the front of both the skirt and the peplum in the jacket is made of black damask, which looks exactly like broadtail. Gloves that have enormous monkey cuffs which seem to be part of the suit go with this (Benenson loves plain necklines and great hunks of fur at the wrists to match a swirl of it on your hat), and they are wonderful. Great lynx cuffs appear on another dress



"I tell you what you could do. You could load yourself down with costume jewelry."



Tailored for Fall and for Furs with Smart Snakeskin Detail

A dress to wear with your sports furs or gala mink—in beautiful tones of butternut beige or gray-blue. A lovely new woolen of cashmere-like softness—accented to epigrammatic smartness with pockets piped in snakeskin to match the belt. Wearable, slim and distinctive—typical of Peck and Peck's way with these wondrous Stroock woolens. $29.95; Hat, $7.50; Bag, $10.50.

Peck & Peck

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CLEVELAND • HARTFORD • MILWAUKEE • MINNEAPOLIS • PHILADELPHIA • ST. LOUIS

and jacket made of a heavy brocaded fabric, and both are stark plain around the shoulders save for bands of shirred self-material. Still another dull brocaded fabric makes a dinner suit with a longish, tailored jacket that has a ruffled edge along its V neckline. The dress, slim and easy on the figure, as all the Benenson ones are, has wolf's-head buttons, a deep V back, and her beloved square neckline with wide shoulder straps.

Other items of interest include heavy fabrics with cut-out work like that on paper doilies. A simple black velvet evening dress has this treatment around its deep décolletage and at the hemline; another has a cut-out band running around the hips and making the similarly cut-out jacket look longer. The same sort of detail appears to advantage in a tubular dinner dress of brown broadcloth, not only outlining its square neck but giving the effect of a tunic above the knees in front. You can count, as always, on the Salon de Couture at Bonwit Teller for perfect lace evening dresses, varied just enough by such fanciful dabs of trimming. A simple navy lace dress, for instance, has blue velvet half-moons applied on its skirt, and long, narrow apron panels on the front and back of a blue crêpe evening dress are emphasized by a tiny band of bright embroidery.

Then, of course, there are the suits. Little jackets to be worn over round-necked, skimpy dresses have pinched waistlines and are adorned with those heraldic buttons and discreet belt buckles that will be famous before you read this. Some dresses have a bit of fur folded inside the V of their jackets, to make a scarf; others have wide lapels and cuffs of flying squirrel or some such fur; still other, and plainer, ones cry out for Bonwit's great, fur-cuffed gloves and small fur hats, which all look new indeed. Wool jersey appears among these clothes, too; in taupe, it makes a dress and jacket adorned simply with up-and-down stitching on the pockets and down the sides. The mannequin wears it with the sleeves casually pushed up like a washwoman's—something you'll see often around here, and very well it looks. That natural jersey makes a town-and-country dress with brown buttons and a belt—a rarity, this, for it would look as right at the Colony Restaurant as it would at a football game.

THE designers at Bergdorf Goodman, among others, have put in considerable time looking through the back files for ideas, with the result that, in addition to the wearable and habit-forming clothes for which this shop is famous, you'll see many period dresses, eager in a timid way to feel out the public. For one thing, they are carrying on brilliantly with the Maxim's type of dinner dress that was introduced last year. Theirs are usually black, with slim skirts slashed to the knee either in front or at the sides and absolutely made for a dashing hat with aigrettes. I love this sort of thing. My favorite here is of a black silk-serge stuff cut in a narrow V literally to the waist in front (long strings of pearls recommended). The shoulders are narrow and sloping; a butterfly drapery on the stomach juts out on the hips in a peg-top effect. Another, a slinky black silk-jersey affair slit at one side, has an oval neck adorned with jet penny-sized sequins which tinkle faintly. Jet pennies—Bergdorf is using these all over the place—are also bunched around the oval neckline of an evening dress with a black velvet top, short sleeves, and a skirt of pale-blue slipper satin that is quite wide at the hem but sleek at the hips and is vastly more becoming than the hippy, full skirts of recent seasons. In fact, the bell silhouette, faintly Minoan in influence, appears constantly. The back files are also responsible for an ingénue evening dress that has a high and wide black-velvet top and descends in a deep apron over a full skirt of black faille, embroidered with jet beads and applied black velvet flowers and leaves. There is a medieval influence in dresses of pale-gold or silver lamé with wide, stitched belts, and in one of gold gauze with a deep, square neckline and fine pleats that are pressed down as far as the hips and then released. Lots of gold here, lots of embroidery, and lots of pleats; plenty of variety and plenty of originality, too. There are, naturally, some horrors (though I maintain that no one on earth could top Lanvin and Vionnet when they went sour). As was always the case in Paris, the customer will dispose, so next season some of the tentative experiments will return in more assured form and others will be given up completely.

The designers can drop those jitters now, like good girls and boys. They should be very proud of themselves.

—L. L.

•

SMART WEDDINGS INTERRUPT
SUMMER GAIETIES
—*Headline in the Philadelphia Inquirer.*

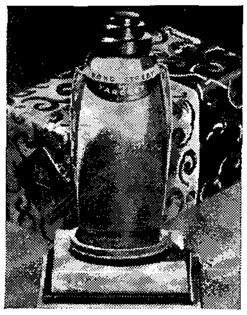
Don't they just!

Have you ever wondered why "English Complexions" are so beautiful . . . so fresh?

Bright Young Things adore Yardley's mist-blown "English Complexion" Powder for its lovely *natural* look. And because it is exceptionally light in texture, so delicate and flawless in composition, and so subtly fragrant with "Bond Street" perfume.

Available in eight lovely shades, including Deep Peach and English Peach.

At YARDLEY, 620 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all good drug and department stores. $1.10



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"BOND STREET," *perfume of brilliant sophisticates, is available in sealed packages at $2.50, $4.50, $8.50, and $13.50 in finer shops.*

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to keep you dry while it keeps you in style

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THE COACHER: In famous Alligator Galecloth at **$18.50.** In suede-like Samthur Special Finish cloth at **$14.75.** The Waterproof University Coacher at **$7.50.**

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THE RACE TRACK

Dullish Aqueduct—A Night at the Trots

RACING at Aqueduct always seems tame after Saratoga. Last week, except on the opening day and on Saturday, it was duller than usual. Many of the important horses were resting up from their high goings-on at the Spa, which left Aqueduct mostly with selling platers who might have wandered in from the county fairs. Favorites were so vague about the location of the winning post that only fourteen out of forty-two got there first. While I'm in a complaining mood, I'll add that parades to the post should go slower when passing the grandstand. I wouldn't check them to the interminable crawl which some tracks insist on, to allow more time for betting, but I do think they might be at something less than a half-speed gallop. Before betting, people like to see animals they're interested in trot a bit. Not that anyone can tell much more about a beast's chances after such a glimpse, but old horseplayers are fussy about such things.

I GIVE you War Dog and Roman Flag as the most up-and-coming horses of the week. I don't suppose there's been a more unlucky colt than War Dog since the days when Only One was reminding people of the old line about always being a bridesmaid but never a bride. In the Aqueduct Handicap, War Dog, for once, managed to lead all the way. Roman Flag was second, but I liked his performance better, for he hadn't run in a month and still gave War Dog a year, as well as a pound in the handicap weights. Which is worth remembering next time Roman Flag starts. In the Bay Shore Handicap, Roman (not to be confused with Roman Flag) led bravely until he was caught, and then gave up quickly to Jacomar and to Pictor, who is out again to add interest to the various sweepstakes for three-year-olds.

SOME time ago, I remarked that Level Best was the leading two-year-old filly. She proved me right, I think, by winning the Old Colony Stakes at Narragansett Park from a big field that included Swain, King Cole, the previously unbeaten Magic Stream, and something named Little Beans, who, it seems, had finished first five times, although on one of those occasions he had been disqualified. A wandering observer who saw the Old Colony Stakes said it wasn't a race for anything but second money, as Level Best simply galloped along lengths ahead of the others.

Those who remembered that King Cole was second at Narragansett profited last weekend at Aqueduct, where he easily won the Babylon Handicap. Joe Widener's filly, Misty Isle, who is rated as the best of her age and sex in the Middle West, was second. She's a pretty filly, but I don't think she'd have much chance with Level Best. I'm afraid I'm weakening in my enthusiasm for Seven Hills. He doesn't settle to racing quickly, and when he does get under way his action isn't the smoothest you ever saw. Also, he toes in, which isn't a good thing, and his legs aren't quite sound. Maybe I can think of something else the matter with him by the next time he runs.

A BELATED word or two about Saratoga. There never was such a small field for the Hopeful, but if there had been fifteen instead of four runners, I'm sure Whirlaway would have won just the same. Well, Whirlaway and Attention are eligible for the New England Futurity at Narragansett Park this weekend, but New World isn't. All three are eligible for the Junior Champion at Aqueduct a week from this Saturday, and are certain to meet in The Futurity at Belmont Park.

It's really too bad that Challedon's tummy ache kept him out of the Saratoga Cup. I believe he would have beaten Isolater, who isn't a real Cup horse in my book, but I'm not so sure he could have beaten Fenelon, Isolater's stablemate and the only other horse in the event. The Cup was no race, since two stablemates were running together, but that couldn't be helped, and it wasn't sporting of the crowd to boo Isolater and Fenelon when they galloped past the stand. It took the stewards forever to study and interpret the rules about the division of the purse in a walkover of this kind. Someone has suggested that "Rules of Racing" should be required reading for officials.

HAVING missed the Hambletonian for the first time in years, I popped down to Westbury to see some of the night trotting. Robert Johnson and his associates in the Old Country Trotting Association have done a lot to Roosevelt Raceway; Nuvolari, the Italian auto racer who won the Vanderbilt Cup there four years ago, wouldn't know the place. It's fascinating—if, beg pardon, rather nightmarish—to watch the horses going around the oval under the floodlights. I liked things even better in the paddock, where there is a horseshoe-shaped barn, the best I ever saw. Horseplayers have all the comforts of home: they can bet in the tote, the programs give a full list of past performances, there is a starting barrier (invented by Dunbar Bostwick, one of Pete's older brothers) which gets the fields away about as well as a stall gate does, there is a photo-finish camera, and Clem McCarthy describes each of the eight races over a public-address system. The men and women who buy the tote tickets aren't going crazy over it, though. After all, it's one thing to bet on a horse, and quite another to bet on a horse and wagon. Last week only $232,516 was wagered on forty-eight races. I'm told that the pari-mutuel handle must average $40,000 a night if the association is to break even; it averaged around $38,000 the first week. Win, lose, or draw, I don't believe that night trotting will be the success that night dog racing is.

Trotting is fun, and the aficionados take it very seriously. Ebby Gerry, chairman of the New York State Harness Racing Commission, drives his own horses in some of the Westbury races. Can you imagine Herbert Swope riding a horse trained by Maxie Hirsch and coming down the stretch neck and neck with Meade and Arcaro?

—Audax Minor

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Marriage intentions on file in the City Clerk's office include those of William A. Butt, 259 Taft Avenue, and Madlyn Nadeau, Minott Corner; John C. Dow and Kathyrn Goshen, both of 22 Cushman Street; Boyce R. Yaeger, soldier, and Edith L. Hight, 59 Cumberland Avenue; and Eugene R. Tyler, 78 Pickett Street, South Portland, and Edith L. Hight, 59 Cumberland Avenue.—*Portland (Me.) Express.*

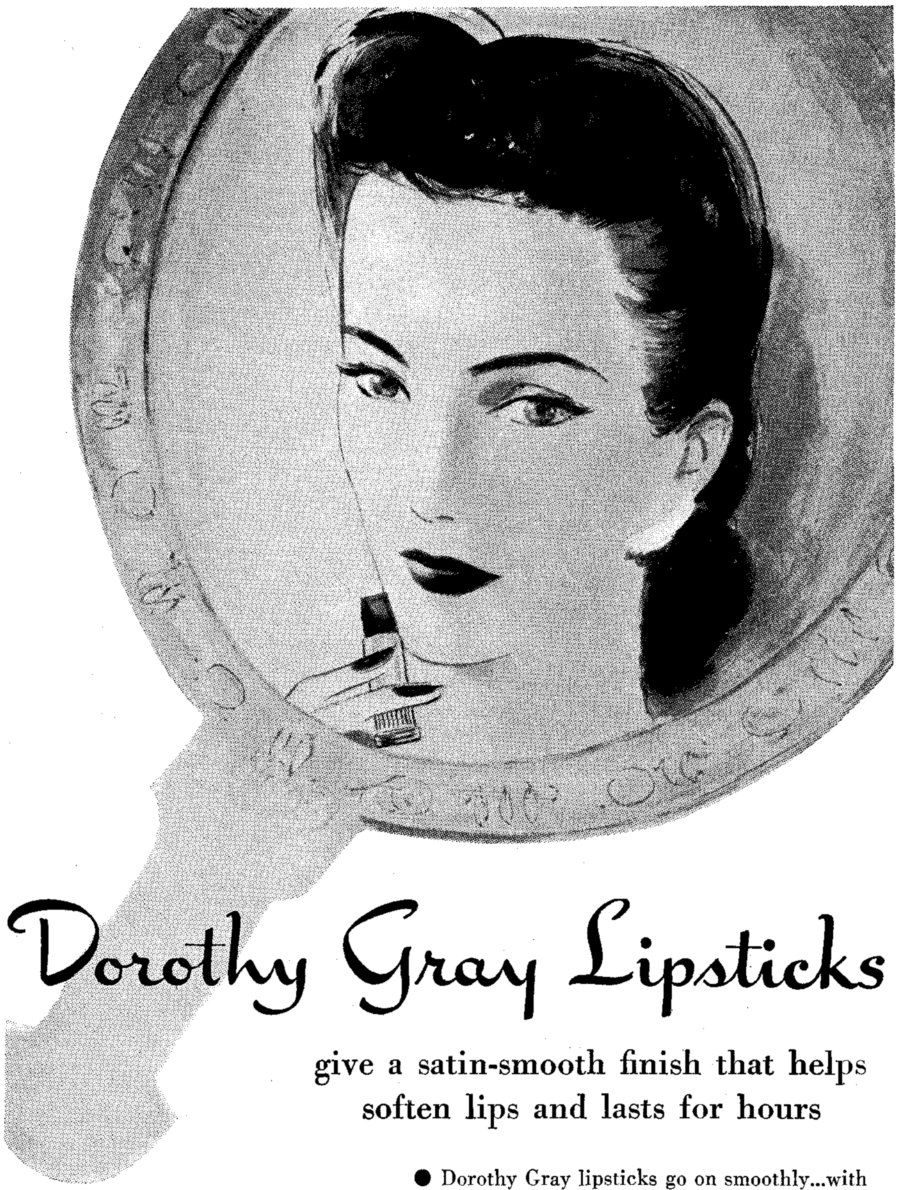
Just in case of war, eh, Edith?

•

Faneuil Hall prices remain steady and the quality, as befits summer weather, is exceptionally good.

Suffice to say, Faneuil Hall prices remain steady and the quality, as befits summer weather, is exceptionally good.—*Boston Transcript.*

Suffices *us*, all right.



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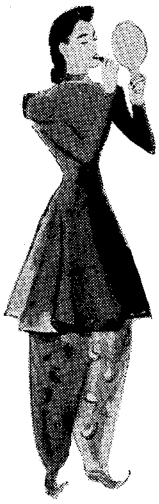
● Dorothy Gray lipsticks go on smoothly...with a soft gleam. They do not dry or crack your lips. So smooth, they coax rough, thin, pinched lips to look luscious for hours at a time! In 12 shades...indelible as can be...keyed to skin-tones and latest fashions! Lipstick, $1.

Personality Styling—unusual new course at the Dorothy Gray Salon...683 Fifth Avenue...to help give you radiant skin...trim proportions...correct posture...diet for beauty...modulated voice...flattering make-up...grace in walking...social dancing...good clothes sense...pride in your *self.* Ask about it! Daytime and evening courses.



Favorite deep, rich reds: *Siren, South American Red,* the new *Ripe Cherries* and *Firelight Red.*

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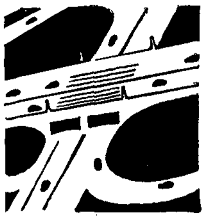
DOROTHY GRAY

American design of Beauty

MOTORS AND MOTORING

Fast Drives and Slow

EVERY now and then some automobile designer pops up with a remark to the effect that it wouldn't be any trouble at all to make ordinary passenger cars capable of running along smoothly at, say, a hundred and twenty miles an hour. The only reason such cars aren't already on the market, we're told, is that there are no roads on which sensible people would feel safe driving that fast. Although I'm not sure how many sensible people will ever feel safe driving that fast, there's little doubt that the completion last month of the Pittsburgh-Harrisburg Turnpike across Pennsylvania has brought the day a lot nearer when the designers will be called on to show us what they can do. This hundred-and-sixty mile stretch of divided highway, with two lanes in each direction, is the longest thing of its kind in the country and, if everything works out all right, will someday be part of a transcontinental speedway over which a tireless driver might conceivably reach the Coast in twenty-four hours or less. I don't know how the new Turnpike compares with Hitler's much-advertised *Autobahnen*, but it certainly makes Connecticut's pride, the Merritt Parkway, seem like a rambling country road and our own Hutchinson River Parkway an antique.



The Turnpike, according to present plans, will be opened to the public before the month is out, and may have been already by the time you read this. I drove over it the other day and found no reason any driver with a fairly up-to-date car and a taste for speed shouldn't be able to average seventy-five miles an hour, or better, over the entire run. Seventy-five is what the Turnpike Commission casually refers to as a "safe and economical average," but it doesn't intend to be stuffy about the matter, and if you want to go faster, that's up to you. Unless the officials change their minds later on, there's to be no speed limit at all. There are no stop lights, no "Go Slow" signs, no crossings that aren't either under- or overpasses, no curves that can't be taken at ninety, no steep hills—not a thing to slow you down once in the whole hundred and sixty miles. To get an idea of what this means, consider the fact that on Route 30, one of the two alternate main thoroughfares between Pittsburgh and Harrisburg, there are four hundred and forty-seven curves and over nine hundred railroad crossings, street intersections, and stop lights.

The most spectacular thing about the Turnpike is the way it dives into mountains. The Turnpike people were lucky to get hold of half a dozen fifty-year-old tunnels through the Alleghenies which were originally drilled for railroad purposes but were never used. These tunnels, running a total of seven miles, and a number of open cuts, have all but done away with hills. Nowhere on the entire run is there anything steeper than a three-per-cent grade—not much worse than the tilt of Fifth Avenue through the Thirties. Curves are wide, easy, and beautifully banked, and at intermediate points where cars enter or leave the highway there are additional strips of concrete nearly a quarter of a mile long for speeding up and slowing down out of the way of through traffic. Even those who may think it brash of the authorities not to impose any speed limit will have to give them credit for having done everything possible to make this road as safe as any road can be. Guard rails, only hub-cap-high so that they will deflect the wheels of a swerving car back onto the road without ripping its body, protect every curve and embankment, and clusters of reflector buttons sprout at frequent intervals to indicate the way at night. The concrete pavement has been treated to reduce glare and the danger of skidding to a new low. It's nice to be able to report, too, that everything about the Turnpike shows the good taste of a Moses: the bridges are uniformly graceful, and the filling stations, as well as the restaurant at the halfway point, are done in the native gray stone of the old Pennsylvania farmhouse.

So, if you want to see how fast your car can go, or simply want to get to Pittsburgh, the Turnpike's the thing. There is, of course, a toll. The booths are not built squarely across the right of way, as is the custom hereabouts, but across the feeder lanes, and you pay in proportion to the distance you travel. Upon entering the Turnpike, you are given a ticket showing at what point you came on, and this determines the toll you pay when you leave. A dollar and a half for the full trip, one way, is the present plan.

ANOTHER new thoroughfare, much nearer home and of an entirely different type, is the Belt Parkway, which almost (but decidedly not quite) circles Brooklyn and Queens. I drove over this the other afternoon and found it well worth the attention of an adventurous motorist with a couple of hours on his hands. The hitch is that no matter from which direction you approach it, you'll sooner or later find yourself bogged down in five miles of Brooklyn traffic, for the Parkway isn't completed between downtown Brooklyn and out near the Narrows. It won't be, either, until the Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel is completed, and that may be years from now. Well, if you can put up with poking across Canal Street and the Manhattan Bridge to Brooklyn and then out Flatbush and Fourth Avenues to a place called Owls Head Park, you'll find yourself at the beginning of thirty-five miles of a very superior scenic drive (two lanes each way, with a barrier in the middle, and no traffic lights or crossroads), interrupted only by a short unfinished stretch at Sheepshead Bay. Once over this, you'll come upon vistas of ocean and a wild coastline such as you probably never imagined were to be found within the city limits. The geography out that way is too much for me, but you finally reach the Nassau County line, where the Belt Parkway makes a handy connection with Long Island's Southern State Parkway and turns inland, cutting across the outer fringe of Queens until it reaches the approach to the Bronx-Whitestone Bridge. At this point, you turn toward the city, following the Whitestone Parkway and the Grand Central Parkway past the World's Fair to the Triborough Bridge. Of course, you can take the Belt Parkway in the opposite direction, but that leaves the dismal gap in Brooklyn for the last.

The relatively short strip of the Parkway from the Bronx-Whitestone Bridge approach across to the ocean is the most practical at the moment for those who want to get somewhere and don't care about sightseeing. This makes a fairly easy trip from either Westchester or Manhattan to three of our important race tracks—Aqueduct, Jamaica, and Belmont Parks—and it also makes good connections with a number of the big highways which run down the Island.

GREAT BRITAIN, for all its troubles, is fortunately still able to make and send us some of the finest and most luxurious cars in the world. You'll find a number of these on display in the new salon of Lagonda Motors, Ltd., at 247 Park Avenue (46th), whose cars are the work of the famous British designer, Bentley. That England keeps on turning out these automobiles isn't really as surprising as it sounds, for they bring in badly needed money from abroad and are all hand-made by craftsmen who, with their highly specialized skills, would be wasted on a munitions assembly line. There is also a Lagonda service station in town, where, I am assured, there is a full supply of spare parts.

I thought highly of a Lagonda drophead, or convertible, coupé—a long, low affair, with a driver's seat as comfortable as a bed. The dashboard is studded with the greatest array of dials, buttons, and gauges I've ever seen outside an airplane cockpit. I can't remember them all, but among them are knobs to regulate the mixture of the carburetor; to make the horn blow loud, soft, or medium; to adjust the shock absorbers; and to switch on a windshield-defrosting device. Then there's a map-reading light, a tiny red light which starts blinking when the fuel supply drops below five gallons, and even a concealed switch by which you can disconnect the whole electrical system and so prevent children (unless they are bright and discover the trick) from tooting your horn and lighting your lighter when you're parked in a populous, inquisitive neighborhood. This model costs $6,800 with six cylinders and $8,800 with twelve.

The most extraordinary Lagonda, however, is the Sedanca coupé, which is a cross between a town car and a convertible, if you can imagine such a thing. Instead of the town car's tarpaulin for the chauffeur, this model has a solid section of hard top that slides forward from beneath the roof of the tonneau and hooks onto the windshield frame, giving the car the appearance of a sedan. Oddly, no panel separates the rear compartment from the chauffeur's seat, and in place of side windows for the passengers there are two large mirrors which can be illuminated. The silk curtain over the rear window is about as far as one can go—or ought to go—in refinements, I think. When you want it lowered you tell the chauffeur, he pushes one of the buttons on the dashboard, and down it comes. This car has twelve cylinders and costs $9,800. All Lagondas, by the way, have right-hand drives.

Also on display at the Lagonda salon is a four-cylinder Hillman Minx, which, though English, has a left-hand drive. It costs only $995, and its trick feature is a sliding panel in the roof which opens up just like the sun top of a taxicab.

—L. K. B.

SUIT—*Of imported Scotch Cheviot* $48

HAT—*The York Street, in grey, tan, or dark brown* $7

SHIRT—*The Arden, with button-down collar, in blue and white, tan and white, or grey and white* $2.75

TIE—*Of specially woven repp silk* $1.50

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A LIKABLE YOUNG MAN

YOUNG Mr. Latimer was the sort of man that mothers in general were prone to encourage as an escort for their daughters. He was variously represented as being "so likable," "absolutely reliable—and you know how rare that is nowadays," and "really very eligible," depending on the mother in the case. Now that he had successively passed his bar examination, served a promising clerkship with Forbes, Hathaway, Bryan & Devore, and been elected a junior partner because of the highly desirable Long Island clients he had brought to the firm, his eligibility had become even better established. Around ten or twelve thousand, not counting his cut at the end of the year, interested persons had estimated. He was not tall but he had a fine physical presence. If his face was rather square, his light blond hair was so boyish and his blue eyes so engaging that the essential hardness of his features was not at once apparent. For some reason, this youthfulness often had the effect of serving as a voucher for his integrity as a lawyer and was a distinct business asset. Daughters liked him well enough, although perhaps not quite as much as their mothers did. A singular thing about Mr. Latimer was that he could go to bed wholly drunk and yet manage to wake up in the morning an appealing picture of blond, unruffled innocence. The young broker with whom he shared an apartment in the neighborhood of Carl Schurz Park resented this greatly. As the broker was fond of saying to his friends downtown, there wasn't any justice the way Latimer was able to wake up looking healthy and clear-eyed and ready to go to work.

When Mr. Latimer achieved his junior partnership in Forbes, Hathaway he also acquired the dignity of a large private office and a secretary of his own. After a week or so, the novelty of his advancement wore off among his Pine Street friends, who presently stopped dropping in to inspect the premises and take him out to lunch. He settled down to the responsibilities of his new status. He was, after all, a fairly hard-working attorney. His secretary, Miss Harmon, had until that time been a member of the general staff and had worked in the big stenographers' room down on the eighteenth floor. From the day she moved into the anteroom of the new junior partner's office she proved to be extremely competent, and Mr. Latimer's work went along very satisfactorily. One afternoon, about two weeks after he had been taken into the firm, he asked her whether she happened to recall old Mr. Emlow, a Forbes, Hathaway partner who had died several years before.

"No, I don't believe so," she said after a moment's hesitation. "That must have been before I started working here. At first I didn't know all the partners by sight, of course, but I don't even remember hearing about his death."

"He died a little over three years ago," said Mr. Latimer.

"That explains it, then," said Miss Harmon, nodding. "I've only been here about fourteen months."

"Emlow had a nice office," Mr. Latimer remarked. "Old-fashioned but comfortable, you know. I can't recall how they distributed the furniture or whether the managing clerk just had it thrown away. Most of the stuff looked terribly moth-eaten and wouldn't be likely to appeal to the fellows around here, but I shouldn't mind getting hold of a few of the things if there are any of them around. I don't particularly care for what they've given us"—he indicated the simple, utilitarian furnishings of his office—"and some of Emlow's things would give the place a kind of relaxed look. The fact that they aren't snappy and modern wouldn't bother me at all. He had a comfortable old Morris chair, for example, and a little mahogany cabinet. I remember an old green couch, too, that he used a good deal after he began to have trouble with his blood pressure. It was upholstered in corduroy and had a high rest at one end. Made you think of a country lawyer's office. Very Abe Lincolnish. It was pretty badly faded."

Miss Harmon seemed inattentive. There was a distant, troubled look in her eyes.

"Do you happen to know where any of Mr. Emlow's furniture is, Miss Harmon?" Mr. Latimer inquired suddenly.

"No," she said. There was almost a suggestion of sullenness in her voice. Then her expression cleared and she smiled apologetically. "Excuse me, Mr. Latimer. Something must be the matter with me today. Now that I stop to think about it, I *do* know where they put the old corduroy couch, although I don't know where the rest of the things are. I think the old green couch at the back of the second file room on the eighteenth floor—the one where the prewar records are kept—must have been Mr. Emlow's. It's like the one you were describing, and it's so old and shabby I don't believe anyone would ever have any use for it. It could probably be reupholstered."

AT this point, however, Mr. Latimer appeared to lose interest in the late Mr. Emlow's office furniture. He clasped his hands behind his head and stared idly at a calendar on the opposite wall.

"I wonder how Montelius likes being over at Sloane, Todd," he said in a reflective manner.

"Who?" Miss Harmon asked uneasily.

"Fred Montelius," said Mr. Latimer. "You remember him, don't you? He used to be one of our associates."

Miss Harmon hesitated. "Why, yes, the name's awfully familiar."

"I thought it would be," said Mr. Latimer pleasantly. He took a small gold penknife out of his pocket and began to clean his fingernails with delicate precision.

"I believe I typed a stipulation for him once," the girl added hurriedly. "In fact, I'm sure I did."

"It's possible," Mr. Latimer agreed. "It's perfectly possible." He became more and more engrossed in his manicuring, and with the knife's little file shaped his nails to neat, tapering perfection. During this operation he seemed unaware of Miss Harmon's presence and she felt free to return to clearing up her desk for the day. But after putting away the knife, he again showed that he was conscious of her and launched a fresh topic. "Peters tried to assign that Deming menace to me when he moved me in here," he said. "She'd have given me a permanent headache. God! Never stops talking about her husband and how he gets the George Washington Bridge by moonlight with his candid camera, or something equally dull."

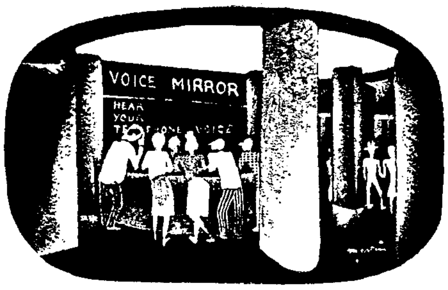
Miss Harmon still appeared to be perturbed and at the same time anxious not to let Mr. Latimer think that she was bored by whatever he might be saying at the moment. By way of reply, she murmured politely that she hoped she wouldn't fall into Miss Deming's habit of boring him with chatter.

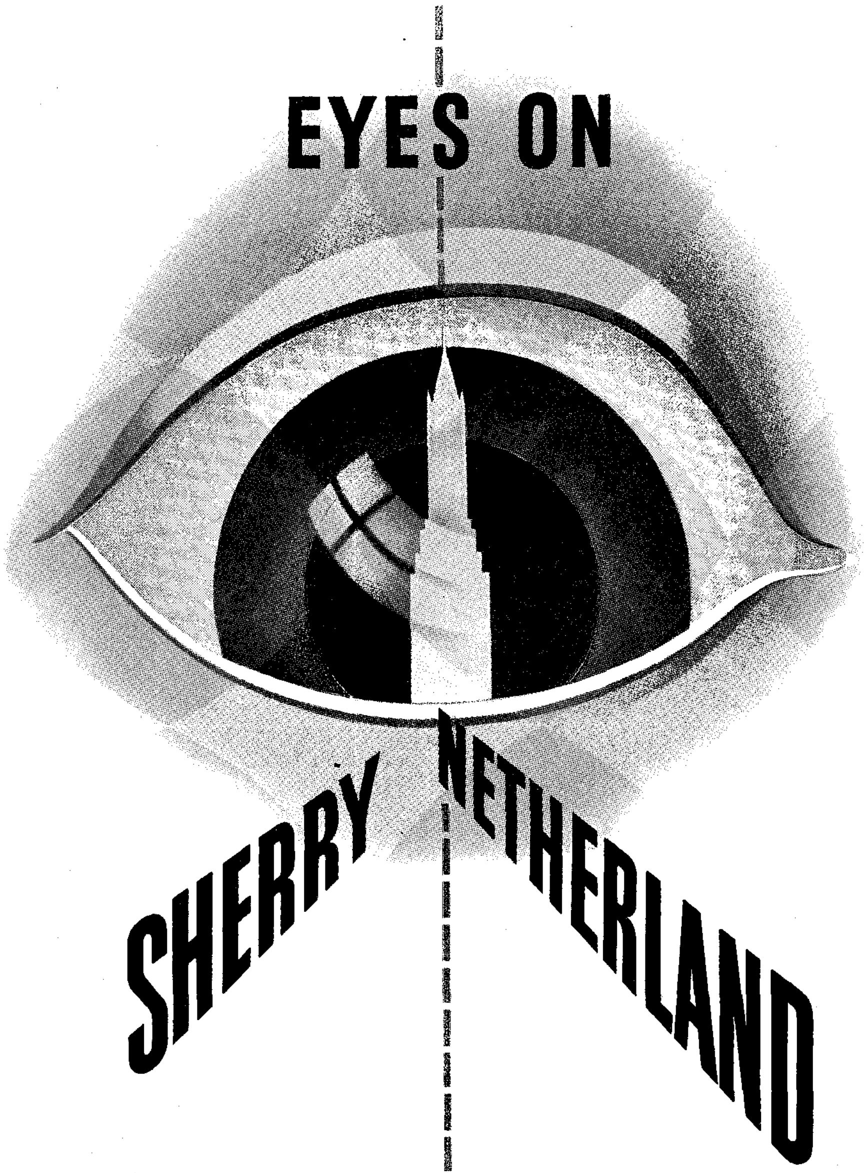
"You, Miss Harmon? I should say

not!" He chuckled and pushed aside a transcription of a trial which he had been dog-earing absently. "Well, Peters wasn't going to palm the Deming off on me if I could help it. So I said, 'Why not let me have Miss Harmon?' And he said, 'O.K. If little Miss Harmon can do the work, *I* haven't any objection.' So here we are."

"That was awfully nice of you, Mr. Latimer," she said warmly. "I think that's the nicest thing I ever heard of. And I guess I don't have to tell you I'm certainly glad to be getting the extra twelve-fifty." She was more at ease now, and the distant, unhappy look was no longer apparent. "It's funny you happened to mention me instead of one of the others."

"Nothing funny about it," he said, shrugging his shoulders. "Nothing funny about it at all. I can tell you some things about the setup here that are a lot funnier than *that*, Miss Harmon." He got up and wandered over to the window. "For example," he said, glancing speculatively at a hive of stenographers in the office building across the street, "the time last winter when I was working on Hayden Iron Castings versus Richter. I had to stick around here till pretty late one evening, and one of the things I did was to look up an old case that Mr. Forbes told me he'd prepared back during the Taft administration or thereabouts. Well, you know the way the old file room's shaped like an L, of course. It was damn funny, Miss Harmon, to realize that I wasn't alone down there—there was someone at the other end of the room. *Two* people, in fact. I could hear the voices, you know. It was late, about ten-thirty, and I guess they were pretty sure they were safe. A cozy little corner, Miss Harmon. Very!" He sighed. "And then Fred Montelius had to go away and leave us and take a partnership with Sloane, Todd, where they probably don't have the same nice file rooms and the same nice Mr. Emlow to die and leave the firm with a lot of junk on its hands that can go into cubbyholes and corners down on the eighteenth floor. Good old Fred! But what I sometimes wonder is, why the





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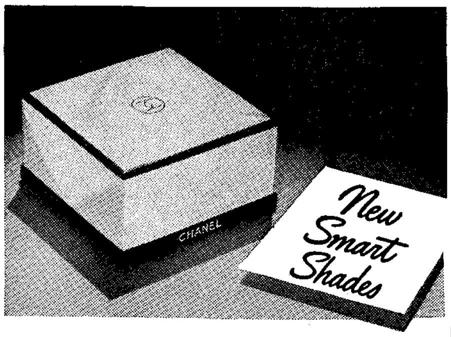

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hell didn't he take the girl with him?"

Latimer came back from the window and sat down casually on the edge of his desk. Miss Harmon said nothing. She was very pale.

"So maybe we won't have Mr. Emlow's couch reupholstered or anything. Maybe we'll just leave it where it is." He glanced at his watch. "Miss Harmon, would you mind asking one of the office boys to run down to our library and bring up something? Anything at all will do. Make it the cumulative edition of Fitch."

For a moment or two she sat motionless. Then she picked up the phone and put the call through.

"It's nearly five," he said, "and we ought to look rather busy. As a matter of fact, there *are* a couple of things that'll keep us here for a while, and this morning Mr. Forbes tipped me off to another old litigation that ought to be tracked down. We can have ourselves a dinner somewhere in the neighborhood. By the way, do they pay you anything for overtime?"

"Yes," she said.

"That's good," he said. "I'm certainly glad of that. You're a lucky girl, Marian. Nobody ever pays *me* for overtime." —JAMES REID PARKER

•

LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD DEPT.

[*Paul Harrison in the World-Telegram*]

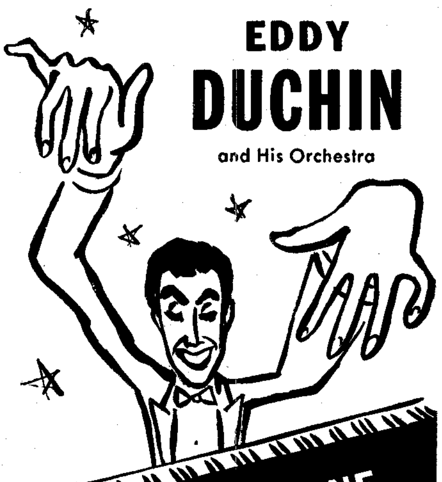
Rosalind Russell had a birthday. While Miss Russell was sitting down and trying to erase the spots before her eyes after a particular scene, a man struggled in with a seven-foot wreath. A wide ribbon bore the words, "Happy Birthday, Darling," and the perimeter sprouted a great variety of pink roses, lush scallions, crisp carrots, pristine turnips and some effectively arranged cabbage leaves. There also was a card from Miss Russell's good friend and deflater, Bette Davis.

Rosalind whooped, posed for a couple of pictures and was visibly brighter...

After a couple of takes there was a commotion off the set and in came Jimmy Stewart wheeling a large baby buggy. It was occupied by Sailor Vincent, a plump stunt man, in bonnet, ribbons and not much else. He was tooting the Happy Birthday tune on a tin horn.

Miss Russell howled and posed for more pictures.... Then there was a long wait for a new setup of camera and lights. Just as they called her again, Vincent reappeared. He was in a chef's costume this time, complete with mustache, singing and carrying an enormous birthday cake.

Genuinely thrilled this time, Miss Russell started toward Vincent, who, still walking, tripped on a cable and sprawled as she screamed.... There was a genuine sparkle instead of a glaze in Miss Russell's beautiful brown eyes when she resumed her chores with Mr. Keighley.



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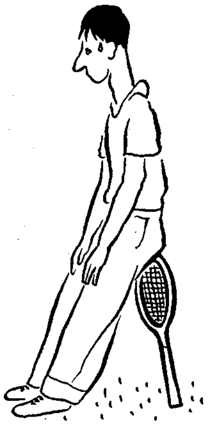
THE TENNIS COURTS

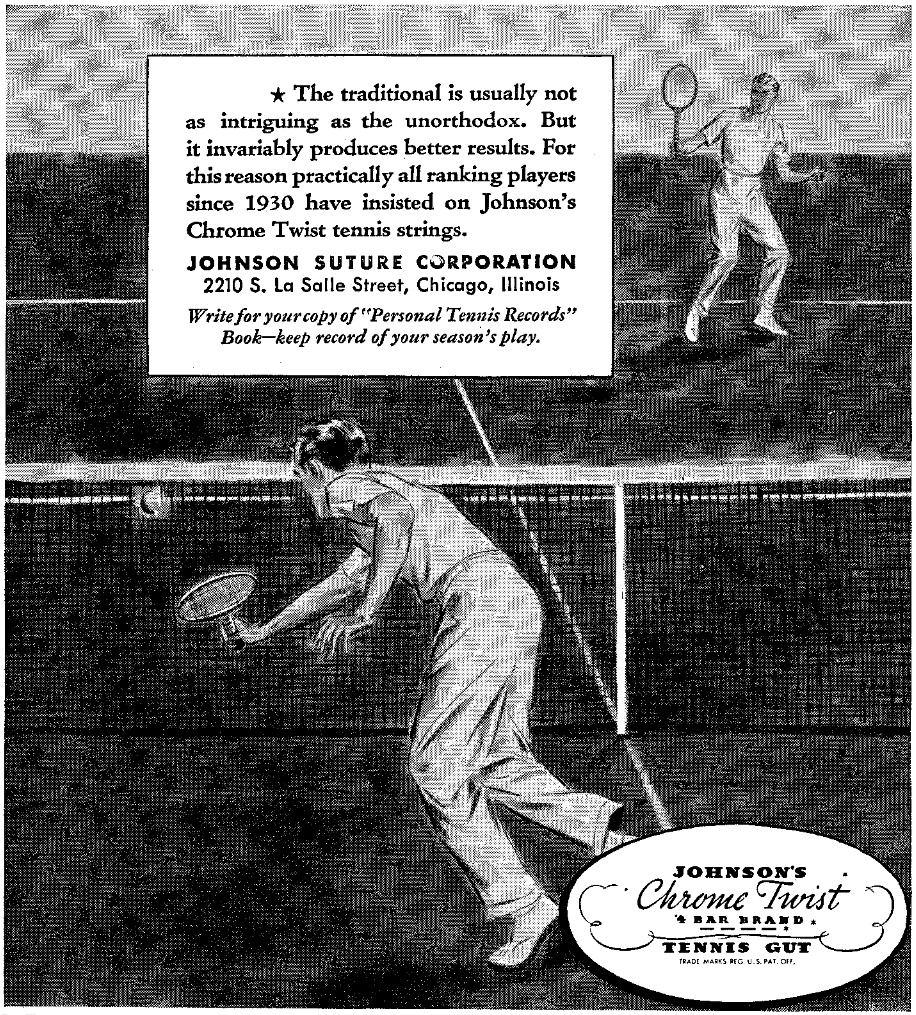
End of Summer



THE West Side Tennis Club, with a thoughtlessness born of economic interest, held the final of the Nationals too late for this department to attend it. The attractiveness of an extra day's gate turned the committee's heads so completely that you will find no account here of the Riggs-McNeill and the Marble-Jacobs matches.

With the exception of Kovacs' loss to Joe Hunt and Prusoff's to Kramer, there were no surprises in the men's quarter- and semifinals, and Kovacs' losing to anyone can never be ground for astonishment. The only puzzling thing about his collapse in this case is that it cost him at least one day's basking in the giggles of a stadium gallery. He had previously been confined to the field and grandstand courts, and he should have been starving for big houses. However, in the one chance he did get, he had a perfect stooge in Hunt, who went so far as to sit on his racquet for a few minutes in protest against Kovacs' drollery and the crowd's appreciation of it. Kovacs, of course, sat down too, and when play was resumed, he was more the people's darling than ever. As for actual tennis, he got around to it for two or three games in the third set, feeling, probably, that he owed it to somebody or other.

Prusoff was another sportsman who was a little scornful of winning matches as an end in itself. Against Amark, in the third round, he suddenly found himself at match point with a substantial lead in games. He wanted to catch a train home to Seattle, and it was only after pausing for some time, apparently in thought, that he went ahead and took the match, which kept him in the tournament. The next day he was careful to avoid such a dilemma by offering no more than the most perfunctory resistance to Kramer. There was some talk in the stands, incidentally, of nominating Kramer as this year's Van Horn, since at the end of an unimpressive season of singles he got good and hot and brushed off Gil Hunt, Alloo, Wood, and Prusoff. Van Horn this



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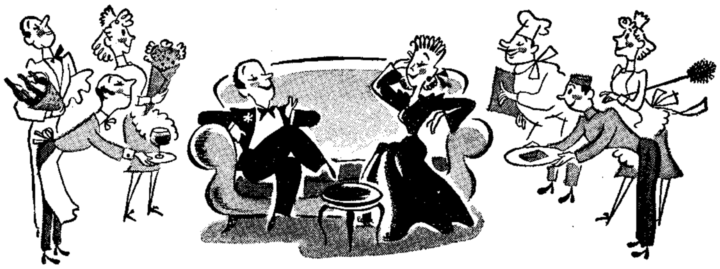

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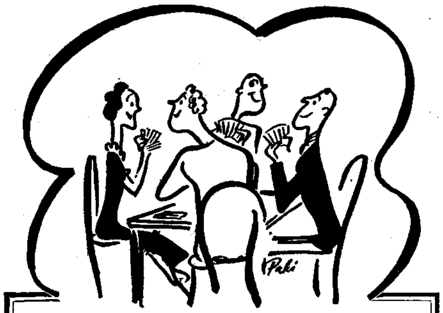

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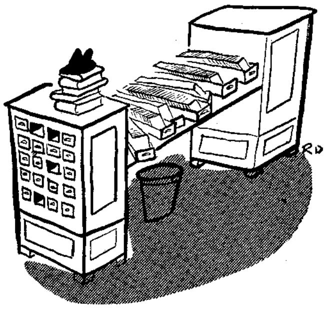
time remained unimpressive to the end, losing to Harris Everett in his first match.

ON the distaff side, the Nationals were noteworthy for the presence of two English girls in the semifinals, Mary Hardwick and Valerie Scott. Miss Hardwick had to beat Sarah Palfrey and Pauline Betz to get there, and Miss Scott, in her quarter-final match, had to win two sets from Dorothy Bundy after losing the first one, 6–2. Perhaps the Wightman Cup wouldn't have been a cinch to hold onto if it had been played for this year. There were two other English players in the tournament, Nina Brown and Rita Jarvis, who, like the two aforementioned, quit trying to return to England when Italy entered the war. Their families have asked them please to stay over here, so they'll probably go right on playing tennis and reading second-hand communiqués for the duration.



While we're on the subject of hypothetical international matches, let's hazard an irrelevant and inconsequential guess that the United States might have regained the Davis Cup, if that had been played for. Riggs and McNeill between them might very well have taken three of the four singles matches, and in any case Kramer is a much better doubles player now than he was last year, when he and Hunt lost to Quist and Bromwich. Then, too, it might not have been a bad idea to toss Kovacs in there somewhere. There's no telling how patriotic fervor would affect him, but it would be a courageous experiment. On the other hand, if the Australians get around their current problems, they should be able to handle an invading Davis Cup team like Grant took what's-its-name.

—D. E. L.

• •

"IT HAPPENED THIS WAY—"

A Charting of a Few Unusual Excuses Recently Offered by Traffic-Law Violators in Seeking Judicial Clemency

LOCALE	VIOLATOR	VIOLATION	EXCUSE
St. Paul	F. G. Frink	Speeding	He had found that driving fast helped him overcome his insomnia.
Denver	Young man	Driving on the sidewalk	The streets themselves were too crowded with pedestrians.
Ashland, Kentucky	Farmer	Using a fire hydrant as a hitching post for his horse	He thought that was what it was for.
Cleveland	Mrs. Wesley Armour	Careless driving which involved running over her husband and breaking his leg	She wanted to scare him enough to make him stop drinking.
West Palm Beach	Young lady	Parking overtime	She had forgotten the color of her car and couldn't find it.
El Paso	Mrs. J. J. Hill	Speeding	She was driving her husband, a veterinarian, to attend a dying hog.
Oakland, California	Mrs. Flora MacKenzie	Driving past stop signs with only one light on	Stopping and starting burns up too much gasoline, and using both lights would be too hard on the battery.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

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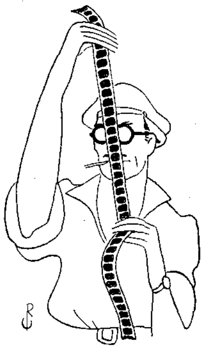
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Note to Studios



"GATEWAYS TO PANAMA," a recent installment of the "March of Time," merits, I feel, the especial attention of the true movie devotee. I refer, of course, to the moviegoer, the authentic fan, who is far too busy with feature pictures, as well as with the popular and extensive literature upon the private lives of players, to bother often with newsreels or anything that in any way resembles gross factual information. There happens to be an incidental element in this "Gateways" which even such busy folk might note. I don't refer to the handsome pictures of our Navy, or of Guantanamo Bay, or of Puerto Rico, or even of the Virgin Islands. That our government is planning to defend our coastline and its movie theatres is to be expected, and not a further thought need be given the question.

However, toward the end of the chapter, "Gateways" suddenly launches into a phase which is of genuine consequence to film followers, who are well aware that practically the only reason for the existence of the Caribbean is the presence down that way of Devil's Island. Here, surprisingly enough, is an intensive study of that prison colony, which has supplied so much background, so many climaxes, for the writers of Warner Brothers and M-G-M pictures, not to mention foreign films, with their endless Dreyfuses. What will shock and disillusion even the fans is the realization that the great movie companies, the makers of famous features that run for hours and reveal the talents of Colmans and Gables and Colberts, have let us down. The truth is more violent than fiction. There are just a few shots of the island in "Gateways," and not an actor with a name in sight; the plain, simple, not especially photogenic convicts themselves must tell us all. No Vidor, Cukor, or Borzage has directed them to turn to a camera, and yet French Guiana is made more terrifying even than in the films we have been shown, and we may wonder what the studios have been up to, giving us such mild gruel when the stuff was right there, ready for the handling,

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ready for La Cava, Dieterle, and Hitchcock.

I TRUST that soon we are going to be through with oil wells. If only for the sake of the ladies of the screen, for whom oil wells are disastrous, we ought to steer away from Oklahoma. If they had shot Miss Colbert out of a well, she might have had one good scene to herself in "Boom Town," but she wasn't even on top of the scaffolding when the gusher got on fire. The veteran Colbert will survive gusher trouble, but I wonder what will happen to a frail mortal like Frances Farmer, who suffers the same fate in "Flowing Gold," another oil-well contraption. She is not only soaked in oil, buried in mud, plunged into puddles, and otherwise forced to endure every sort of ignominy; she is also persistently addressed as "Freckle Nose." Her freckles, if she actually is so afflicted, are not evident on the screen, but naturally the continual reference to them has its effect on us. She herself apparently resents the personal comment about them at first, since the young man who makes it, a likable wanderer wanted by the police for murder, becomes very objectionable to her by doing so. With all the oil and all the mud, a freckle should disturb only a very close observer, or a uniquely sensitive aesthete, which this oil man, played by John Garfield, certainly is not. Garfield, and Pat O'Brien, Raymond Walburn, and Cliff Edwards all get well dipped in the oil, and love it.

THERE are other cinema experiences available. "Gold Rush Maisie"—gold, not oil—and something called "Ladies Must Live" have turned up too. I don't know why. Perhaps it's because of the hay-fever season. They may have been made just for the hay-fever-and-aspirin set, which is well represented in the theatres these days.

—JOHN MOSHER

•

THE HARMONIOUS REPUBLICANS
(STRING SECTION)

To THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK TIMES:

Nero fiddling while Rome burned was nothing comparable to the fiddling our Congress is doing with the world on fire.

FITZHUGH LEE MINNIGERODE
—Letter in the Times, August 13th.

To THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:

We have read in ancient history that Nero fiddled while Rome was burning. Congress seems to be composed of modern Neroes! HAROLD ORNE
—Letter in the Boston Herald, same day.

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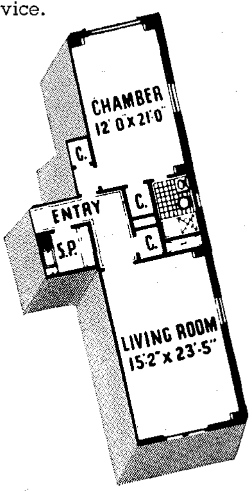

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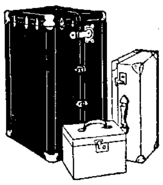

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Living room, 2 bedrooms, large kitchen and bath—$65.00
Box E. J., The New Yorker, 25 W. 43 St., N. Y. C.

MR. HODGEKINS SHOWS HIS ROCKERY

In June, 1939, my husband and I were in London for a few days. We hadn't intended to look up our friend Mr. Hodgekins, the greengrocer, as our time was limited. But one afternoon, finding ourselves near Tavistock Square, we could not resist going to Marchmont Street to see if he was still there. Some years before we had lived around the corner from Mr. Hodgekins' shop and had bought fruit and vegetables there. It happened, after we had been trading with the greengrocer for a few months, that my husband had been able to give him some advice for which he was very grateful, and our relationship had become more personal and intimate.

That June afternoon, Mr. Hodgekins was, just as always, standing before his open-front shop, dispensing the same microscopic tomatoes, elongated cucumbers, and dark-red beetroot. He seemed quite unchanged by the years; even the striped scarf about his neck looked familiar. He was surprised and pleased to see us. We must go and visit the missus, he said, and the children. 'Ow they'd grown! We wouldn't 'ardly know 'em.

We shouldn't have done it, but somehow, yielding to his hoarse insistence, we promised to meet him at the Underground and go home with him for tea. He lived on the Surrey side of the river, in one of a row of identical brick cottages.

It was evident from Mrs. Hodgekins' elaborate toilet and the large collation which was spread for us that our host had phoned his home well in advance of our arrival. When we had admired the stupendous growth exhibited by each child and had sampled the cold meat and scones and sultana cake, Mr. Hodgekins suggested we go out and see the garden.

Back of the house was a long, narrow strip of ground surrounded on three sides by a high brick wall. It was like hundreds of other such London gardens,—pink rambler roses growing in profusion, treelike geraniums in pots near the house, delphiniums mounting skyward, and blue larkspur, yellow wallflowers, and pink columbine side by side. A gravel path ran down the middle. At the end of the path was a large pile of dirt in which rocks and plants had been imbedded.

"Oh!" I cried. "You have a new rock garden."

Mr. Hodgekins looked a little sheepish. "I couldn't stand the look of it nohow, so I'm doing what I can," he said. "A rockery seemed best."

We approached the new venture. It was gay with aubrietia and saxifrage, with violas and forget-me-nots. The planting was so new that in some places the bare earth showed through.

"It 'asn't got much of a start yet, but it's coming." He stooped down and straightened one or two spindly seedlings.

"It's a fine rockery," I said, "but it seems a bit too tall. I think it ought to be lower."

"Built exactly according to specifications," said Mr. Hodgekins. " 'Ad to be that 'ight."

"Do you know what it is?" my husband asked me.

"What it is?" I repeated. Anyone could see it was meant to be a rock garden. Then suddenly I knew.

"Comes over you all at oncet, don't it?" said Mrs. Hodgekins.

Mr. Hodgekins was amused at my surprise. "It isn't as if you 'ad 'em in America, is it? I think it's a silly sort of thing meself. But we could get it from the London County Council free for nothing if we was to put it up, so the missus 'ere thought we'd ought to tyke it. But it's an ugly sight in anybody's garden, and I don't say I'm glad to 'ave it."

"Gave me the jumps at first," admitted Mrs. Hodgekins. "But I'm getting used to it now."

We walked round to the side and examined the doorway and the interior, which was of corrugated iron. It looked very substantial.

" 'Aven't got it fixed up inside yet," Mr. Hodgekins said. "Time enough for that if we 'ave to use it. Do the garden first." He poked a finger into the soil. "Dries out too fast," he said disapprovingly. "Maybe I ought to put in some more rocks. Got to be careful not to *over*do it, though. As bad to be 'it by a boulder as a bomb." He laughed heartily. "Look, now, 'ere's a new campanula I'm just puttin' in. Pretty color, isn't it? And see 'ow this London pride 'as taken this side already. You can just about see it grow. This 'ere pink candytuft's doin' well, too. It ought to make a fine show by next summer." He turned to lead us back to the house. "No, sir, you won't know this rockery a year from now."

We often talk these days about Mr. Hodgekins and his garden. We hope so desperately that the London pride and the pink candytuft have continued to thrive. —Katherine Lyon

•

THE MYSTERIOUS EAST

[*A review of the Japanese film "Honeymoon Express" in the Japanese magazine Manchuria*]

CAST:

Tzu-ming	*Tu Han-hsing*
Shu-chin	*Li Hsiang-lan*
Mr. Sun	*Chou Tiao*
Mrs. Sun	*Chang Min*
Old Gentleman	*Tai Chien-chiu*
His Wife	*Ma Hsu-i*

It is a fine afternoon in Autumn.

The super express "Asia" carrying Tzu-ming and Shu-chin who are headed for a honeymoon trip to Peking is about to leave Hsinking Station. The platform is crowded by their friends wishing them a good luck and a bon voyage.

Su-chin's parents are as much excited as the newly wedded couple themselves. They speak to their daughter in a loud voice.

Shu-chin's mother says:

"Well, my dear Shu-chin, take good care of yourself. Whenever you feel unwell, don't hesitate to say so to your husband."

The young couple are abashed almost helplessly.

In the meantime, the honeymoon express leaves.

When they are left by themselves in the train, they remain silent for sometime, not knowing how to break the ice. Absent-mindedly, Shu-chin plays with her ornamental hairpin while Tzu-ming tears his ticket without realizing it.

"Oh, dear me! Look what you have done!"

"What! Oh, boy, I didn't realize ......"

"Why, you are so absent-minded, darling."

Thus, they begin to talk in a familiar way. Before long, they are quite at home with each other, laying aside all unnecessary formalities.

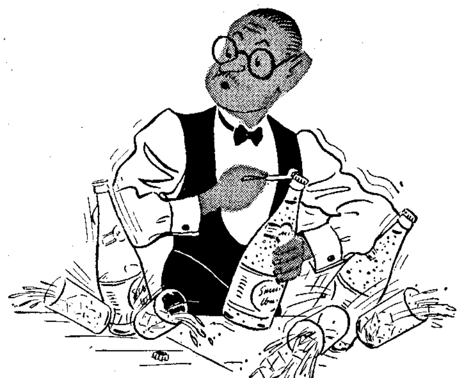
Then Shu-chin fixes Tzu-ming's necktie and Tzu-ming in turn wipes off dust at the back of her ear with his handkerchief.

Meanwhile, the train arrives at Mukden when they change for Peking. They are now in a sleeping car.

But this time, they are perfectly intimate with each other and hardly realize that the conductor and 'garcons' are watching them rather embarrassedly.

In front of the young couple's bed, there stays a thief. While Tzu-ming and Shu-chin are washing their hands in the toilet, he steals Shu-chin's trunk.

The sun sets rather encouragingly and it is about time for the couple to undress. First, Tzu-ming takes off his clothes and



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wears pajamas. Sizing up his muscular physique, she admires it like a connoisseur. Now, it is her turn to undress. Tzu-ming promises that he will close his eyes while she wears pajamas, but as a matter of fact he can not refrain himself from seenig the whole proceeding with his eyes half closed.

Meanwhile, the thief who has been secretly peeping in their compartment through the front curtain falls into their bed by mistake 'like one dazed,' thereby scaring the innocent couple almost to death.

Tzu-ming and Shu-chin begin to resort to various techniques of love which they have learned from their friends respectively. Tzu-ming remembers that he has been once told by an intimate friend of his that the most important precept for a hubsband to bear in mind is, "Conquer your wife by fists!" Shu-chin in turn recalls in mind what she has read in a ladies' journal on the subject of "How To Control Your Husband Successfully." The article said, "Treat your husband like a child no matter how old he is."

While they are trying to experiment their respective principles of love in practice, the train reaches Chin-hsien.

At Chin-hsien Station, Mr. Shun, middle-aged businessman, accompanied by his mistress, enters in the sleeping car to make an excursion trip to Peking. A big row is made in the car as he is caught by his hysteric wife who has followed him all the way. Just then, an old couple is ushered in by a 'garcon.'

In the meantime, the train leaves Chin-hsien Station. With three couples of the old, the middle-aged, and the newly married, together with the thief and the charming mistress, all aboard the same train, a series of comic episodes are enacted until it reaches its terminus ... Peking.

•

TIP THE HEAD SIDEWAYS

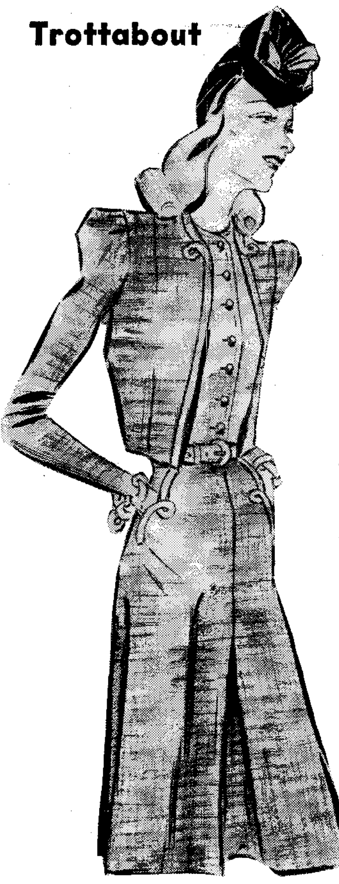
To understand Manhattan, take a bridge
And arch the river—through the cables—down
To a further borough at the water's edge,
Then look back, stranger, at a foreign town.

Tip the head sideways with a painter's eye
For blocks of color, distance. Cock your ear
Inward at the wind song and the cry
The waves make on the soundboard of the pier.

Note what you left, the landmarks of your race
(Those rosy towers the sooty derricks frame);
Retrace your steps to that discovered place,
Back to the tinted city whence you came.

—MARSHALL SCHACHT

Trottabout



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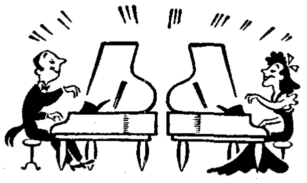

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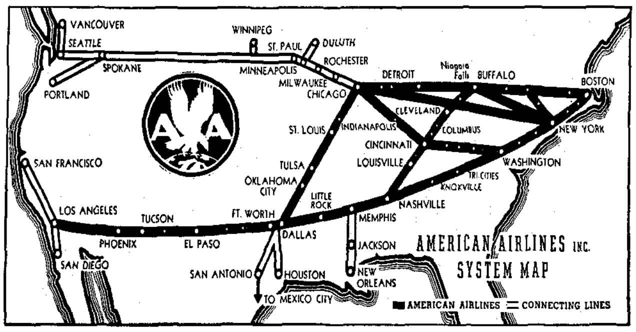
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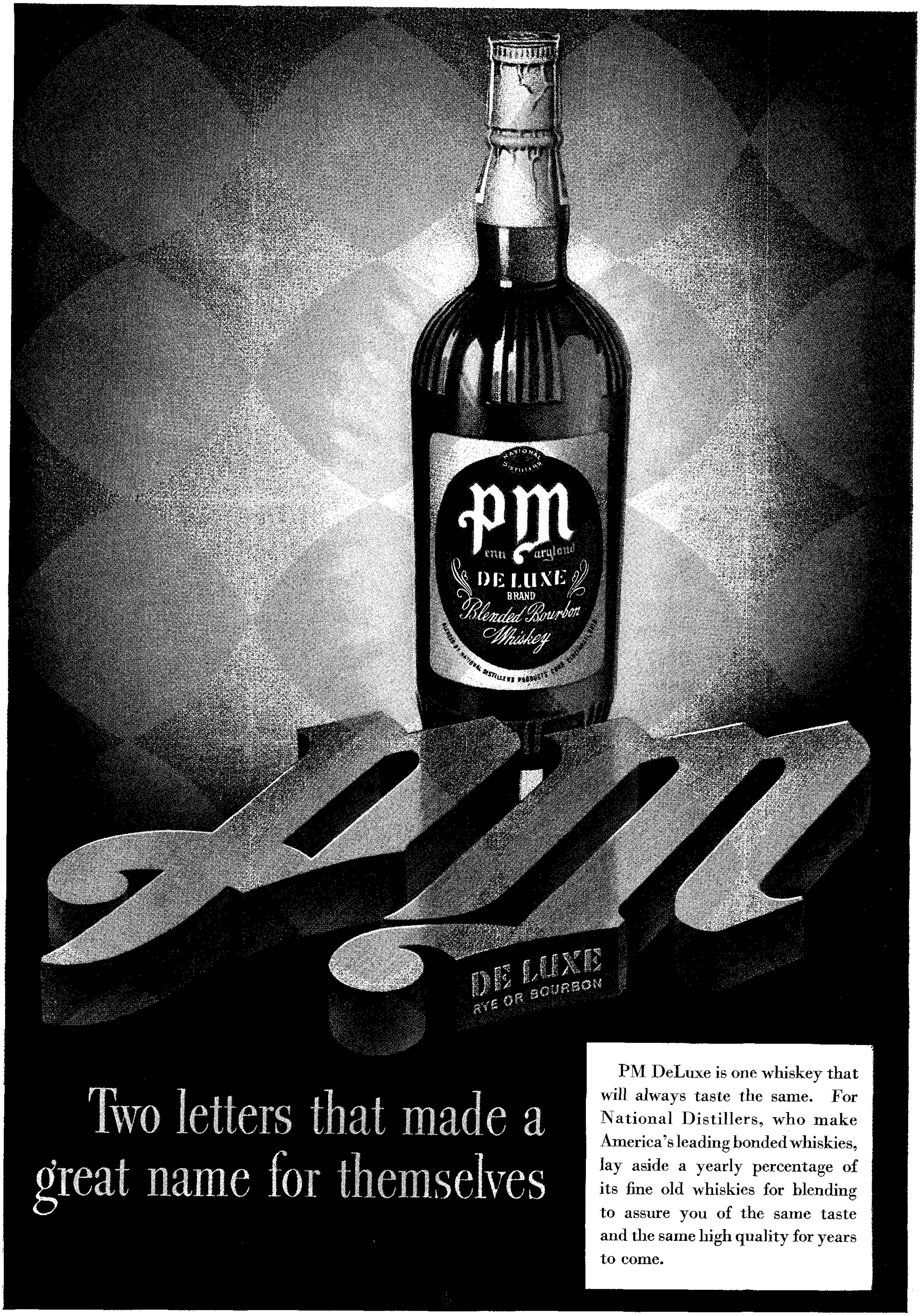
ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS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THAT WAS NEW YORK

YELLOW MOVIES

IN the spring of 1921 my friend Leo Pollock was appointed director of publicity for William Randolph Hearst's moving-picture company, Cosmopolitan Productions, which was going through one of its periodic reorganizations. He telephoned me one day to ask if I would like to become his assistant. As I was out of a job, my only reluctance was that I had never been inside a moving-picture studio except once, on a visit with a friend to watch Ann Pennington kick her beautiful legs all over a set. I decided to tell Pollock this when I saw him but to get the job if I could get it.

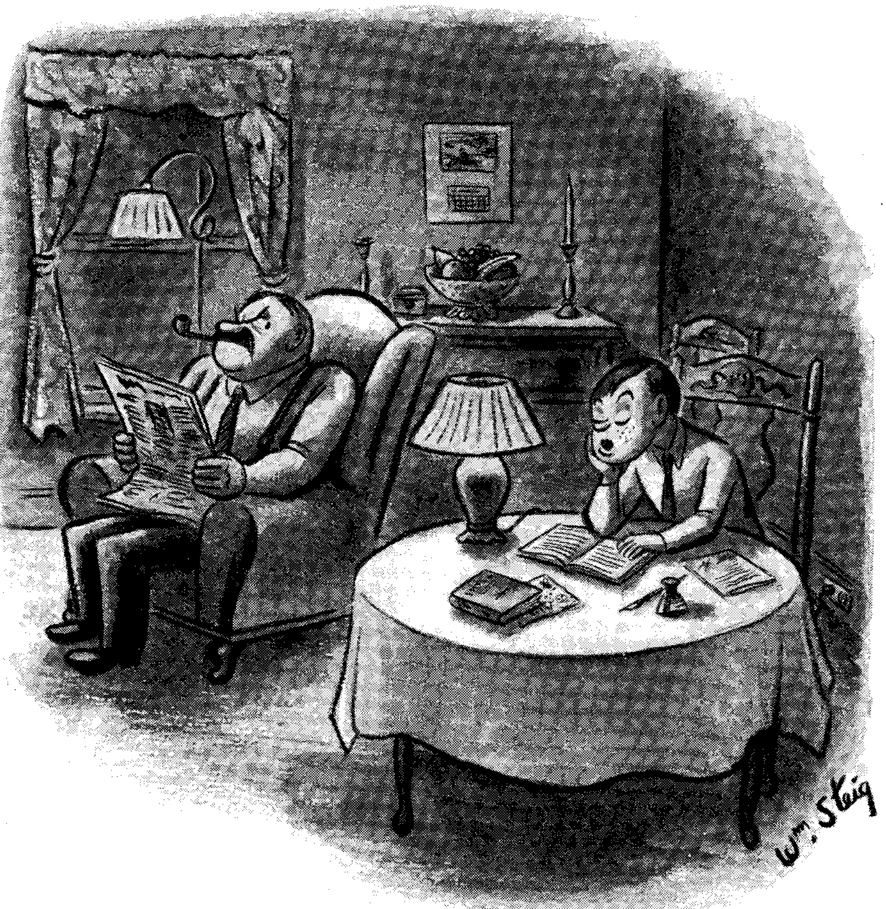
The studio of Cosmopolitan Productions was located on Second Avenue between 126th and 127th Streets, filling the entire eastern side of the block. It was a large, drab brick structure with two ugly towers and extended toward the Harlem River in the rear. Rows of dark tenements bordered it on the south. It had once been Sulzer's Harlem River Park Casino. In the eighteen-nineties and the early years of the nineteen-hundreds, the German families of the neighborhood went there for a fair once a week in summer. German shooting societies used it for their marksmanship contests. Tammany political clubs used it in summer for their picnics and in the winter large national and political balls were held in the place. Prohibition killed Sulzer's innocent merriment, and C. F. Zittel, editor and owner of *Zit's Weekly*, bought the ground and building as agent for Mr. Hearst. Zit was vice-president and general manager of Cosmopolitan Productions just prior to the new regime of 1921, of which I became an unimportant part.

The structure looked big enough for almost any ordinary moving-picture purposes, but it sometimes proved too small for Mr. Hearst's ambitious plans and we had to hire space in those odd places in the East where movies were still being made. The main floor of the Harlem River Park Casino—after the thousands of empty beer bottles had been cleared away—was large enough for making one big feature picture. Downstairs was enough floor space for another company to work in. The sumptuous private offices of Mr. Hearst, who rarely used them, and some dressing rooms were along the sides of the main floor. Here, too, were the offices of Joseph Urban, the scenic director and production manager, and William LeBaron, the scenario editor. The directors of the moving pictures occupied cubbyholes similar to the place where Pollock and I shared desk room with two stenographers.

WHEN I went up to 126th Street to discuss the job with my friend, I told him of my misgivings, pointing out that I knew nothing of writing moving-picture publicity. "Don't be silly," he answered, and led me into the projection room, a narrow, dark, airless chamber near the publicity department. We looked at a screen version of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," which had just been completed in the studio. "See that tie on the hotel clerk?" Pollock asked. It was a rather flashy tie even in black and white. "Yes," I said. "Well, we'll send out a story saying that Eddie Kennedy, who plays the part, had to hunt all over the pushcarts of the East Side to find that tie." "Is that all there is to it?" I asked. "Just about," Leo answered.

We went back into the publicity office and wrote ten short squibs based on similar whimsies. After that I had no further trouble with my confidence. Our work consisted largely of inventing stories for the press books which were sent out with the pictures so that the local moving-picture houses could give their newspapers something to say about the latest feature. I interviewed the actors, actresses, and directors. If their lives were not colorful enough or were too colorful, we had to take liberties with them. We manufactured innocent habits for men who really preferred whiskey to their mothers. Most of the women, to my surprise, had actually been educated in convents. We made Alma Rubens a direct descendant of Peter Paul Rubens. I remember vividly her beautiful, placid face because, after that story had appeared in the moving-picture sections throughout the country, I had asked her if she *was* a descendant of Peter Paul Rubens. She hesitated, wondering perhaps whether I was referring to the famous painter or the eminent delicatessen man, then replied in a babyish voice, "I won't say I'm not!"

It was part of my job to hang around



SMALL FRY

"Gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres . . ."

HUDSON HOUSE
AT
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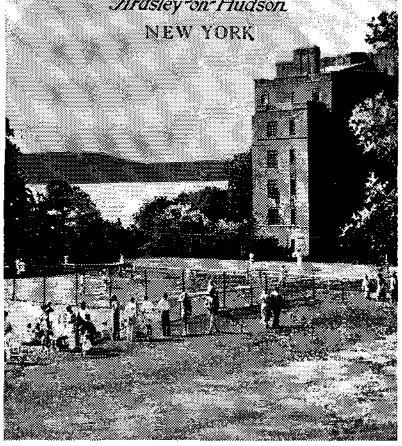

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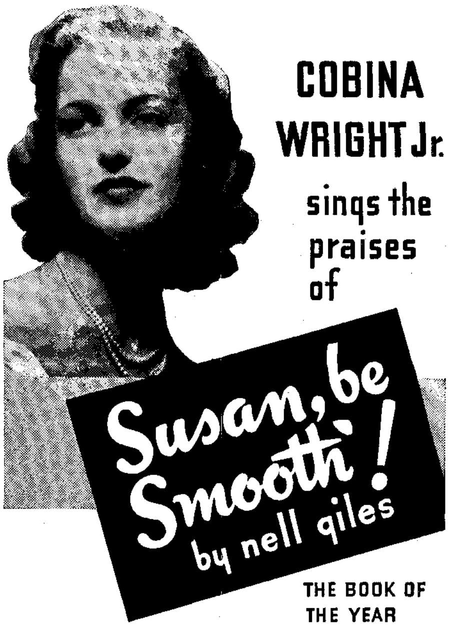
the set while pictures were being made and dig up some squibs for the press books and ideas for trade-paper and fan-magazine stories. Very little, outside of the monotonous grind of scenes being taken and retaken, ever happened on the lot. Lionel Barrymore, for example, would be making love methodically in the back yard to Marguerite Marsh in a story called "Boomerang Bill," which had appeared in a Hearst magazine and therefore had to be made into a Hearst movie. Downstairs, Seena Owen and Matt Moore would be going through painful sentiment in a dripping story by Fannie Hurst called "Back Pay." It had something to do with the wages of sin. Upstairs, Marion Davies would be impersonating "The Young Diana" in a stupendous dramatization of the Marie Corelli story, which had appeared in a Hearst magazine.

Marion Davies was our star. Although pictures without her were also being manufactured at Sulzer's Harlem River Park Casino, the place was really a one-woman show and the other pictures were treated by Mr. Hearst and his satraps as comic relief from the chore of making America Davies-conscious. These films also kept the staff of expensive directors, actors and actresses, and scenario-writers busy while waiting for a new Davies picture.

Miss Davies was very good-looking, modest, and genial, but unfortunately she had not yet learned to act. The most expensive people were hired to give her lessons, and the product was being released by Paramount and netting a steady loss to Mr. Hearst. Nobody had discovered that Marion Davies was a natural comedienne and not a romantic heroine, although we had directors whose salaries varied between $1,000 and $2,000 a week. Mr. Hearst loved to see Miss Davies dressed in beautiful clothes, so most of her pictures had to have a fairy-tale interlude. We arbitrarily put "Sleeping Beauty" into one scenario of a Hearst magazine story that hadn't even mentioned "Sleeping Beauty," and several other nursery tales were interjected into otherwise routine nonsense. The scenario department was always busy with Hans Christian Andersen and the Brothers Grimm.

MR. HEARST used to come up to the studio occasionally when he wasn't too busy with other things. Before he arrived, his panelled office would be opened up and aired out. Mr. Hearst looked and dressed like a Western senator, in a long black frock coat and wide-brimmed black hat. His heavily lined face



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looked much like the caricatures of him that the cartoonists drew for the *World* in those days. His short, thick fingers were like stumps. The big surprise was his voice. Out of this tall, heavy figure came a thin, piping whine, slow and mild. Those who sat in conferences with him used to tell us that after a certain amount of argument he would shut off further comment with the high-pitched drawl "After all, I own this company."

Owning Cosmopolitan Productions was no mean liability. Someone once asked Mr. Hearst deferentially whether there was money in moving pictures. "There are several millions of my money in them," he remarked. The payroll at Cosmopolitan Productions was approximately $80,000 a week. Several times during the seven months I was permitted to remain on it, we were given our weekly pay checks and told not to cash them until further notice, as they were no good. I recall that during one of these payroll crises, Mr. Hearst telegraphed from California ordering the scenario department to buy "Little Old New York" at once for $35,000. The money was found for that, but we had to wait a few days for our wages.

The only Cosmopolitan production that made Mr. Hearst real money was "Humoresque," a picture he hated. The entire picture, which was based on a story by Fannie Hurst, and had Vera Gordon in the part of a sentimental Jewish mother, was laid in a tenement flat. Miss Davies was not in this film. The scenario, by Frances Marion, oozed sentiment. Mr. Hearst had wanted to scrap the whole thing when he saw it, but Miss Marion and Frank Borzage, the director, had argued strenuously. Hearst had finally got tired of the argument, for he easily lost interest in all pictures except those in which Marion Davies appeared, and consented to let them do what they pleased. The picture made more than a million dollars. Leo Pollock and I overworked the cat who appeared in "Humoresque." We told the movie-lovers of the country that the kittens which appeared in other pictures were the great-great-grandkittens of the cat which appeared in "Humoresque." The provinces printed that story extensively.

In August that year an artificial skating rink was constructed on our main stage floor, for a scene supposed to be St. Moritz in Marion Davies' "The Young Diana." I remember the faces of the extras streaming with grease paint as they waited in heavy hired furs to take their parts as atmosphere. Then it was discovered that Miss Davies could

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not stand up on skates. Bobby McLean, a champion fancy skater, was hired to double for Miss Davies. The only trouble was that he had a very long nose. But they dressed him up in a duplicate of the white fur-trimmed costume Miss Davies wore, and he did superb fancy skating around the set. For the closeups, Miss Davies was propped up by a couple of stagehands. Mr. Hearst didn't like the sequence and decided that a snow scene would be better, so at a cost of many more thousands of dollars another studio was hired in the Bronx, filled with artificial snow, and more extras pranced around in it.

Mr. Hearst was buying antiques furiously at the Anderson Galleries in those days. A truck would back up to the studio loaded with armor and bronzes, and a message from Mr. Hearst to Joseph Urban to "put them in the set." It didn't seem to matter much to Mr. Hearst what period in history Urban was attempting to portray, but it did to Urban. On one of these occasions we heard his wrath resound throughout the whole building. He got on a ship and ran off to visit his old mother in Vienna without troubling to resign. We heard later that Mr. Hearst had to send him a radio message raising his salary in order to bring him back.

THERE was an epidemic of South Sea Islands pictures about that time, and naturally we had to make one up at Sulzer's Harlem River Park Casino. It was called "The Woman God Changed." Most of the scenes had been made on the island of Nassau, but the picture was finished up in the Harlem studio. The Woman (Seena Owen) had shot her lover in a San Francisco cabaret. She had then skipped aboard a boat, which was conveniently wrecked off a South Sea island. The first mate (E. K. Lincoln), a powerful fellow, and the Woman were the only two who survived, and he, of course, had saved her. They fell madly in love, but as there was no marriage bureau on the deserted island and the laws of the State of Pennsylvania were pretty rigid about movies at the time, they didn't consummate their passion. Instead, they saw a cross in the sky. This made her think of her sins, and the mate, a godly man, encouraged her to confess them to him. The upshot of it all was that they decided she must go back to San Francisco and give herself up to justice, and he would be waiting at the prison gate when she came out. There was a big trial scene, with Matt Moore, as I remember it, as the defender of the *crime passionnel.* It was

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established that the assassinated lover had been a damned brute. The audience knew that already, for the whole first part of the picture had been devoted to his infidelity. Anyway, the Woman got a light sentence and there was a touching scene in which the mate waved her on to salvation.

The big difficulty with "The Woman God Changed" was censorship. To shoot a lover in a San Francisco cabaret in 1921 was to invite the State of Pennsylvania to ban your picture and to stir up censors elsewhere. The Hearst ingenuity was equal to that emergency. Dr. Frank Crane, who was the philosopher of the moment of the Hearst editorial page, was paid several thousand dollars to write some captions for "The Woman God Changed." I sat in the projection room with Dr. Crane, who wore a flowing black tie, like Elbert Hubbard, as he dictated his captions to his cute, bobbed-haired, near-sighted stenographer. At the one exciting moment of the picture, just as Seena Owen's bullet was penetrating the white evening shirt of her drunken lover, Dr. Frank Crane stopped the film by pushing a button which rang a bell in the operator's box. Then he dictated a caption which I have never been able to get out of my head since: "Hot on the heels of self-indulgence comes crime." That, and the rest of his captions, saved "The Woman God Changed."

AMONG the other Hearst celebrities who used to come up to see previews for the Hearst press were Beatrice Fairfax, Fay King, Harry Hershfield, Nellie Bly, and Hereward Carrington, the popular Hearst psychologist. They praised our pictures in words and drawing, and every Hearst paper ran most of the stuff. We were allowed carte blanche. All the Hearst papers in the United States—and there were quite a few of them in those days—had to print practically everything we sent them about Cosmopolitan pictures, and all of them published full-page advertisements day after day during the run of one of our pictures in their towns. To do this, so the studio rumor went, they often had to throw out paying customers, but money was no object where Cosmopolitan Productions were concerned.

I still remember the morning when Leo Pollock came rushing in from the office of the general manager to announce to me that we had to have thirty "reviews" by nightfall—fifteen for the New York *American* and fifteen for the New York *Journal*—to be used during the first run of the Marion Davies

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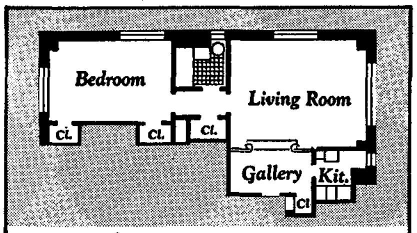

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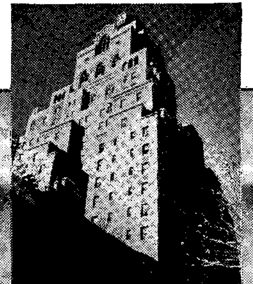

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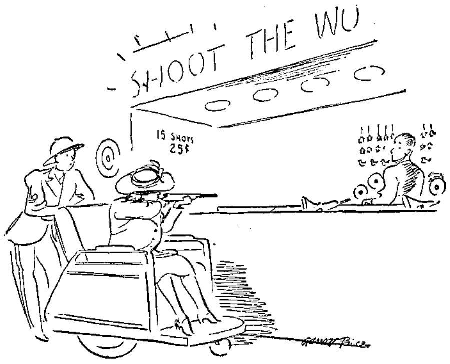
picture, "The Bride's Play," in New York. "The Bride's Play" was an improbable Irish legend, freely adapted from a story by Donn Byrne which had been written for *Hearst's Magazine*. It had cost about $450,000 to make. I had been reading Tolstoy's "War and Peace," which I always took to the office with me because it was a long book and the waits between spurts of activity were sometimes excruciating. We had to hang around even when there was nothing to do. Shutting up "War and Peace" for the moment, I batted out on the typewriter thirty short variations on the theme "The beautiful and charming Marion Davies." I think it may have been the variation "The beautiful, charming, *piquant* Marion Davies" that got me an unexpected salary raise of $10 a week.

Some time before establishing his Cosmopolitan Productions at Sulzer's Harlem River Park Casino, Mr. Hearst had made a long motion-picture serial called "Patria," with Mrs. Vernon Castle in the leading rôle. This picture caused no end of difficulty. It had been written to project Mr. Hearst's international prejudices. Mr. Hearst was anti-Mexican, so the picture was anti-Mexican and most of the scenes had been taken in the wilds of Mexico. But suddenly Mr. Hearst had got more anti-Japanese than anti-Mexican. "Patria" was remade with anti-Japanese propaganda. I recall vividly one scene in which Warner Oland, impersonating a fiendish Japanese, struck a large Diamond match on the imposing head of a statue of George Washington. This was supposed to show how much the Japanese hated us. The scene was wisely objected to by the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures and, after a long controversy, had to be removed.

Another extravaganza Cosmopolitan Productions was responsible for was "The Beauty Shop." Raymond Hitchcock had been engaged for this frothy picture. Also in the cast were the Fairbanks Twins, who had made a hit in the "Ziegfeld Follies" as a pair of lively



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eighteen-year-old dancers, and James J. Corbett, the prizefighter. I went out on location somewhere near Spuyten Duyvil with the cast of "The Beauty Shop" one bright spring day, and I remember how, when we went to lunch in a cheap restaurant on upper Broadway, people kept coming up to "Gentleman Jim" Corbett and telling him where they were the night Fitzsimmons knocked him out. Corbett said afterward that wherever he went in the United States people came up to him and invariably insisted on telling him where they were that night and what they had been doing.

The disadvantage of having the Hearst press at our disposal was that most other newspapers in large cities had adopted a policy that amounted to a boycott of our publicity stunts. They would take our advertising, but they wouldn't use anything like the amount of ballyhoo their Hearst rivals did, and they didn't seem so sure as we were that Marion Davies was beautiful and charming. All kinds of schemes were advanced by the staff to break down this resistance and specialists were called in to diagnose the case, but it was not broken until Miss Davies finally made a picture that interested people—"When Knighthood Was in Flower."

But about that time mine and everybody else's connection with the undertaking was abruptly severed. Mr. Hearst had gone out to his California ranch. Whenever he took a train for the West Coast, his hirelings on the East Coast trembled, and vice versa, for he had a habit of firing whole organizations by telegram. He got bored with our group one autumn day on his way West. I was on a week's vacation when I received a considerate telegram from the new general manager pro tempore that I need not return in a hurry, as everybody except a skeleton staff was fired.

After Cosmopolitan Productions made "When Knighthood Was in Flower" and "Little Old New York," with Marion Davies, Mr. Hearst moved the company to Hollywood. It was an independent unit of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for several years and then operated similarly with Warner Brothers. It is now a unit of Twentieth Century-Fox.

I WENT up to 126th Street and Second Avenue recently to see what had happened to Sulzer's Harlem River Park Casino. A little has happened, but not much. The place was unoccupied from 1922 until September, 1938, when General Motors rented it and used it to construct the Futurama for the

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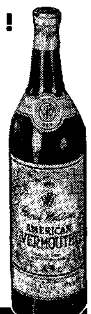

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Fair. They afterward used it as a shop for building showroom exhibits and for renewing parts of the Futurama for this year's show at Flushing. Several months ago they moved out, and the building has since been vacant. When General Motors took over the building they found the cellar filled with old movie props, including dozens of suits of armor which they recognized as production materials used in "When Knighthood Was in Flower." They sold it for junk and got very little for it. People in the neighborhood remember the days of glory when, on Christmas, Miss Davies would give away toys to the children. One Christmas there was such a big crowd of children and grown people waiting around the studio that twenty or thirty cops were called to keep order. Neighborhood folk refer to the actress as Marion, and they all seem to love her dearly. Not long ago the Seamen's Bank for Savings, which held a mortgage on the property, foreclosed and took it over from the Hearst interests. The bank would be very happy to have you buy the building and make a movie in it, if you have a movie to make. —M. R. WERNER

•

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They will also cease advertising that so-called authorities have based their testimonials or endorsements of Palmolive soap on their own professional experience or controlled laboratory tests, that Cashmere Bouquet soap will remove "every bit" of dirt and cosmetics from every pore; that Concentrated Super Suds destroys all germs in the family wash and that dishes washed with it require no wiping; that Colgate Rapid-shave cream will obviate the necessity of shaving twice daily; that Colgate's dental cream will correct bad breath, and that Kirkman soap flakes will give textiles washed therein a brand new appearance which will last almost forever. —*The Times.*

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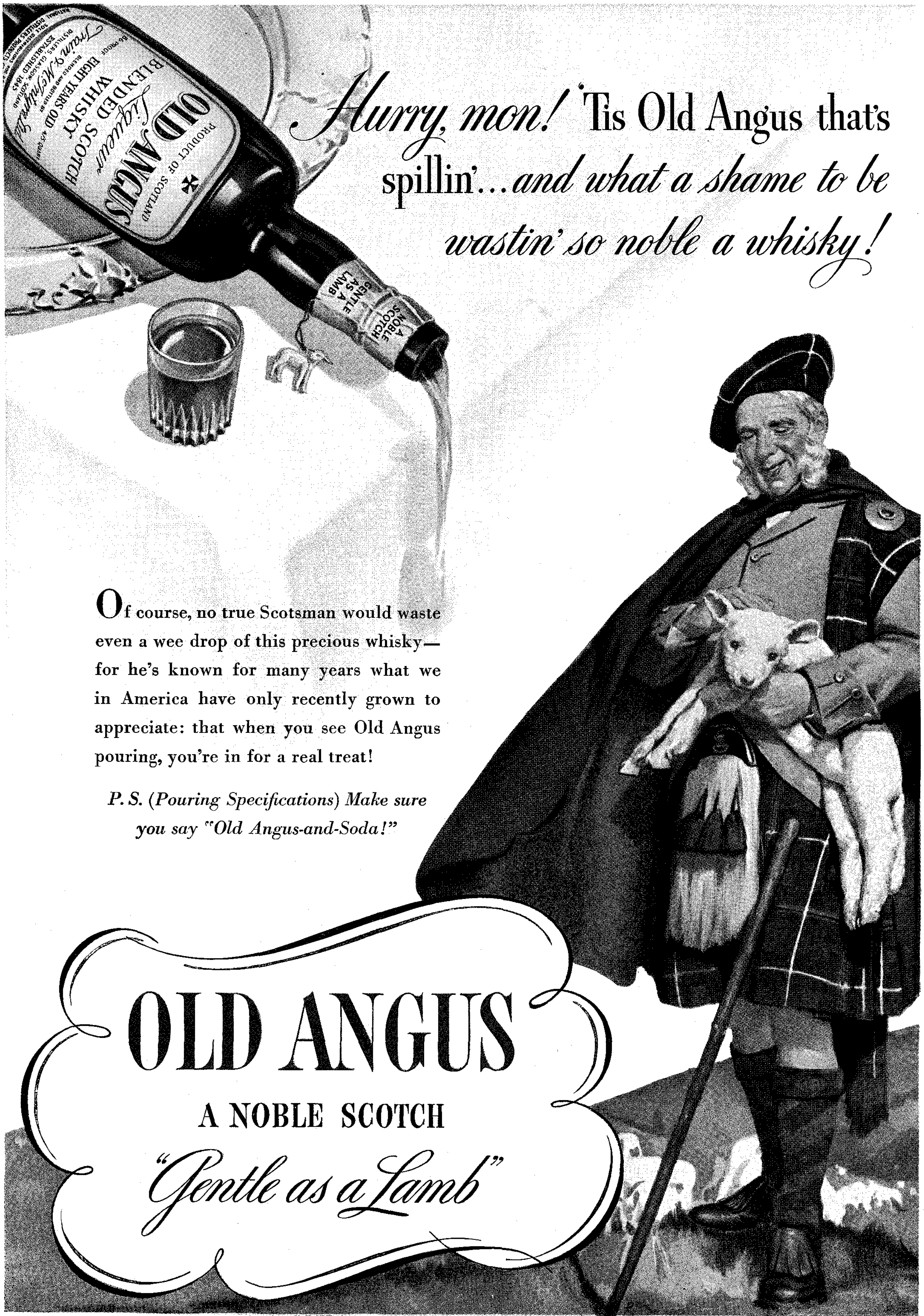
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GENTLE AS A LAMB

Hurry, mon! 'Tis Old Angus that's spillin'... *and what a shame to be wastin' so noble a whisky!*

Of course, no true Scotsman would waste even a wee drop of this precious whisky—for he's known for many years what we in America have only recently grown to appreciate: that when you see Old Angus pouring, you're in for a real treat!

P. S. (Pouring Specifications) Make sure you say "Old Angus-and-Soda!"

OLD ANGUS

A NOBLE SCOTCH

"Gentle as a Lamb"

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Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO

THE ALEXANDER TWINS...Dorothy and Grace, Famous Drum Majorettes for American Legion Post 42, Martinsville, Virginia

SALUTE YOU

AND SALUTE

Chesterfield

FOR REAL MILDNESS AND BETTER TASTE

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★ Sept. 14, 1940

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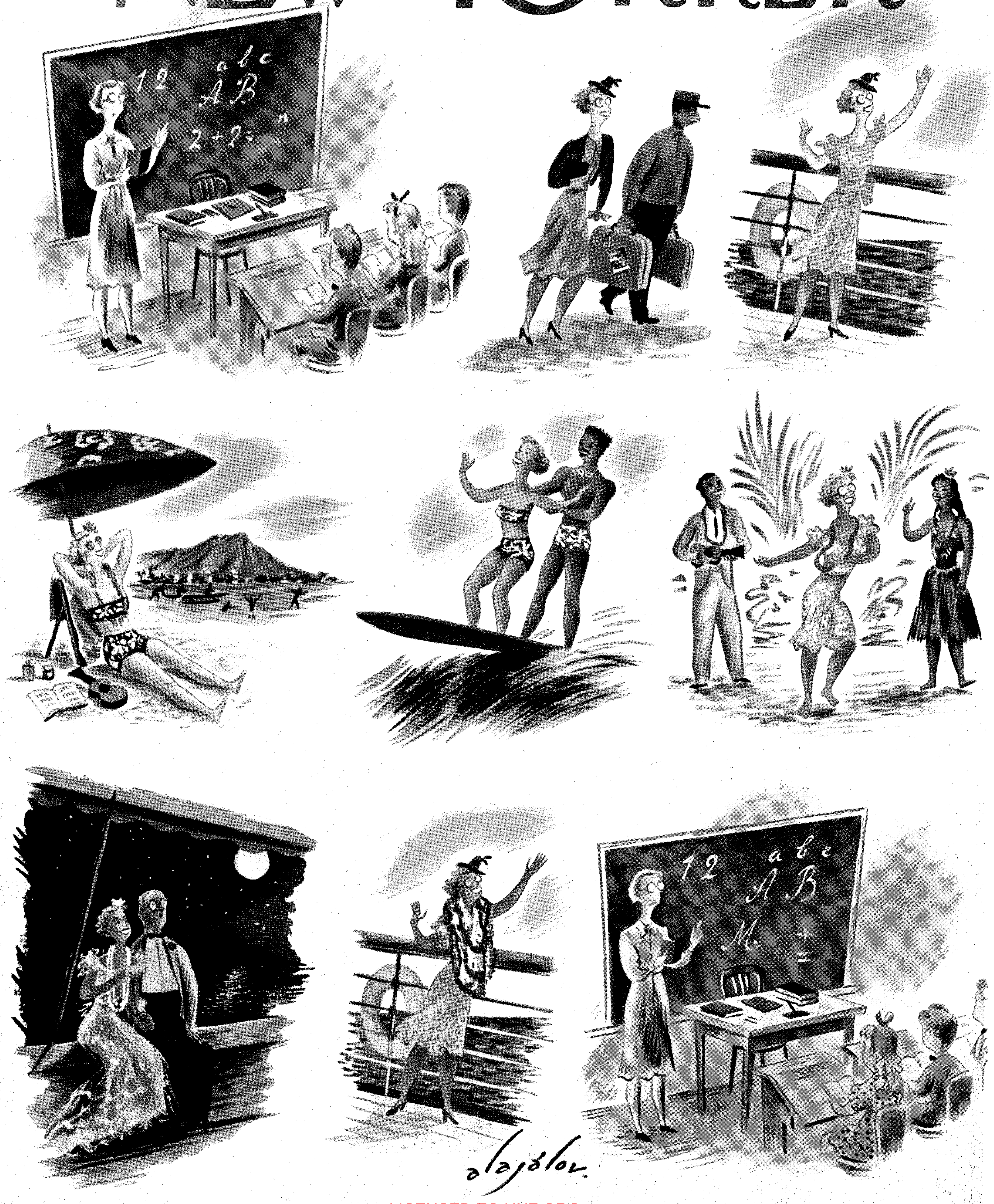
THE NEW YORKER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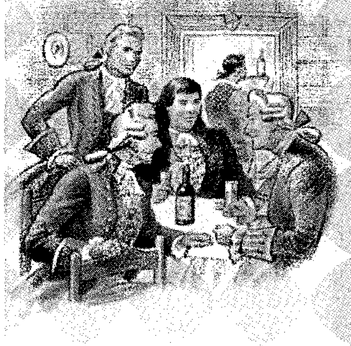
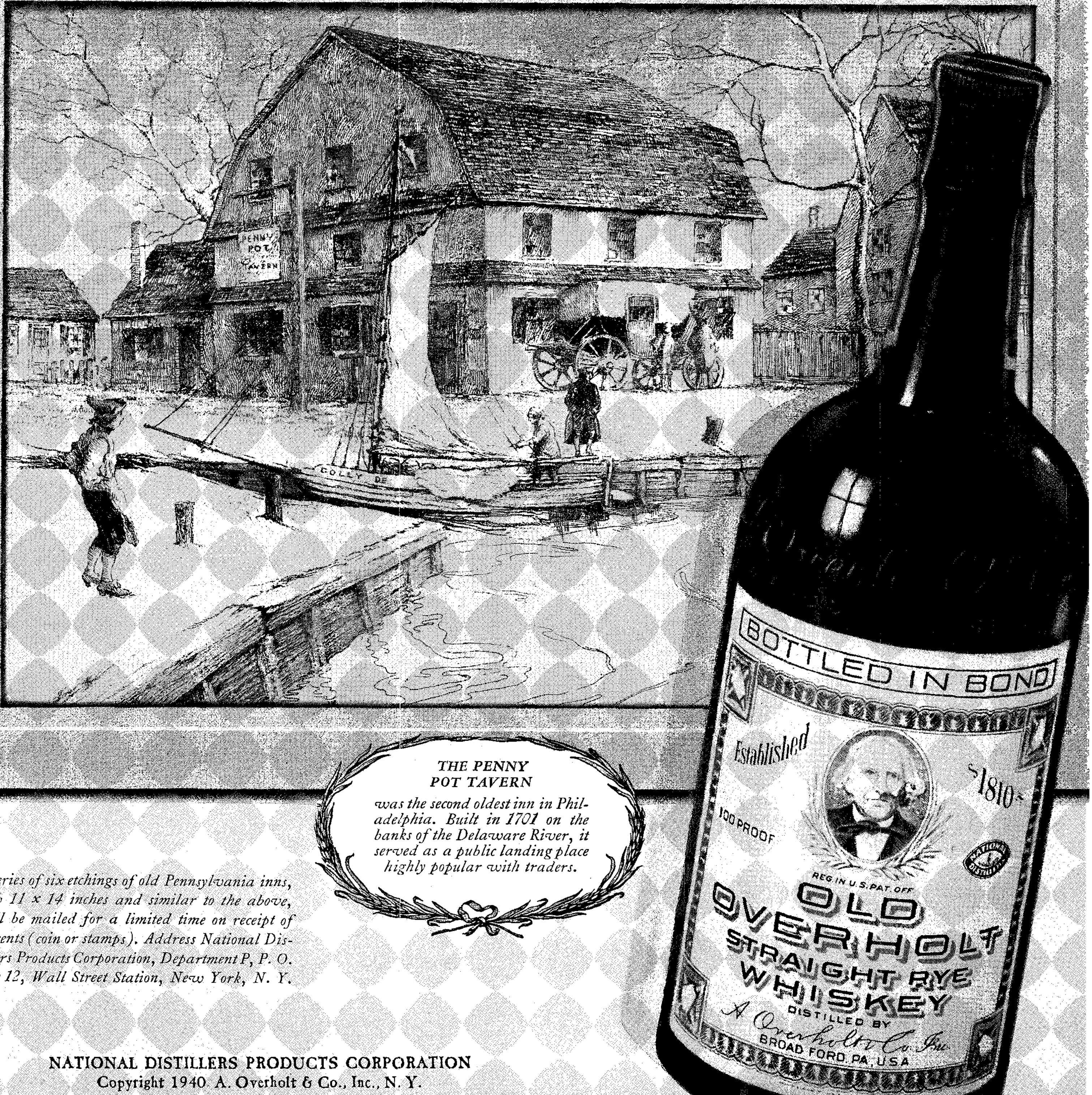


From these old inns of Pennsylvania *spread Old Overholt's fame*

Our flag had only fifteen stars... Philadelphia was a metropolis of 53,000 people... Conestoga wagons were rumbling across the Alleghenies—That was when Old Overholt was born—130 years ago—and even then it had the sterling character and the rich, distinctive flavor that have brought it enduring greatness.

For visitors to Pennsylvania, who drank this fine rye in the inns of the Keystone State, found it so flavorful that they took a supply of Old Overholt with them into the great Northwest Territory and down the Mississippi as far as New Orleans.

Thus the fame of Old Overholt spread until today it is America's most popular U. S. bottled in bond rye, and gaining new friends daily at present-day low prices.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COLLY DE
BOTTLED IN BOND
Established 1810
100 PROOF
REG. IN U.S. PAT. OFF.
OLD OVERHOLT
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY
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